WAR MEMORIES OF A CHAPLAIN

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WAR MEMORIES
OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN

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BY H. CLAY TRUMBULL

Formerly Chaplain of the Tenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, later Chaplain of the Society of the Army of the James, Chaplain of the Department of Connecticut of the Grand Army of the Republic, Chaplain of the Massachusetts Commandery and of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and Chaplain-in-Chief of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

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PREFACE

Many books about the American Civil War have been written to show the movements of the armies and the characteristics of personal commanders. Little, however, has been written to show the thoughts and feelings of the soldier in active army service. The standpoint of a regimental chaplain gives him the opportunity to speak on this subject with peculiar acquaintance and sympathy.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment in that war, writing on this subject to the author of this volume, says: "The point that you intend treating is new, and will reveal the real spirit of our armies more than descriptions of battles and military movements. As I know, a chaplain can write much better than any one else about the inner spirit of armies."

Missiles of destruction, means of defense, and modes of warfare, change from generation to generation; but emotions of the heart and influences that affect these in times of peril and of privation, of joy and of sorrow, of hope and of fear, are ever the same, while the human heart is human, and the sources of strength and of weakness are as they are.

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In the belief that there are lessons out of the soldier experiences and emotions of a former generation for those who are called to soldier service in the present day, these pages are submitted by one whose memories of army chaplain service will be fresh and vivid while life remains.

This entire work, including the foregoing Preface, was written and in type before the actual beginning of our speedily ended war with Spain, but the Publishers deemed it inexpedient to issue the volume at that season of the year. This explanation will account for the absence of any mention of corroborative incidents out of that war. Chapters of old-time experiences like these have, however, a value apart from the question of their timeliness. Their fitness is for days of war or of peace—our days or the days of others.

H. C. T.

PHILADELPHIA,
September, 1898.

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CHAPTER I

PLACE AND WORK OF A REGIMENTAL CHAPLAIN

When our Civil War broke out, in 1861, but little was known about regimental chaplains. Our regular army was hardly more than a skeleton organization. A regiment was rarely all in one place. Small battalions were doing garrison duty, or were on outpost service. There were post chaplains at various stations where military needs required the gathering of soldiers, but a regimental chaplain was so little called for that his position and duties were hardly known.

The standard military dictionary of that time defined "a chaplain" as "a commissioned officer or clergyman who performs divine service." According to army regulations a chaplain was entitled to the pay and rations of a captain of cavalry; but that provision did not indicate his rank, his sphere, or his duties. The only specific utterance on this point in the Articles of War was, that a chaplain could be courtmartialed "like any other officer," in case of a misdemeanor.

With the formation of the great volunteer army of the United States, the regimental chaplaincy

sprang into prominence. In the lack of specific regulations as to the rank, uniform, and duties of a chaplain, great variety in these particulars naturally showed itself. Many new chaplains adopted the ordinary uniform of a captain of cavalry, with the shoulder-straps, sash, and sword included. In a number of instances the position was given to an irreligious layman, as a mere matter of favor to a friend of the regimental commander. Soon, however, Congressional enactments measurably righted these incongruities. It was required that a chaplain be a duly authorized clergyman of a religious denomination; that his rank should be that of "chaplain, without command;" and that he should be borne on the field and staff rolls next after the surgeon, who ranked as a major.

It was still, however, an open question as to what precise service a regimental chaplain could perform to best advantage, and who was best fitted for that service. There were many applicants for this position who were duly authorized clergymen, yet who were not in demand in parishes where they were familiarly known, and who did not make good chaplains when appointed. There were others who were well fitted for excellent work in pulpit and parish at home, who were poorly fitted by their experience and training for the peculiar demands of army life in camp and campaigning. Yet others were eminently adapted, or quickly adapted themselves, to the new state of things which the army

life opened up during our Civil War, and they became representative regimental chaplains. There was a place and a work for these men, and they found and filled it.

The position of a regimental chaplain was unique. He was a commissioned officer, yet without command. No question of relative rank brought him into rivalry with any other officer. He could be welcomed alike by a major-general or by a second lieutenant without the fear of any seeming incongruity of association, if only he had the power of making himself personally or socially agreeable or useful. Yet he could be among the enlisted men as one entirely with them in sympathy, without any thought on the part of either that he was stepping out of his sphere or crossing the line which divided commissioned officers as a class from enlisted men as a class.

In this a chaplain had a position utterly unlike any other person in the army; and it was his own fault if he did not avail himself of it, and improve its advantages. Any other commissioned officer in the army was shut off from being entirely free with an officer of a higher or of a lower rank than his own; and the line that separated officers and enlisted men in the army was so positive and real as to admit of little communication between them except in positive duty. Hence an officer of any grade was glad to meet in his army life one person to whom he could speak with entire freedom, if his

chaplain had the qualities and experience to fit him for such fellowship. And the enlisted men could have no such communication with the supposed upper world of officerdom as was secured to them by a sympathetic and tactful chaplain.

Our soldiers—commissioned officers and enlisted men—were as a class reverent. Men who took their lives in their hands, and who faced death in their ordinary work, were glad to have one who in any sense stood as God's representative, pray in their behalf and invoke God's blessing on them. Sick, wounded, or dying, soldiers welcomed the loving ministry of a chaplain. Soldiers were glad when words of prayer, and other timely services, were spoken above the grave of a dead comrade.

Every soldier was human, and because he was human he welcomed human sympathy. Away from home and friends, he was glad to have a chaplain show an interest in him and his dear ones, and to invite his confidence concerning matters that most deeply affected himself personally. If the chaplain came to his tent, the soldier loved to show him his home photographs, and to tell him of his latest home letters.

Preaching to soldiers, in camp and garrison and field, was a phase of the chaplain's duties and service that enabled him to get a hold upon the man's respect and sympathies; and the pastoral work among the men at all times, in their tents, and as they marched and rested, was a yet more potent

means of a chaplain's power over their hearts for good. The more he did for them wisely, the more he could do, and the more they loved and trusted him accordingly.

There were times when the very presence of the chaplain with his regiment on the eve of battle, or while already under fire, was inspiriting to officers and men, who were encouraged to feel that they had God's blessing while one of God's representatives was immediately with them. Said a brave but rough officer in a New England regiment, with reference to this influence over the soldiers as soldiers, "We count our chaplain as good as a hundred men in a fight." That particular officer seemed, in his conduct, to care little for the chaplain as a public teacher of morals, or as setting a Christian example, but he did value his inspiring power over the men in the discharge of their duty as brave and faithful soldiers.

A notable illustration of the opportunity and power of a good regimental chaplain in the face of the enemy is furnished in the memorable service of Chaplain William Corby, of the Eighty-eighth New York Regiment, during the battle of Gettysburg. It was toward the close of the first day of that crisis conflict, while the Third Corps was being driven back, and the roar of battle was sounding on every side, that General Hancock called on General Caldwell to have his division ready to move into action. The Irish Brigade, under Gene-

ral Thomas Meagher, stood in column of regiments, closed in mass, awaiting the order to move forward. It was in that testing moment, of which the bravest soldier feels the oppressive solemnity, that Chaplain Corby proposed to give absolution to all the men before going into the fight. Most of the men in that brigade were Catholics, and those who were not were glad to share reverently in the benefits of the service. General St. Clair Mulholland, then a colonel in that brigade, has told of that service, and Father Corby, just before his death, in 1897, attested the accuracy of this narrative.

"Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere Act of Contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought. . . The brigade was standing at 'Order arms!' As he closed his address, every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, fell on his knees, with his head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of the absolution:

"'Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo, excommunicationis interdicti, in quantum

possum et vos indigetis deinde ego absolvo vos, a peccatis vestris, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.'

"The scene was more than impressive—it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave-clothes. In less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible indeed that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

Father Corby said of this scene:

"In performing this ceremony I faced the army. My eye covered thousands of officers and men. I noticed that all, Catholic and non-Catholic, officers

and private soldiers, showed a profound respect, wishing at this fatal crisis to receive every benefit of divine grace that could be imparted through the instrumentality of the Church ministry. Even Major-General Hancock removed his hat, and, as far as compatible with the situation, bowed in reverential devotion."

Who can doubt that the men of that brigade fought the better in that battle for their chaplain's presence and service of them?

Inevitably, courage was the standard in active army service. Every soldier must be ready to meet danger or death, and, if he failed in that supreme test of a soldier in time of war, he was every way a failure. A chaplain had a duty to inspire men for their service for their country. If he was himself a coward, or seemed unready to face a soldier's perils, no words from him could have weight with his men. His influence for good was destroyed among them. If, on the other hand, their chaplain shared their dangers bravely, his men gave him more than full credit for his courage and fidelity, and were the readier to do their duty under his direct appeals.

Two soldiers were overheard speaking of the chaplain of another regiment than their own, in contrast with theirs.

"He's always on picket with his regiment," they said, "and he's always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there."

"You don't mean that our chaplain's a coward, —do you?" asked the other in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward; but, whenever there's any firing ahead, he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know."

"Yes; but, if the firing is sudden, he can't stop to get his saddle on."

And the soldiers laughed together over this picture of their frightened chaplain. That chaplain could not preach a soldier's duty of courage to men who saw that he gave way to unsoldierly cowardice. But there were many brave and tender-hearted regimental chaplains in the Army of the Union, and in the other army as well; and they were loved and honored, and were useful accordingly.

In the important volume, "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," compiled by Colonel William F. Fox from the official records at Washington, there is a chapter showing the loss of officers in action, from army and corps commanders to officers of the regimental staff. Chaplains receive honorable mention in this chapter. "It will doubtless be a surprise to many," says Colonel Fox, "to note the number of chaplains killed in battle. These gallant members of the church militant were wont to take a more active part in the fighting than has been generally credited to them." He

mentions the names of eleven "among the chaplains killed in action," and says that "in addition, there were several who lost their lives by the diseases incident to the hardship and exposure of a soldier's life."

Specifying a few as illustrative of the many, he says: "Chaplain Arthur B. Fuller, of the Sixteenth Massachusetts [a brother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli], had resigned from the service, and had just received his discharge, when he learned that his regiment was about to go into action at Fredericksburg. Crossing the river in the boats with the forlorn hope, he joined the skirmishers of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, who were then fighting their way through the streets. He fell dead, rifle in hand, in front of a grocery store on Caroline Street." Chaplain Frank Butler of the Twenty-fifth New Jersey "was killed at the siege of Suffolk, while carrying water to some wounded men." He was characterized as "a noble fellow."

Chaplain Orlando N. Benton, of the Fifty-first New York, fell at New Berne, and General Reno states, in his official report, that he "was killed while nobly encouraging the men to do their duty." Of Chaplain Thomas L. Ambrose of the Twelfth New Hampshire, "killed in the trenches at Petersburg," it was declared that "a braver man never lived; a truer man never wore the garb of Christianity."

As showing that the courage and efficiency of

regimental chaplains were not confined to one side of the line, Colonel Fox mentions that "at Resaca among the Confederate dead which lay so thickly in front of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, was a family group: a gray-haired chaplain and his two sons."

Official reports of battles, from commanders of regiments and brigades and from those of higher rank, as well as the various state histories of the war, bear ample public testimony to the courage, efficiency, and faithfulness of regimental chaplains who fell in battle, or who wore out their lives in ministry to soldiers. Nor were those who died during the war the only chaplains who won honor, or who deserved it. Many a chaplain who did good service then has shown in other prominent spheres since then that he was of the sort to serve faithfully his fellows, his country, and his God, wherever his lot was cast.

From among the large number of those who could be included in such a list, it is sufficient to mention a few representative regimental chaplains, of different denominations, in different parts of the country, who have exhibited marked ability and efficiency as prelates, pastors, college presidents or professors, editors, or in other public spheres.

Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, so eminent for his loyalty to American institutions and his zeal in promoting good citizenship and public harmony; General John Eaton, superintendent of freedmen, United States Commissioner of Educa-

tion, president of Marietta College, editor, and author; Bishop Lawrence McMahon of Hartford, loved and honored in his strong diocese; Bishop C. C. McCabe, now of Texas, efficient pastor, church builder, missionary secretary, and general Christian worker; President H. L. Wayland, formerly of Kalamazoo College, Michigan, now of Philadelphia, teacher, pastor, and editor; President H. S. DeForest, instructor in Yale, pastor in Iowa, and then at the head of Talladega College, Alabama; Very Rev. William Corby, for a time president of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and afterwards provincial general for the United States, of the Order of the Holy Cross; and Dr. Albert Zabriskie Gay, warden of Racine College, Wisconsin, after several successful rectorships.

Also Professor John Henry Thayer of Andover Theological Seminary and of Harvard University; Professor M. B. Riddle of Hartford Theological Seminary, and of Western Theological Seminary; Professor Norman Fox of William Jewell College, editor and pastor; Archdeacon C. C. Tiffany of the influential diocese of New York; Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls of St. Louis, moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; Dr. Arthur Edwards of Chicago, editor of the North Western Christian Advocate; Dr. J. T. Gibson, editor of the Presbyterian Messenger; Dr. J. A. Worden, superintendent of the Sunday-school department of the Presbyterian Church; Dr. Frederick H. Wines, prominent in connection with

organized charities in Illinois and the country at large; Dr. B. H. Agnew of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, now secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief in the Presbyterian Church; and Dr. George H. Hepworth of Boston and New York, pastor, editor, and world-wide special correspondent.

In the great constellation of prominent pastors before and after their chaplain service there were the Rev. Drs. A. L. Stone of Boston and San Francisco, J. M. Manning of Boston, A. H. Quint of New Bedford, Horace James of Worcester and Greenwich, Henry C. McCook of St. Louis and Philadelphia, Augustus Woodbury of Providence, Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford; J. C. Kimball of Massachusetts, Oregon, and Connecticut; Henry Hopkins of Massachusetts and Missouri; Moses Smith of Connecticut and Michigan; A. L. Frisbie of Connecticut and Iowa; Edward B. Willson of Salem; George Wilson Chalfant of Pittsburg; G. W. Collier of Ohio; Edward H. Hall of Cambridge; "Father Leo," of Winsted, the loved Franciscan leader; John H. Moors, whom the Unitarians called "Bishop of Western Massachusetts;" Frederic Denison of Rhode Island; Hiram Eddy, taken prisoner at Bull Run, and fresh in his Master's service at fourscore; and Charles Babbidge, who was with the Sixth Massachusetts in the streets of Baltimore, the first Harvard graduate having a commission in the war, and who was still stalwart at more than ninety years of age.

And what shall I say more?' for time will fail me. Their names are written on high, and ought to be borne in mind below as competent and worthy, bearing well their part as chaplains and as citizens, faithfully serving their God and their country.

On the Confederate side there might be shown a corresponding record of faithful regimental chaplains. There were those who fell in battle, courageous at their posts, and there were those who died in service, worn out in loving work for needy soldiers. There were those who survived the war, coming to fresh prominence as bishops, and college presidents, and editors, and pastors, and workers generally. While I was a prisoner of war, there were some fourscore Federal chaplains in Libby Prison at one time; and nearly the same number of Confederate chaplains were held in Northern war prisons.

With the sphere and duties of the regimental chaplain as they were, he had an opportunity of observing phases of army service unfamiliar to other volunteer officers, and some of his observations are essential to a complete view of the Civil War. Others have had much to say of the plans and movements of commanders. Comparatively little has been said of the spirit and emotions of the soldiers as soldiers. We know more of the strategy of the generals than of the human side of the rank and file in our armies. Hence an attempt to show these would seem to be justified.

CHAPTER II

ARMY CHAPELS AND RELIGIOUS SERVICES

The regimental chaplain in active service did not always have a building, or a tent, in which to conduct religious services; neither did he always have to preach, or to conduct prayers, in the open air. It was sometimes one thing and sometimes another; and this very variety gave an added attractiveness and zest to the chaplain's ministry and work, in the gatherings of his men for their instruction and influence.

The first service which I conducted as a chaplain was just before I joined my regiment in the field. It was in the rendezvous camp of a new regiment at Hartford. Both regiment and chaplain were raw as to service. A small table had been borrowed from a neighboring house, and set in the open air on the parade-ground, as a reading-desk for me. A flag was thrown over it. On this rested a large Bible and a hymn-book. As I took my place behind it, in the presence of the assembled regiment, I saw that an open pack of cards was on the Bible, as if in mischievous desire to test the new chaplain. Without being disturbed or annoyed, I quietly

gathered up the cards, and put them out of sight, saying in a low tone to the colonel, who stood at my side, "Hearts are trumps to-day, and I've a full hand."

A group of singers from the enlisted men was ready to lead in the singing, and all were reverent in the hour of worship. As I addressed the regiment from the words of Jesus to the son of the widow of Nain, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise," I felt that the Master himself was making the same call to every one of us that day. I felt, even then, that it would be easy to find a chapel and a pulpit in army service anywhere; and I was more and more firm in this belief as time went on.

My next formal service as a chaplain was in the small, close cabin of a rolling propeller off Cape Hatteras, on my way to my regiment in New Berne, North Carolina. It was on a Sunday morning. My congregation was of officers and men from different regiments, on their way to their several commands. Yet we could feel that God was as truly there, and could be as truly worshiped, as in Solomon's Temple or in Westminster Abbey.

When I reached my regiment, I found there a large and commodious chapel-tent, sent from Connecticut as a gift of the unique and efficient "Chaplains' Aid Commission" in that state. That tent could cover several hundred people, and it was in every way suitable for its purpose. We enjoyed

its use on Sundays and week-day evenings as long as we were within its reach. Our regimental band gave us appropriate instrumental music, and we had good leaders for our congregational singing.

One Sunday afternoon there was an army communion service in the New Berne Presbyterian Church, which had been deserted by both pastor and people. Three regimental chaplains officiated at the service. A cavalryman played the organ. Soldiers—officers and men—made up the congregation. Two enlisted men, in their uniforms, served as elders, or deacons, in the distribution of the elements. There could be no doubt that all belonged to the church militant. It was an impressive and memorable service. The familiar hymn,

> "Soldiers of Christ, arise,
> And put your armor on,"

had peculiar appropriateness there, as then sung.

When on my first scout, of two weeks, with the regiment, having no tents with us, and not stopping at any place long enough to build booths, we could secure a wayside religious service only by holding it in the evening under the trees, in the light of a blazing camp-fire. Yet as I stood in such a group, reading my little Bible as the basis of a practical talk to them, while officers and men, just out of one fight and expecting another, stood or sat with upturned earnest faces, I felt that I had never before known what it was to be able to find God every-

where, and to point out to others the signs of his sure presence.

My talk, that evening, was from the words of the loving Jesus in Luke 12 : 4, 5: "And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him." These words were pressed because of the comfort in them, not as words of alarm as to the present or the future. We need have no fear of any enemy unless he is also God's enemy. If we are at peace with God, and in right relation to him, we can defy the universe and be sure of spiritual victory.

The battle of Kinston was on a Sunday morning. The enemy was stationed on either side of, and behind, a little church, or chapel, on the west bank of the Neuse River. In obeying an order to advance and drive the enemy from that position, our regiment lost more than one-fourth of all its officers and men in line that day. It was remarked, with grim humor, that it was hard work "going to church" that morning; yet there was service for all, and no mistake.

In January, 1863, our division was ordered to take transports, leaving our horses, our heavier baggage, and our larger tents behind. We expected to be back at our old camp within two or three weeks at the longest. We never returned to

that place. We were landed on St. Helena Island, opposite Port Royal, South Carolina, and remained there for weeks. From that point we went to Seabrook Island, in North Edisto Inlet, to have a part in the siege of Charleston.

It was surprising how quickly old soldiers could make themselves comfortable in such circumstances. Our pioneers (enlisted men detailed for making roads, building temporary bridges, and doing general constructive, or destructive, carpenter work) soon after our landing at St. Helena Island had a very large rustic open chapel, or chapel-booth, made of posts and poles, with pine branches interwoven, set up at one side of the camp, with seats in it made of double poles supported on small posts, or legs. A cracker-box, turned over at a bevel, on a tree-trunk, and covered with pine branches, served for a pulpit or reading-desk. Every Sunday morning this was draped with fresh and fragrant yellow jessamine, with its green leaves and graceful vines, while the long gray Southern moss aided to make the place attractive to reverent worshipers. If our denominational church-erection societies could secure as delightful chapels for all whom they desire to aid, they would be eminently successful in their good work.

Attendance at chapel services was entirely voluntary in our regiment. There were regiments where the commanding officer required attendance at the church service on Sundays, or where he

ordered out the regiment for such service; but I preferred to have officers and men entirely free to attend or remain away as they were inclined. Our colonel was kindly ready to do as I preferred in this matter; and I felt that the influence of a chaplain over the men would be greater if he sought to gain a hold on them by his personal work among them, and left it to them to come or not to the religious gatherings where he led in worship and addressed those present. In special cases, where my commander desired to have me address the men on a particular subject, of importance to the discipline or *morale* of the command, he ordered out the regiment to be preached to in the chapel; but that was an exceptional case.

In all cases I had the full support of the officers, from the colonel down, in my work as a chaplain. The drum corps or the colonel's bugler sounded the "church call" at the hour of service, and the colonel and most of the officers attended the services. A lieutenant-colonel who commanded the regiment for a time after my joining it, had been trained in the English army, and was a soldier in the Crimean War. Although not a religious man, he came to value highly the influence of a chaplain, and of religious services, on the soldiers, as soldiers and as men. He wished me to lead in prayer at the close of daily dress parade, and I was glad to do so. This was quite a different matter from enforced chapel attendance. It was a recognition of

the chaplain's place and work in the regiment as a regiment; and it marked the regiment's recognition of God as over all. Its influence proved beneficial and effective, in the regiment and beyond it.

In performing this service I took my place, in chaplain's uniform, at dress parade, as at reviews, next to the surgeon on the right of the line. With the officers I advanced to the front, at the close of parade, when we presented ourselves to the colonel. Instead of dismissing us at that time, he said: "Take your places, gentlemen, for prayers." At this, the line of officers divided in the center, and passed right and left to the rear of the colonel, and faced toward the center of the parade-ground. The orderly sergeants of the two right and the two left companies wheeled their companies, and brought them into place, facing inward, as the two sides of a hollow square, of which the remainder of the regiment was the third side, and the line of officers was the fourth. The chaplain stepped forward and took his position at the left of the colonel. As he said, "Let us pray!" the colonel and every officer and man in the regiment uncovered his head, and stood in reverence during the prayer. While this service was somewhat out of the ordinary course, it was impressive, and came to be valued by the regiment. Officers from other regiments were frequently present to look on, and the effect of the service was good.

Soldiers, like sailors, are rarely scoffers at religion,

even though they may be rough and profane. They are glad to have a chaplain pray for them, even though they do not always pray for themselves, and they are often bluntly reverent. For instance, at a gathering of army officers, at a banquet, since the war, a veteran general, standing at the table near me while a chaplain asked a blessing, quietly reached down and took the table-knife from the side of his plate, at the close of the blessing, and, bringing its hilt sharply to his chest, gave a military salute with it before returning it to its place, saying seriously: "I always salute my Maker." That knife gesture was the general's "Amen."

There were a few instances in our regiment in which this innovation of prayers at dress parade disturbed the consciences of enlisted men, but the lieutenant-colonel in command quietly met these as a disciplinarian. A Catholic soldier came to him, and said he did not want to remove his hat during prayers by a Protestant chaplain, for this was a matter of *conscience* with him. The lieutenant-colonel's prompt and abrupt answer was: "I've nothing to do with your conscience. You can *think* what you please. But the chaplain is on my staff. I call on him for his duty. I call on you for your duty. When the chaplain says, at dress parade, 'Let us pray,' that is my order to you, 'Take off your hat.' If you don't take your hat off, I'll take your head off."

That settled the question from a military stand-

point. The soldier's opinions and beliefs were left unmolested, but his formal actions must conform on parade to the colonel's orders. In such ways the chaplain's position and work were plainly recognized as a part of the regimental service, and this gave him an advantage in his personal efforts to win and serve the men.

But such instances as this were quite exceptional; in the long run there was no practical hindrance to my work as a chaplain as growing out of the differences between Catholics and Protestants. My first department commander, General John G. Foster, was a Catholic. He gave hearty approval of my work for the men; and I had reason to be grateful for his readiness to promote that work by any means in his power. His good wife was as an angel of mercy in the hospitals at New Berne after the battle of Kinston; and our men were never tired of telling of her kneeling in prayer by the bed of one of our wounded lieutenants, a Baptist Christian, as his spirit was passing away in the Foster General Hospital. Major-General Gillmore, at the head of the Department of the South, was likewise a Catholic; as also was Major-General John Gibbon, commander of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps at the close of the war. Both were ready at any time to aid me in my chaplain's work.

I was prompt to act in securing the services of a priest in any emergency when a soldier needed him; and there was hardly a Catholic soldier in

the regiment who did not voluntarily attend our chapel services at one time or another. All of them welcomed my prayers by their side when sick in the field hospital, or when lying wounded on the field. On one occasion, on my returning to the regiment after a brief leave of absence, I found a veteran Catholic soldier quite sick in his tent. As I came to his bedside he said faintly, with a smile: "I'm glad to see yez, Misther Chaplain. I thought I'd be afther dying whiles yez wus gone; and I wanted yer riv'rince to prepare me for heaven."

As the army service of my regiment was along the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Florida, we were frequently in transports while moving from one point to another. This gave an opportunity for religious services on shipboard, which were welcome and impressive to both officers and men. When we moved from St. Helena Island to North Edisto Inlet, expecting to take an active part in an immediate attack on Charleston, we were crowded together, on the steamer Cahawba, more than eleven hundred strong, from our regiment and the Fifty-sixth New York. In the evening I led a prayer-meeting, and made an address, on the crowded deck, where all felt that this might be their last night on earth. No one objected to being prayed for then. All hearts were open to loving counsel at such a time. Some of those who are still living will never forget that service of prayer and song under the starlit sky.

"In the evening I led a prayer-meeting on the crowded deck."

While at Seabrook Island I was asked by Commander George W. Rodgers of the navy to conduct a prayer-meeting for his men on the monitor Catskill, in the pilot-house of which he was killed, soon after this, by a shot from Fort Sumter. This service was a novel experience. An iron monitor was a suffocating place to be in, below the deck. The quarters were close and cramped at the best. But the sailors of the navy were bluff, hearty, and reverent. They listened with attention. They joined in singing familiar hymns with a zest that would have gladdened a Methodist congregation in revival time. Their commander was with them at this service; and their manner showed that they recognized the presence of their Great Commander.

Taken prisoner, under peculiar circumstances, at Morris Island, I was in new conditions as a chaplain for several months in Charleston, Columbia, and Richmond. While ministering to our wounded soldiers in the prison hospital at Charleston, I worked side by side with the Sisters of Mercy, and our Christian co-operation in beneficent efforts was every way pleasant. When I found a Catholic soldier, I was glad to call their attention to him, and they, on the other hand, would frequently come to me, saying, "Chaplain, here is a Protestant soldier who would like your ministry." Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, was frequently in the prison hospital directing and aiding the Sisters, and I valued his kind services. Later, he visited Columbia Jail to

see several of our Union officers who were of his communion; and whenever I met him, then or after the war, I had reason to recognize and appreciate his kind Christian courtesy.

It was easy to conduct religious services in the rooms where I was a prisoner with other officers, in Richland Jail, Columbia, and there I led in prayer every evening, and conducted a service with preaching every Sunday. As a friend outside suggested to me, there was this advantage in preaching in prison, I was "sure of my audience." All must attend, and none could leave before the service was over. But compulsory attendance does not in itself secure profitable religious services. In Columbia Jail there were, in other rooms and in adjacent buildings, enlisted men of both army and navy who could not be reached from the officers' rooms. I therefore asked permission of the Confederate authorities to hold a Sunday service for their benefit in the jail yard. Consent was given, on condition that I would not refer, either in prayers or remarks, to matters in contest in the war. Of course, I acceded to this requirement, for of our men's loyalty and patriotism I had no doubt or fear; and thenceforward I held weekly services there as well as inside.

The first Sunday I preached to my new congregation in the jail yard, I stood on the jail steps while the post commandant stood back of me, and one of his soldiers stood, with a fixed bayonet, at my

left hand on the steps, to punctuate a sentence in case I should touch on forbidden topics. If anything could keep a preacher within the bounds of strict orthodoxy in his pulpit utterances, it would be such formidable heresy-hunters as these at such a time. But I was found to be safe so far, and soon the members of the Confederate guard who were not just then on duty, as well as friends of the commandant from outside, were attentive and interested listeners to this preaching of a prisoner to the prisoners.

After my release from prison, I took passage on the steamer Arago, then in the government service, from New York to Port Royal. I found on board a priest who was going as an army chaplain, deputed by Archbishop Hughes, at the request of Bishop Lynch, to minister not only to our soldiers, but to such Catholics of the diocese of Charleston as were then within our lines. Having had no experience as an army chaplain, he was glad to talk over matters connected with his new field of service, and we cordially co-worked for the common cause.

The day after our start from New York was Sunday. There were on board some three hundred soldier passengers from various commands, returning to duty. I suggested to my fellow-chaplain that we ought to have some religious service on board, and that we might arrange to conduct it together. He feared that such a service would not be approved by the commander of the vessel.

I said that I knew Captain Gadsen very well, and was sure he would welcome our work. Accordingly I went to the commander and obtained his hearty consent. At this I told the other chaplain that he might conduct the service, and I would make the address, or *vice versa*, as he should prefer. He replied that, if I would conduct the service, he would make the address.

When notice was given throughout the vessel that there would be a religious service on deck at noon, conducted by the Catholic and Protestant chaplains together, all were interested, and all wanted to be present. That harmonious and joint service was a fresh illustration of the truth that, where the spirit of Christ is, there is liberty.

Rejoining my regiment at St. Augustine, I had other experiences as a chaplain and with places of gatherings for a chaplain's congregation. Every Protestant clergyman had left town when the Confederates evacuated it. Only the Catholic priest, a lovely-spirited Christian pastor, was still at his post. As my quarters were near the Catholic Church—just across the plaza—I saw him frequently, and enjoyed Christian counsel with him. Protestant residents were glad to attend the army chaplain's services, if they attended any. The convalescent camp of the Department of the South, then at St. Augustine, furnished a large contingent of officers, in addition to the regiments on duty there. There was, therefore, quite a congregation,

and quite a pastoral field for the single army chaplain on duty there at that time.

We held regular services, at one time in the Presbyterian Church, and at another time in the Episcopal Church. I conducted a service with preaching in the forenoon; a Sunday-school in the afternoon; a prayer-meeting in the evening, on Sundays; and on Wednesday evening we had a mid-week prayer-meeting. This was in addition to special services in the hospitals, in the military barracks, and in the meeting-places of the colored people.

These occasional brief services at various places were an important part of a chaplain's public work, aside from his personal interviews, including prayer and counsel, with the men, in his tent or in theirs, on hospital cots, or on the field when disabled or dying. I had taken with me from the North a then newly arranged collection of Bible texts, in the form of a wall roll for display in a hospital or a sick-room, known as the "Silent Comforter." The texts were classified under appropriate heads for every day in the month, on thirty-one pages, the pages being turned to sight day by day. The texts, being printed in large type, could be read at quite a distance by the men on their cots. The timely and well-chosen words would perhaps strike the eye of a weary and homesick soldier as he looked toward them from his bed of pain, bringing memories of a comforting truth he had been

familiar with in a Christian home, or, again, it would come home to his heart as a new and needed truth.

A copy of this "Silent Comforter" I had suspended in our chapel-tent, and in my own tent, and in each ward of our army hospital at New Berne. Its texts for the day gave a suggestion for familiar words to the inmates of the hospital when I came to pray with them; and again they furnished a theme for our mid-week prayer-meetings. It often seemed as if the words for the hour had been meant of God for us, in the circumstances in which we found ourselves that very day. They did not grow commonplace and meaningless from frequent use. A copy of that "Silent Comforter" hangs on my library walls to-day, its pages having been turned day by day for more than thirty years without its words growing stale through much repetition. On the contrary, they have gained added preciousness because of their varied memories and sacred associations, and they speak things new and old continually to all who look at them.

In addition to a similar use of the "Silent Comforter" in St. Augustine as in New Berne, a copy of it was suspended in the military guard-house of the provost-marshal, at the old government quarters west of the plaza. There it was made use of in the chaplain's visits to those who were in confinement because of offenses against military discipline. There, as elsewhere, it showed that every

heart is human, and that God's truth comes home to every human heart. Memories of hours of religious service, and of conversation in connection with them, in that St. Augustine guard-house, are dear to the chaplain's heart, to the present day, because of the soldiers who were there manifestly reached for good.

Both Sundays and week-days we had services for a time in the old Catholic chapel of Fort Marion, formerly the "Fortress San Marco," on the sea front of St. Augustine, at the upper end of the town. This fort, of coquina rock, or shell marl, a conglomerate of small sea-shells and sand, abundant in the vicinity, was built by the Spanish. Begun more than two centuries ago, it was a hundred years in building, and while in the possession of the English for twenty years, after 1763, it was said to be the "prettiest fort in the king's dominions." When bombarded by the English general, Oglethorpe, in 1741, it stood the bombardment like modern earthworks. The solid shot embedded themselves in the coquina rock as in a sponge, so that the material was strengthened instead of being fractured, in the progress of the siege.

This fort, with its castellated battlements, its formidable bastions, its lofty and imposing sally-port still surmounted by the royal arms of Spain; its portcullis, moat, and drawbridge; its round and ornate coquina sentry-boxes, at each principal parapet angle; its commanding lookout tower, and its

stained and moss-grown massive walls,—impressed an observer as a relic of the long-gone past. Its frowning guns, and its guard of veteran soldiers, combined to make it, at that time, a representative beleaguered fortress.

Its heavy casemates, its gloomy vaults, its dark passages, and its then recently discovered dungeon, (where, according to popular report, were found skeletons chained to rusty ring-bolts); the dark tally-lists on the moldering walls, speaking of weary prisoners in other dreary days,—all were calculated to awe or solemnize an imaginative mind. The old Catholic chapel was in the central casemate, directly opposite the sally-port. It had an elaborate entrance or portico, a niche for a holy-water receptacle, and an altar fixed against the opposite wall.

This chapel was a quaint and solemn place for a religious service. Our Catholic soldiers valued its hallowed associations, and our Protestant soldiers were glad to be there. Memories of our gatherings in that place, and of personal interviews between chaplain and soldiers there, and elsewhere in that fort, are among the most intense and vivid impressions of war time with survivors of that army congregation.

When our regiment went to Virginia, in the spring of 1864, to have a part in General Grant's campaign there, fresh experiences were once more the order of the day. At first the army movements

were so rapid that there was no opportunity to secure chapel-tents from the base of supplies, or to build chapel-booths at the front. The only way to gather the men for worship was on the open field where we bivouacked,—by the roadside as we halted on a march, or in a shady ravine within reach, if we had a few hours of rest in a wooded region.

For instance, after several days of fighting and of moving from point to point along the lines before Bermuda Hundreds, we found a few hours of rest in which to have an open-air prayer-meeting on the evening of a Sunday in May. It was a delightful service, all the more so because of its contrast with our fierce activities, between which it was a lull. No drum or bugle call was then permissible to summon our gathering, so near the enemy. A blazing brush-heap was the rallying-point, and the singing of a familiar hymn served for a "church call." Officers and men assembled quietly. Some threw themselves on the ground to listen; some stood in the firelight, or back in the shade. God's words were read by the burning pile. They were heard with interest by brave-hearted and tender soldiers. The prayers were free, simple, earnest, and trustful. The songs of praise were full of tenderness and melody. Spoken words at such a time were from heart to heart. The roughest of the men were chastened and subdued. All were reverent and thoughtful. There were thoughts of home and of praying loved ones. There were

thoughts of duty and of danger in the present, and of consequences in the future, near and remote. No audience could be a more sympathetic and hopeful one than such a gathering of soldiers by an evening camp-fire, in the face of the stern realities which then confronted us.

At the close of that meeting, a young soldier from a New York regiment, who happened to be present, came to tell me of his longing to be at peace with God, even if he must be at war with men. He was an only son from a Massachusetts home. He had been religiously brought up, but had wandered far from the right. The evening's summons had reached his heart. He longed to be back at his Master's feet. It was good to help that dear soldier into light and peace. That evening wayside gathering for prayer and counsel was a specimen of many in a chaplain's army life.

When, however, General Grant's headquarters were fixed at City Point, and the siege of Petersburg and Richmond was fairly entered on, there were possibilities to veteran soldiers in the way of cabin and chapel building not before attained by us in camp or in campaigning. Perhaps the greatest height of field-chapel construction was reached by a regiment of New York Engineers, in front of Petersburg, in a beautiful rustic chapel built of pine logs and poles with the bark on. It was in pointed Gothic style, with a graceful spire of the same material as the building itself, and was a most

attractive and picturesque structure. Yet while this was the summit of such work, there were many other rustic chapels built along the lines, which would not have been deemed possible during the first year of the war.

Near the New Market Road, a few miles below Richmond, in the winter of 1864-65, where our regiment had its camp from November to March, our pioneers built a rustic chapel that answered its purpose admirably. A stockade of pine logs or posts formed side walls and gable ends. A large canvas tent-fly, sixty feet by forty, furnished by the Christian Commission, stretched over ridge-pole and rafters, with supporting posts, was an appropriate cover. Spring pole benches provided easy seats for several hundred persons.

An attractive reading-desk, or lectern, was formed by setting a small tree trunk into the earthen floor, and surmounting it with a cracker-box cover, with a rustic border in fitting forms. Two grapevines seemed to be climbing this post, as if coming up from the ground, and crossing each other in their ascent in the form of Gothic arches. The floor of the chapel was covered with sawdust from a neighboring deserted saw-mill, so as to absorb the moisture from the Virginia ground in the rainy season. A sheet-iron stove, also from the Christian Commission, enabled us to warm it. Arms for candlesticks projected in the form of a cross from the central supporting pillars. A picture of President

Lincoln in a rustic frame was on the central pillar. Dark green vines and boughs adorned the columns, and also the walls, while scarlet holly-berries showed themselves in relief among the clustering leaves. Small pine-trees were either side of the reading-desk. Our national colors and our Connecticut state ensign were stacked behind the pulpit as an appropriate background when the chaplain conducted service at it. Across the entire rear end of the chapel, behind the pulpit, was a wide shelf for reading-matter for the men, and two rude tables near the shelf, with writing materials on them, were for their convenience.

In order to give emphasis to the importance of this regimental chapel as a place of worship and as a means of good to officers and men, it was, while yet unfinished, formally dedicated in an opening service on the Sunday afternoon of its first occupancy. The entire regiment was in attendance. Prominent officers from other regiments, and many enlisted men, were present. Chaplain Janeway, of a Pennsylvania regiment, had a part in the dedication services. The sermon was from 1 Kings 6 : 12 : "Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee." The theme was: "Religion Indispensable Everywhere"—especially in the army; and a place for worship was a reminder of this.

This chapel was a great convenience to our regiment, and it was admired by many from outside. The chaplain of a cavalry regiment, an Episcopal clergyman, coming to see it one week-day, was so delighted with the artistic form and surroundings of its rustic pulpit that he lifted up his hands, on seeing it for the first time, and exclaimed: "I declare, Chaplain, it's enough to make a man religious to look at that pulpit."

As there were many fresh recruits sent to our regiment during that closing winter of our war, the new chapel was much used and valued by them. In addition to our usual religious services we had there lectures and addresses of various kinds for their benefit, and they availed themselves of it as a place to read and write in. It well repaid all efforts put forth to make it attractive. It was occupied until the regiment was started on the march which ended at Appomattox Court House. Its memories and influence still live. The rustic reading-desk, fitted with an appropriate base, and sent North, when that move was made, is preserved as a valued relic in the chaplain's home, where its lessons are for children and for children's children.

When fighting was over, there was yet other army service to be performed before all the regiments could be sent home and disbanded. From April to September, 1865, our regiment was stationed just outside of the city of Richmond. A commodious chapel-tent was set up there, for the joint occu-

pancy of the Tenth Connecticut and the Eleventh Maine. Many impressive services were held in it. The officers of both regiments were generally in attendance. The waiting, restless soldiers, relieved of the pressure of constant active service, needed words of encouragement, stimulus, reminder, and caution. And the brave soldiers were ever responsive to such words. In time of peace, as in time of war, a soldier congregation was the most hopeful of congregations.

At last the chaplain's parting words were spoken to his disbanding congregation. The camp was broken up. The soldiers returned to their homes. There can never be a reunion here of that scattered charge. But those who heard aright and worshiped truly in the chapel tents of that army service shall meet again in "the true Tent which the Lord pitched, not man," and shall go no more out forever.

CHAPTER III

DISCLOSURES OF THE SOLDIER HEART

"In buttoning up his soldier coat, the soldier covers his heart from sight, and you cannot tell from outside appearances whether he has a heart or not." The soldier, as a soldier, represses all signs of emotion, and even seems at times to be uninfluenced by ordinary feelings of tenderness and sympathy. But now and then you get a glimpse of the soldier heart in a way to convince you that that heart is human, and that the keeping it covered from sight is a ceaseless struggle between the outer and the inner man.

Soon after I joined my regiment at New Berne, North Carolina, I was asked to conduct a funeral service over two men of a Massachusetts regiment in a local army hospital. Going to the hospital, which was a dwelling-house taken possession of by the military authorities, I was at first shocked by the absence of all ordinary signs of respect for the dead, and I should have then said that the soldiers were utterly without feeling in the presence of their dead comrades.

The front door of the house opened directly on a

main street of the city. In the hall, just inside the door, lay the two bodies, uncoffined, wrapped in army blankets. Soldiers stood or sat about, on the front stairs and on the door-step, or passed in and out over the bodies, chatting unconcernedly, while the enlisted men who had been detailed as hospital nurses were making preparations for removing the bodies to an army burial-place just outside the city. But as this chatting went on, one of the "unfeeling" soldiers turned toward a comrade, who had been detailed as a hospital nurse, and, pointing to one of the bodies, said, in low, gentle tones: "Jem, have you cut a lock of Bill's hair? I reckon his mother would like it. My mother would." That utterance gave me my first glimpse of the soldier heart, buttoned over by the soldier coat. I never again had a doubt of that heart.

As I was returning from my home, after a brief leave of absence on one occasion, I saw a young soldier waving a kindly good-by to friends, as our train left the station. He was in the seat just before me. As the cars moved off he dropped his head on the back of the seat in front of him, and sobbed as though his heart would break. Presently he mastered his feelings, and, straightening himself up, he sat with a stern face and fixed expression, as a cold, immovable soldier.

Reaching forward, I touched him gently on the shoulder, and asked tenderly:

"Have you been long in service, my friend?"

"Two years and a half," he replied, "and now I've re-enlisted for three years more. I've just had my thirty days at home," (a veteran, on re-enlisting for three years, was given a thirty days' furlough,) "and am going back to my regiment."

"It is hard," I said, "to leave the dear ones behind."

"Yes, sir, it is. I can move forward under fire without flinching. I can see men drop by my side, wounded or dead, and not quiver. I can suffer all I have to in camp, or on the march, and not mind it. But I can't bid good-by to my wife and children for three years, and not make a baby of myself."

And I thought him all the more of a man for that.

Several months later I saw that young soldier, as an artillery sergeant, in a redoubt commanded by my brother on the Bermuda Hundreds front. It was in an hour of critical action. He was directing the men who were serving heavy guns in a fierce fight. There was no show of weakness in his looks or manner then. He was cool and collected, and gave no sign of concern for himself or thought of home dear ones. The soldier coat covered from sight the soldier heart, but it was there all the same.

In the opening of the year 1863, Port Royal harbor, South Carolina, was the rendezvous of army transports preparatory to a move against Charleston. One Sunday afternoon, fifty or more

vessels of all sizes, crowded with armed men, were in sight of each other, while busy preparations were making for the landing of troops. Officers and men realized that they were there for active service, and they were facing the fact of impending battle and death. It was no time for unsoldierly thought or feeling. Bristling forts guarded the entrance to the harbor, and ironclads, gunboats, and line-of-battle ships were to be seen among the transports.

The sea was still agitated from a storm of a few days before, and a stiff breeze was blowing. A steamer, towing two small boats with a man in each, moved past the schooner transport, on the decks of which our regiment was crowded. When a little distance from us, as the steamer changed her course, one of the boats was brought directly forward of and capsized by the other. Instantly from a score of voices on our deck the cry rang out: "A man overboard! A man overboard!"

"Stop that steamer," shouted our colonel. "You've lost a man."

"Let go that stern boat," cried another. "Cast off that line! Quick! quick!"

Oh, how slowly those moved who could give help! How time dragged! How hearts jumped in vain longing! It seemed an age before the poor fellow rose to the surface from under the capsized boat. At length he was seen some distance astern, struggling in the boiling wake of the now slowing steamer. He beat the waves as if he could not

"'Stop that steamer!' shouted our colonel. 'You've lost a man!'"

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swim, and we feared he must go down unaided. Oh, what a feeling of hopeless helplessness! Oh for wings! Oh for power even to walk the waves! It was so hard to wait and do nothing. An oar floated near the man, which he seemed not to see.

"Catch that oar!" called one.

"Why don't you cast off that boat?" cried another.

"Hurry! Do hurry!" called a hundred voices.

Every effort for the drowning man's rescue seemed fearfully protracted; yet for us, at our greater distance, we could only wait and watch and pray.

"Will he bear up till help comes?" was the cry of our hearts.

The tide was sweeping him out toward the sea. At length the long-delayed boat was manned, and it shot out in his pursuit.

"Now, give way, boys; give way!" cried the stentorian voice of one of our excited captains, whose inspiring call was heard by the men in the boat, and the stalwart oarsmen bent every nerve to their task.

Every eye on our vessel, and on a score of others, was strained toward the struggling man, and every heart beat in responsive sympathy with those who were striving to save him. Officers and men fairly held their breath as they watched intently that fearful life-chase.

"God help him!" gasped one watcher impul-

sively; and fifty bursting hearts re-echoed that prayer.

"There! he's gone," cried a score of voices, as a wave hid him from view.

"No, he's up again," was the joyous response.

"Give way, boys! Now, give way!" was once more the inciting cry.

Again and again the receding speck in the waters was for a second lost behind a dashing wave. As often a despairing cry came from the hearts of the anxious watchers, and again as many hearts took new hope in the reappearance of the object of intensest interest and sympathy.

The boat drew near the speck. It was now but a single length behind.

"Steady, now! steady, or you'll run him down," was the call from our quarter-deck.

A man in the bow of the boat reached forward. The drowning one caught at the outstretched arm, and in a minute more was drawn into the boat.

"He's saved! He's saved! Thank God! Thank God!" burst from the lips of all about me. A cheer went up from the watching soldiers, although some were under too great strain to join in it.

Officers looked at each other with pale faces and tearful eyes, under the severe reaction of that terrible strain. Strong men were weak. Careless ones were serious. Some actually took to their berths under the exhaustion following that tension of the nerves.

Yet only one man had been in danger, in the presence of thousands who were gathered to face death and to lay down their lives, or to take life, without flinching. Soldiers who would march boldly up to the cannon's mouth, or who would face volley after volley of musketry and not shrink or shirk, would pale and shudder at the thought of a poor fellow dying needlessly before their eyes when there was a possibility of his saving. This incident gave me a fresh glimpse of the soldier heart, and showed anew that it is not in poetry alone that

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

Tender as the soldier's heart was, it was even truer and more loyal to the country for which his life was given up. At times there was a momentary struggle between the drawings of natural affection and the claims of patriotism, but patriotism was sure to triumph. Two loving brothers were side by side in my regiment. As they were moving forward in a charge, near Kinston, North Carolina, one of them fell dead, shot through the heart. His brother, uttering a cry of grief, threw himself on the body as if his own life were going out. Then, as his comrades were pressing forward, he rose to his feet, and, choking down all show of feeling, he took his place in the ranks and went on in the deadly charge.

Thoughts of home mingled with thoughts of

army service in the heart of the average soldier boy,—for the soldiers in our Civil War were hardly more than boys, as a rule. A battery boy shot in the wrist was given chloroform in the field hospital at Whitehall, North Carolina. While he was unconscious, his hand was amputated and the stump bound up. I was kneeling by his side as he came again to his senses. Looking vacantly about him at first, his eyes slowly turned to the bandaged stump, and he realized the truth. Tears stood in his eyes as he exclaimed unselfishly, "What will my mother do now?" It was for her sake that he grieved over his lost right hand; but he did not grudge his gift to his country.

"There goes a hand for the Union," said another brave soldier, as his forearm was shot away.

More than once a wounded soldier called out to me after a battle, as he saw I was taking the names of the dead and wounded to report them in a home paper: "Say 'slightly wounded,' Chaplain."

He wanted to spare anxiety to his home dear ones, true soldier that he was.

Tenderness and courage went together always. As I was going from shelter-tent to shelter-tent, visiting the men of my regiment, one hot Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1864, at Deep Bottom, Virginia, I found a little fellow crying bitterly with homesickness. As I talked with him tenderly, I found he was disappointed, and so almost heart-broken, because of his lack of home letters which

he had looked for. I spoke words of sympathy and cheer, and as I left him I thought he was still too much of a boy to be away from home in the army.

A few weeks later my regiment stood in battle line, repelling one of the fiercest attacks of the enemy we had met in our three years of service. As I stood by my colonel and my brigade commander, just back of the line of battle, I saw that homesick boy hurrying into his place in the ranks. He had been out all night on picket duty, and, coming into the camp in the morning, he had learned of the regiment's new move, and had hurried to be with his comrades in their peril. Hardly had he taken his place and fired his first shot when he fell with a bullet through his lungs. Tearing open his coat, and gasping for breath, as his life-blood gushed out through his death-wound, with never a whimper or a groan, he looked along the unwavering line, and called out cheerily with his failing breath, "Fire away, boys; fire away!" And the homesick boy, who was the heroic soldier, found his final rest.

As two regiments of our brigade were endeavoring to wrest an important position from the enemy on the north bank of the James River, on a hot July day, a man of the Eleventh Maine was shot through the body, and was evidently dying. His commander, seeing him there under the broiling sun, and realizing that he had but a little while to live, called to some men to carry him to a shady

place at the rear. The brave fellow, taking in the whole situation, said cheerily, "No, no, colonel. That would take two men from the front, and every man is needed here now. I can just as well die here." And die there he did. What surpassing love for their country and ours was that of these tender-hearted, brave-souled soldiers!

> "Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
> But these, our brothers, fought for her,
> At life's dear peril wrought for her,
> So loved her that they died for her."

Many a soldier, weak in body but strong in patriotic devotion, was surer to be on hand when the order came to fall in for a fight than when his rations were distributed day by day. Yet this was not because he "would rather fight than eat," but because his country's call to him for service was a stronger appeal than his natural appetite.

There was a frail soldier boy in our regiment, who was sick at Annapolis and on the transports off Cape Hatteras and in the "Swash," but who was in line of battle at Roanoke Island, standing up bravely through it all. Giving way to weakness after this fight, he was unable to do ordinary duty in camp until the battle of New Berne came on, and then he was again in line of battle through that fight. This state of things went on for nearly two years with this man. It seemed to need a battle call to give him strength to rise up in his weakness for a life-and-death conflict; but that call was

sufficient. And after using all his failing strength in his last battle, he at last lay down in his tent to yield up his patriotic soldier life.

After nearly three years of hard service in our regiment, one young officer grew sluggish in duty, and his fellow-officers thought him inclined to inaction, and lacking in his old-time zeal and fearlessness. He was simply worn out with the work he had been doing, in the exposures to which he had been subjected. At length he was mustered out at the close of his term of service, and he started for home from his Virginia camp with but little life remaining to him. Reaching the railroad station in Connecticut nearest his home, he took a stage-coach for a ten-mile drive to the old homestead. Getting down from the stage-coach before the farmhouse home, he walked up toward the house, and was met and welcomed by his patriotic old father.

"Father, I've come home to die," he said.

And those were his last words. He staggered, in growing weakness, into the house, and lay down to die. His last strength had been reserved for this home stretch; and all his fellow-officers then knew that he had been the true and brave soldier to the end.

This self-abnegating devotion to country of the soldier heart was not in solitary cases merely; it prevailed in families and communities, and was a characteristic of our citizen soldiers as a class. A

soldier in our brigade, out of a Maine family of patriots, was an illustration of this. At the opening of the war, a father and five sons from that family volunteered for army service.

One son was wounded at the first Bull Run, but was soon once more at the front. After a year's service the father was mustered out for disability. One son was killed at Antietam, a second at Port Hudson, a third at Gettysburg. The son who was wounded at Bull Run received another wound before Petersburg, and started for home on sick leave. Leaving the stage-coach at nightfall, at the point nearest his father's house, he started across the fields on foot. Weak from his wounds, and weary, he wandered from the path in a blinding sleet storm, and finally sank down exhausted, to be frozen to death but a stone's throw from the dear old patriot homestead whose shelter he was seeking.

The fifth and only surviving son, a soldier in the Eleventh Maine, in our brigade, had been wounded at the Deep Run fight in August, 1864, and was at home when his last dead brother was brought in. He soon after rejoined his regiment, where, in the later months of the war, I saw him, and he then apologized to me for being on light duty because of his wound, instead of in more active service, as if he wanted to have me know that he was not shirking. Were there ever such soldier hearts as the hearts of our average citizen soldiers?

There was no show of heroism on the part of

the average soldier, any more than there was a show of sentiment. He simply *was* a loving-hearted hero, without saying anything about it, or making a demonstration of his feeling. Indeed, a soldier tried to cover up his emotion; and in this effort he would frequently act as if he were ready to laugh, when he felt a good deal more like crying. A joke, indeed, often took the place of an oath, starting a laugh instead of a groan or a sob, as the feelings must find vent in some way.

Bivouacking in a field in North Carolina, when on a hurried move into the interior of the state, we were crowded together on the frozen ground on a wintry night, mules and wagons near officers and men. As we were trying to sleep, every once in a while a mule would give one of those nerve-straining brays that shook the ground and curdled the blood, and seemed absolutely unbearable. After this had gone on for a while, one of the men was heard calling to his fellow, as if a pleasant thought had just struck him, as another of those unearthly brays quivered along the ground: "Steve, Steve, I'm going to carry one of those canaries home with me." This sally was a relief to all of us; and some were asleep before we were fairly through laughing over the ludicrous comparison.

As we marched along, far into the evening, on one of the days of that raid, the column stopping from time to time in the depressing air of a malarial swamp, we grew tired and heavy, and

longed for a change. As we halted again, a specimen Yankee soldier drawled out:

"I don't wonder that North Car'liner women chew snuff."

"How so?"

"Why, I should think they'd get *discouraged* if they didn't."

The laugh over that joke was all the more of a relief because there was nothing in the joke.

Coming around Cape Hatteras on a rolling propeller in a storm, it was hard to keep up a show of cheerful spirits. Several privates of a New York regiment whose term of two years' service had expired lay on some bales of pressed hay congratulating themselves that they were going home at last. One of them took out his discharge paper and feasted his eyes on its wording.

"I say, Bill, hear this: 'No good reason is known why John Wilson should not re-enlist.' Thunder! I know more than a dozen reasons. In the first place, I want somebody else to try it."

While before Petersburg, doing siege work, in the summer of 1864, our men had wormy "hard-tack," or ship's biscuit, served out to them for a time. It was a severe trial, and it taxed the temper of the men. Breaking open the biscuit, and finding live worms in them, they would throw the pieces in the trenches where they were doing duty day by day, although the orders were to keep the trenches clean, for sanitary reasons.

A brigade officer of the day, seeing some of these scraps along our front, called out sharply to our men: "Throw that hardtack out of the trenches." Then, as the men promptly gathered it up as directed, he added: "Don't you know that you've no business to throw hardtack in the trenches? Haven't you been told that often enough?" Out from the injured soldier heart there came the reasonable explanation: "We've thrown it out two or three times, sir, but it crawls back."

About that same time I was accompanying our brigade commander in a tour of observation along our front. As he stopped in the trenches where the men were keeping up a sharp fire, he saw them opening a fresh box of ammunition, of which they constantly needed a new supply. Noting the careful wrapping of the cartridges in their neat packages of a dozen each, he said pleasantly to the soldier who was taking them out:

"'Uncle Sam' is very careful that his boys shall have good cartridges while in his service."

"Yes, sir; I wish he was half as careful of their hardtack," was the keen and respectful reply.

This dry humor in the expression of strong feeling showed itself in the ordinary soldier in every phase of his service. There was a contempt for cowardice and for shirking that must be spoken out; for all felt the danger to themselves of giving way to temptation in that line, and they stayed each other up by helping to keep public sentiment

right. A coward or a shirk was a constant butt of ridicule.

At Bermuda Hundreds, Virginia, when we first reached there, in May, 1864, a detail of two hundred and fifty men was made from our regiment for fatigue work during the night, throwing up an embankment in our front. Among the men sent out was a notorious shirk from one of the companies, who was never ready to fight or to work.

As I sat in my tent writing, that evening, I heard a man outside stumbling in the darkness over the tent-ropes at the rear of the field and staff tents. The sentry in front of the colonel's tent called out:

"Who goes there?"

"Me," piped a weak voice.

"Who's *me?*"

"Prince, of Company T."

"What are you doing here? You were sent out on fatigue. Why aren't you with the men?"

"I lost my way, and couldn't find 'em."

"Corporal of the guard!" called out the sentry. "Here's Prince, of Company T. He's lost those two hundred and fifty men he took out with him."

The regimental estimate of its champion shirk was hissed out in that call to the corporal of the guard.

Perhaps the most trying service to which a soldier could be called, and that which tested most sorely his courage and his character, was his service as a prisoner of war, an experience to which thousands of soldiers were called, and in which

they were all put to the test, and stood it nobly. There they had greatest need of sympathy and affection, and there the manifestation of these feelings was most admirable and most comforting.

It was in the midsummer of 1863 that I was a prisoner of war in Charleston, South Carolina. Coming under the suspicion of being a spy, in consequence of an incident while on a visit through the lines, under a flag of truce, in North Carolina the year before, I was separated from my prison comrades of the Union army, and was shut in the common jail, among murderers and desperadoes from the streets of Charleston in the worst days of the Southern Confederacy.

The condition of things on our side of the lines, at the time of my capture, seemed dark at the best. Battles had gone against us. Generals had disappointed us. Gettysburg still hung in the balance, at our latest news from the North. I had heard cheers in the streets of Charleston over the news of the draft riots in New York City, as I was brought toward the jail. To be a prisoner at such a time, with the gallows confronting one, and not a human being to give a word or a look of sympathy, was a strain on any soldier heart, that tempted one to despair as to the earthly outlook.

I never had such a glimpse of the bottomless pit as in the scene before me in that jail at that time. The air itself was stifling in the foulness of those close-shut and heated wards. And the moral

atmosphere was yet more dense and intolerable. Blasphemy and obscene speech poured out unceasingly from the lips of demon-like men, half clothed or actually naked, who glared and wrangled and struggled in that seething mass of sin-cursed humanity. Occasionally the cry of "Murder!" centered all attention for the moment in ruffians who were rolling on the floor in the angry clutch of deadly hatred, and the strong arms of other ruffians were taxed to their utmost in separating the bitter combatants. And all the while the air seemed fouler and fouler, and the place itself more hopelessly suffocating.

Shrinking from the pollution which pressed me at every turn, I found my way into one of the cells opening into the court where the multitude thronged and swayed; and there I clambered up on to the stone window-bench before one of the barred openings through the heavy walls of the jail, and, drawing up my knees so as to keep within the recess of the narrow opening, I bowed my head on my knees, and gave way to my feelings in the utter weakness of despair. I could not live any longer as I was. I did not want to live. I must be out from there. Anywhere, anywhere, even by way of the gallows, out from that hell upon earth!

Just then it was, as I huddled there in that jail window with my face against my drawn-up knees, that I was touched gently on the shoulder, and a kindly voice said to me,

"You seem troubled, my friend. Maybe you're hungry. Cheer up! Here's some bread."

I looked up, as much surprised as despairing Elijah when the angel came and touched him under the juniper bush in the desert. And there, just below me, was the winsome face of a young man who seemed all unlike the other inmates of that place of horrors, who was reaching up to me a loaf of soft white bread.

"Thank you! Thank you!" I said instinctively. "It's not bread I'm wanting."

"Oh! but you look hungry," he added. "You'll want it by and by. It's good bread." And he laid the loaf on my knees, and turned away into the surging crowd, out of my sight again.

It *was* good bread,—a baker's loaf,—in marked contrast with our coarse cornmeal prison fare; but that was not what I was longing for. I was, indeed, hungry, oh, how hungry! but not for bread. My heart was hungry for human sympathy, for just such words and looks as he brought me with that loaf.

As he disappeared into the crowd, I raised my head, and drew a full long breath again. A crushing weight seemed lifted from my shoulders. I dropped myself off from that window bench and stood erect. I was another man. I was in another place,—a larger, freer place. The wall of the gloomy jail had moved outward. Its ceiling had been uplifted. The air was purer. I was glad I was

alive. And life was worth living. And all because of that glimpse of a brother soldier's heart.

Who was he? I turned to find him. Pushing through the crowd, I pressed on till I saw him before me. Reaching out my hand, and laying it on his shoulder, I said: "Look here, my friend! Who are you? How came you here?" Not knowing who I was, Union or Confederate, he answered cheerily: "Oh! I'm a Yankee soldier. I'm from away up in Connecticut; but I'm fast, down here, now."

It will be believed that that answer brought us nearer together. I learned that *he* also was under suspicion as a spy, but that he had been longer in that place, and had better adapted himself to it, than I had. And in the spirit of a brave, true-hearted soldier, he had come to a fellow-sufferer, with love in his heart and a loaf of bread in his hand, and had given me life and help and cheer. That was like a true soldier prisoner.

A little later, when I was released from special confinement, and was with the other Union army and navy prisoners in Columbia Jail, I had another glimpse of the soldier heart, and of the soldier-sailor heart, in special trial. The siege of Charleston was in progress. An attempt was to be made by the Confederate forces to blow up the New Ironsides in the Union fleet. They were desirous of obtaining information from some of the sailor prisoners concerning the modes of approach to

that vessel, in order that they might reach it most effectively. They supposed it would be an easy matter to bribe one of the Yankee sailors to give this information, and they gave orders to one of the non-commissioned officers on guard over these prisoners to do this, but to no purpose.

Then a commissioned officer tried it, with the same result. Afterwards the captain of the guard himself made the attempt, but was unsuccessful. At length a staff officer of General Beauregard came up from Charleston to show how this could be done. He took those sailors one by one, and told each man that, if he would answer a few questions about the New Ironsides, he would be liberally paid for it, and would be sent through the lines to go free to his Northern home. That was a tempting offer to half-starved men, in a cramped and heated prison,—food, money, liberty, for answers to a few questions. But among all those Union sailors, not one American jack-tar could be seduced from duty. They all had brave and loyal hearts, as was made clear to those who had this glimpse of those hearts.

Yet later, in that same Columbia Jail, we were all brought to another test. There was a threat of retaliatory measures on the part of both governments. General Burnside had executed two Confederate prisoners as spies in East Tennessee. The authorities at Richmond had selected two Federal officers, from Libby Prison, for execution in retali-

ation. Our government at Washington had picked two Confederates to execute in case the hostages were harmed. There was talk of following this up until the prisons were emptied.

Looking at this threat from the prisoners' side at that time was very different from talking it over now as war history. It was, to say the least, not a cheering prospect. Some of us were inclined to grumble. One afternoon, as a group of us sat together in the Columbia jail, it was said by one that we had enlisted to fight, and not to be strung up like dogs, and it wasn't fair on the part of our government to leave us in this plight.

Just then a lieutenant from a Maine regiment, hearing our talk, stalked into our room from the room beyond, and, standing up before us, said pluckily:

"Well, fellows, do you want to know how I feel about this thing? I'll tell you. I enlisted to serve my government, and I'm going to stick to my agreement. If my government thinks I can serve her best by being hanged, I'm ready to be hanged. That's all there is about that."

"Bully for you, Lieutenant Ware!" was the answer of one of our number, and we were all agreed with him. His was the true soldier heart.

Soldiers *were* bright and tender and brave. They were unselfish and devoted. Nothing that their country needed of them was denied or begrudged. They kept back no part of their country's ransom,

nor complained they of the mode and manner of its payment.

At the close of the war I saw a Virginia landowner near the field of Mechanicsville, where General McClellan fought one of his severe battles in the summer of 1862. This man said that he went out to the field after our troops had retired from it. He noticed a little fellow lying wounded in the hot sun. As he looked pityingly at the boy, the boy gained courage to make a request:

"Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty."

"Of course I will," said the man, and he brought the water.

Encouraged by this, the little fellow asked again: "Won't you get me taken to the hospital? I'm badly wounded."

The man said: "Well now, my boy, if I get you taken care of, and you get well so that you can go home again, will you come down here and fight me and my folks once more? How about that?"

It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner boy, but that boy stood the test. Looking his captor in the eye, he said firmly: "That I would, my friend."

"I tell you," said that man, "I liked that pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital and good care taken of him."

Because a soldier had to button his soldier coat over his heart, and not give way to ordinary emotions of affection or anxiety, he was all the more

susceptible to influences immediately about him which appealed to his tenderest feelings. Home ties were for the time being suspended. He must not think much of father or mother, of brother or sister, of wife or children, or of another self from whom he was far separated. Dwelling on such thoughts would tend to draw him away from present prevailing duty. Yet his heart must have vent, and as a consequence it went out with peculiar affection toward an army comrade by his side, who was congenial in spirit, or whose needs appealed to his sympathies. It was this that made army friendships so close and precious, and that gave them, in many a case, a touch of romance beyond the creations of fiction. There was every grade of these friendships, from the most refined and poetic to the most commonplace and even ludicrous; yet in them all was the disclosure of the true soldier heart.

During the last year of the war there was an influx of substitutes and "bounty jumpers," including foreigners of all descriptions, in place of the volunteer Americans who had before filled our ranks. Among these substitutes, desertions were numerous, and executions were frequent. There was, in my regiment, an intelligent Swede, by the name of Lundman, in whom I became quite interested. The Swedes were as a class good soldiers and good men. This one helped me in the putting up of my chapel-tent, and he afterwards brought one of his countrymen to me who could not speak English,

but who wanted to talk with me. One day I learned that he had deserted and been arrested, and was now in the care of the provost-marshal. An Irishman came to me with the first news of this affair.

"Misther Chaplain," he said, "I've gravous news for ye. Yer frind, Misther Lanman, who was afther fixin' yer tent for ye, sthrayed off the picket line, and they found him, and I think they're callin' him a desarter."

Then, with this mild putting of the facts, he began to plead for his tent-mate as I had never heard one man plead for another of another nationality. It was evident that here was one of those peculiar and powerful army loves that take the whole heart, as only a soldier affection can. My own heart was moved in sympathy, as the poor fellow poured out his for his other self.

"For the love of God, Misther Chaplain, save him ev ye can! For God's sake spake to the Gin'ril! O God! I'd die ev they shot 'im! And I know he was niver afther maneing it."

In his rude, tender speech, he told how he had come to love the Swede.

"It's never I saw him till we got to the camp togither; but ev he wuz me own brother I couldn't luv him more. Ev he wuz me own counthryman I'd niver be here a spakin' for him. He had mighty atthractive ways on him. He cud spake Swadish and Jarman and Inglish, but he cud only write the Swadish. And he waz for asking me to write

down a little song for him, that he cud write it out in Inglish. And there he wuz three days at the writin'. Ah! he wuz a grate figurist. I'd go across the ocean with that man all alone in a ship. Why,—would you b'lave it?—he was afther markin' out on a paper the whole of a compass, ye see. And sez he, 'I'll be makin' a sailor uv ye, Pat.' Nothin' wuz a mysthery to him. And the more I saw uv him, the more I wuz thinkin' uv his ways, and the more plazin' they were to me."

The eloquence of unselfish love was in this plea for his friend, and I could not refuse to do what I might in the Swede's behalf. I went to the provost-marshal's quarters, and found that the evidence of desertion was clear, and that the man did not even deny it. On my return the Irishman was watching for me.

"Hev you seen him, yer riv'rince? Can yer riv'rince do anythin' for him?"

Then he told me feelingly how he hoped my prayers at dress-parade, and my "tacheings at the meetings" had had a good influence over him; as if he wanted his friend to be ready at the last for the sad end that threatened him.

Appomattox Court House ended the war, leaving the Swede unshot, and his Irish tent-mate happy; but the incident of that army friendship freshly impressed me with a sense of the tenderness of the uncommon common soldier's heart.

CHAPTER IV

A CHAPLAIN'S SERMONS

Our Civil War, with its national outbreak and uprising, brought to all citizens new conditions of life, and new needs and duties. Ordinary guides of conduct and belief appeared in a new light when looked at in the lurid flames of fratricidal strife. The very pages of the Bible read differently when searched for counsel and suggestion in a state of things never before known or conceived of by the lover of God's word.

It was a typical experience that was told of by the patriotic clergyman who had been a zealous advocate of peace at all times down to the attack on Fort Sumter.

When, on Saturday, April 14, 1861, the old flag was there hauled down under the hostile fire of those who had been trusted as its defenders, and the aroused North was in the white heat of a righteous indignation, this clergyman thought of his call to preach on the morrow. The only fitting text, he said, that he could find in that Bible, which had seemed to him until now to enjoin only peace and non-resistance, was the command of the Prince

of Peace: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."

When clergymen were appointed as chaplains in the Federal army they found that their divinity-school teachings and their pulpit training and experience were not sufficient to enable them to meet the new demands on them for their soldier congregations in camp and in campaigning. Old sermons, preached in the quiet of home life, or in the self-seeking struggles of business and money-getting activities, were not adapted to the needs and trials of men who had left home behind them, and were living and dying in self-sacrificing devotion to their God-given government and their loved and imperiled country.

A worthy and devoted clergyman, who had stood well as preacher and pastor at home before his appointment as chaplain, was bemoaning the hopelessness of his best endeavors to meet the necessities of his present position before he had learned the peculiar needs of soldiers.

"Will they listen to your preaching, Chaplain?" he asked. "My men don't seem to want sermons. When I came out, I had picked out about fifty of the best sermons I had, but none of them seem to suit. I have cut them down as well as I could, until I have almost spoiled their plan; but the colonel tells me they are too long; and all the others seem to think so. Soldiers don't appear to like preaching."

On the other hand, the clergyman who as an army chaplain recognized the fact that at home he never saw such a congregation as was before him in his new charge, that he had never been with men who were so inspired, so tempted, so beset, or so imperiled, and that neither he nor they had ever lived and faced death in such a time, with its peculiar conditions and necessities, would not think of looking to old experiences for counsel and guidance, or to old sermons for words of sympathy and incitement and cheer to his men. He would find fresh calls for help in his and their surroundings, in the look of their eyes, and in the expression of their features, and he would feel that he must say what he had never been moved to say in any former sphere of existence, or utterly fail to meet their requirements. Thus aroused and inspired, many an army chaplain who had been a good preacher at home became a better preacher in the field, because he was a new man in the new needs of the new hour and sphere.

Being appointed to an army chaplaincy without training or experience as a clergyman, I had none of the helps, and none of the hindrances, of service in a previous ministerial sphere. I was not, on the one hand, bound by a sense of conventional limitations in sermon-making; and, on the other hand, I lacked many of the advantages of study and practice in formal religious discourse. I came to my new duties as a new man, and I have

thought that the lessons of my peculiar experience might be of benefit to others, as illustrating the wonderful fitness of the Bible to every condition and need of man, and the readiness of men to recognize this truth as made clear to them.

Joining my regiment at New Berne, North Carolina, in the autumn of 1862, I preached my first sermon there on the Sunday after my arrival, before officers and men, in our large chapel-tent. I announced my position and work in the words of our great Commander, in Luke 22 : 27,—

"I am among you as he that serveth."

The test of a soldier's efficiency was service. It was his duty, and it should be his joy, to serve his God, his country, and his commander. In addition to all this, I, as a regimental chaplain, had the duty and the joy of serving every officer and man in the regiment in my public and my private ministrations. That was my starting-point. On that plane I was sure of a welcome. Thenceforward I had no fear of being misunderstood as to my chaplain's rights and privileges.

Not long after there came a proclamation from President Lincoln appointing a national Thanksgiving Day. In New England, Thanksgiving Day was pre-eminently the home festival of the year. If the scattered members of a family could be together at the old homestead only once in twelve months, they would choose that day for the reunion. They looked forward with pleasant antici-

pations to that festival as the time when they might once more sit together at the family table and be happy. But here were Connecticut boys in the field, doing picket duty in front of the enemy's lines, with no possibility of going home, seriously requested to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. It seemed hardly less than a mockery.

Friends of the soldiers in Connecticut sent to the regiment a good supply of turkeys and cranberries, of apples and hickory nuts, for an extra regimental dinner; but these accompaniments of Thanksgiving could not make the missing family gathering. The call to give thanks suggested sad thoughts rather than joyous ones on its first presentation. But a church service, with a Thanksgiving sermon, was a matter of course on that day, and I sought to conduct one adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

My text was from Psalm 23 : 5,—

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

As showing that these words were not used merely by accommodation from their verbal fitness, I recalled that they were spoken by David, who had been brought up in the quiet of a country home life, and been called to leave his home and go out to war. He knew what it was to be away from his dear ones and in the face of enemies. Yet he recognized God's goodness to him there, and he was

glad to give God thanks for all that he had had of good, for all that he still had, and for all that he could look forward to in faith and hope. Then I drew a parallel between David's case and ours, and gave reasons why a day of thanksgiving was eminently fitting and timely, just as we were situated. I think that that Thanksgiving Day in the field brought fresh lessons of God's goodness, and of the fulness and fitness of God's words in the Book of Books, to many in that soldier congregation, as it certainly did to the chaplain.

As the months of the war dragged wearily on without the longed-for progress toward a satisfactory close; as general after general failed of coming up to popular expectation; as campaign after campaign ended in disaster or was practically fruitless; as party dissensions divided the loyal people at home, —the spirits of officers and men in the field were sorely strained, and despondency seemed to be replacing hope and courage in many a heart. In December, 1862, our immediate command, under General John G. Foster, made a move toward the Weldon Railroad, in North Carolina, in conjunction with the Army of the Potomac in its advance on Fredericksburg, Virginia, under General Burnside. Our command was successful, although with heavy loss to our regiment, while General Burnside's campaign ended disastrously. It was a depressing time to all of us. I tried to bring a cheery message to the men from the Bible pages.

My text was from Psalm 60 : 12,—

"Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies."

This psalm is said, in its title, to have been written "when Joab returned, and smote of Edom in the valley of salt twelve thousand," and it was written "to teach," that is, to be handed down from generation to generation; therefore its lessons are for us as well as for the Israelites, and we ought to try to find them out and improve them.

The Edomites were descendants of Esau, as the Israelites were descendants of Jacob. All were descendants of Isaac, and were originally brethren. As brethren they first became estranged over a mess of colored pottage, and finally were at open war with each other. The Edomites closed their borders against the Israelites, and afterwards came out against them "with much people, and with a strong hand" (Num. 20 : 18-21), seeking to destroy their corporate nationality, saying, "Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation" (Psa. 83 : 4). They became, we are told, "confederate" (Psa. 83 : 5) against the loyal people of Israel.

They had at the start an advantage over their Northern brethren. They were trained to hunting, to the use of arms, and to strife. Their brethren were a people of peaceful habits and pursuits, illy fitted to contend in warfare, but whose spirits could not be broken, and who would not give up their faith in God, who had assured to them their heritage.

Finally, David, the God-chosen ruler of Israel, by his favorite commander, Joab, overpowered the warlike confederates in the Valley of Salt, and then David, in order to make peace secure, "put garrisons in Edom; throughout all Edom put he garrisons, and all they of Edom became David's servants. And the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went" (2 Sam. 8 : 14).

The application of these facts to our condition of then was easily shown; and it was not difficult to make evident our personal duty in the existing condition of affairs. The advantage of such a Bible parallel to soldiers in service was, that the words of encouragement and exhortation came not as from their chaplain, but as from the Word of God, which they were bound to honor and heed.

A Christian officer of my regiment expressed himself as pleased with the appropriateness of this sermon, but he added that of course there could not be found another such Bible parallel to give encouragement to men in our condition. Yet, as the months went by, both he and the chaplain found that there was no lack of Bible parallels for one who was in need of them, and who sought their inspiration and guidance.

Days grew darker in prolonged campaigning, and with the depressing influence of repeated failures and defeats. Many grew tired of the contest, and many lost hope that good would come of its continuance. At home there were those who

clamored for peace at any price. In the army there were dissatisfaction and evil foreboding. In our department of the South, the expedition against Charleston seemed a failure. In the West, Vicksburg still held out, and the Mississippi was yet closed. The Army of the Potomac seemed never to succeed. What was there to be hopeful over? Men's hearts failed them because of weary inaction or of disastrous defeat.

In February, 1863, when the condition of affairs was peculiarly disheartening, as our command was inactive on St. Helena Island, and the news from the North tended to depress officers and men, I announced a sermon on the times for Washington's Birthday, which came that year on a Sunday. I preached from Exodus 14 : 15,—

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

The opening of the sermon was a portrayal of the condition of affairs between the Egyptians and the Israelites, who had long dwelt together in harmony, but were now in hostility. The Egyptians had feared that they should lose their control of the government through the multiplying and the activity of the Israelites, descendants of pilgrim fathers. The census was a constant menace to them. So they had set themselves to oppose and oppress their neighbors, and, failing of success by such means, they came to open warfare.

At first the Israelites were enthusiastic and hopeful. They thanked God that he was leading them, and they rejoiced that their moral stamina was being brought to the test. They were confident that their troubles would soon be over. But they found that final victory was not so speedy nor so easy as they had anticipated. Before long they were surrounded by difficulties. It seemed impossible for them to advance. They could not retreat. The enemy was in their rear. The sea was before them, and no transportation was at hand. They appeared to be entrapped, outgeneraled, undone. "They were sore afraid,"—not from a lack of personal courage, but from a sense of hopelessness. Then the grumbling began.

How many regrets there were that this last expedition had been attempted! Officers and men groaned over the matter, and wondered why their leaders had done as they had. Was Moses a knave, or a fool? Had he planned the destruction of his army, or didn't he know any better? Why must such a man be in such a place of responsibility? Was there a Hebrew corporal who couldn't do better than this general? If there were no better commanders to be had than Moses and Aaron, why keep up this murderous conflict? The original "peace men" grew confident. They boasted to Moses that they had foretold this. "Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians?

For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness."

It is probable that even Moses himself grew anxious, although he kept up his courage and his faith. Then it was that God spoke out to Moses, to show what he would have him do in this emergency: "Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." God's order was simple and explicit. "Go forward," difficulties or no difficulties. The people went forward, without transportation. God bared the bed of the Red Sea. The Israelites crossed on dry ground safely. The Egyptians were overwhelmed. There was no doubt, after that, as to victory.

God foresaw the cost of obedience, and its gain, when he said to the Israelites "Go forward." The Israelites trusted him sufficiently to obey. Who supposes that in the palmy days of Solomon the glorious, when Judea was the brightest kingdom of earth, and all nations looked to it with admiration and longing, those who reveled in its delights, and shared in its benefits, regretted that their fathers had heeded God's voice in their time of doubting? What God had said to the Israelites, God said to Union soldiers at this time. If we would go forward, our children at least would rejoice in our obedience.

There were occasions when a text in its timeliness was a sermon in its teaching, as truly as

was the elaboration of an extended Scripture parallel. Early in 1863, our division was put on army transports in the waters of North Carolina, and sent to sea under sealed orders. When those orders were opened, we found we were to have an active part in the siege of Charleston. As Sunday came while we were on our way, I preached to my regiment on the deck of a crowded transport. We were anticipating a speedy share in hard fighting, and there was an extra readiness to heed a chaplain's words in view of the seriousness of the hour. I took two texts for the occasion,—

"When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing" (Deut. 23 : 9).

"And it shall be, when ye are come nigh unto the battle, that the priest shall approach and speak unto the people, and shall say unto them, Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them; for the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you" (Deut. 20 : 2-4).

The lessons of these texts were obvious. Success in every righteous conflict depends on God. He who would have God's help must be God's servant. As God's servant he must be true to God. When a soldier is called to face death as a servant of God he must keep himself from evil, so that he may be

near to God and trustful in him. Thus pure and thus trustful, he may be fearless and courageous. God will go with him, and will save him—living or dying. The special temptations of the soldier, and his moral and spiritual perils, were pointed out in detail.

One Sunday, in the summer of 1863, when my regiment was doing picket duty in front of the enemy, on Seabrook Island, in the waters of South Carolina, and I could not gather an audience at any center for a religious service, I selected a timely text, in 1 Peter 5 : 8, and went from post to post of the picket line, repeating the text and briefly enforcing its lessons,—

"Be sober, be vigilant [or, watchful]; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

The men had a duty to be watchful against enemies, and they realized that they must be sober and alert if they would guard against being surprised. I reminded them that there was a spiritual enemy who was more to be dreaded than any flesh-and-blood foe whom they were watching against, and I suggested ways in which the Devil might harm them on the picket front.

During the siege of Charleston I was taken prisoner on Morris Island, and was for several months confined in jail at Charleston and Columbia.

There I found new conditions confronting me, in preaching to my audience of prison soldiers; but the Bible never failed to furnish texts and lessons that seemed designed for just our peculiar case. After a time I was taken from Columbia to Richmond, and was an inmate of Libby Prison.

More than nine hundred officers were crowded together in that comfortless prison-house just then. The annoyances of heat in summer and cold in winter, and of vermin at all seasons, added to the nerve-straining trial of confinement and inaction at a time when the calls to a part in the great conflict outside were louder and more imperative than ever, and taxed the patience and temper of all beyond ordinary endurance. Profanity and foul speech were the special vices of the place, promoted and intensified by the always scanty and often repulsive fare of prison life. This was the state of things as I preached my first sermon there. My text was Mark 7 : 14-16,—

"And when he had called all the people unto him, he said unto them, Hearken unto me every one of you, and understand: there is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him; but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear."

Here was a complete discourse by itself, with introduction, teachings, and added warning. It was worthy of our special attention and improvement.

Speech is more than food. Poor fare is not so defiling or destructive as foul language. It were better to be slowly poisoned to death than to poison the air about us by the outgiving of evil influence from our inner being. It is never a gain to ourselves to speak out bad thoughts that we are conscious of holding. Giving them expression increases the defilement within; it defiles us externally, and it tends to defile others who may be about us. It were preferable to die holding in our evil thoughts than to live giving them expression, with the sure consequences of such a course. Only in a place as crowded and comfortless as Libby Prison could this truth be felt as we felt it there.

When their first term of army enlistment was nearing its close, while the end of the war seemed as remote as ever, the soldiers were invited to re-enlist for three years more. It was not a tempting proposition. The men of our regiment were in poor quarters, with worn-out tents that could not protect them from the rain. Their clothing was old, and they could get no new supply. They were in arrears of pay. The prospect was dark for any successful campaigning. On a stormy day in January, 1864, the poorly clad men stood in the rain and were asked to pledge themselves for another three years of similar service. They responded with heroic alacrity. A large majority of those who were competent to service came forward as

veteran volunteers. A furlough of thirty days was granted to all such veterans, and special transportation was furnished them by the government. On the Sunday before the re-enlisted men were to start on their home furlough, I preached a sermon to them in the Presbyterian Church at St. Augustine, Florida. My text was from Mark 5 : 19,—

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

Pointing out that there were some things in our experiences of God's goodness that he did not wish us to publish abroad, and that there were others that he wanted us to tell of for the good that might come of it, I suggested that re-enlisted veterans had a duty to tell others of the gain that had come to soldiers in God's protection of them thus far, in his raising of their standard of personal manhood, and in his increase of their love of country, as they began anew to serve that country at whatever cost it might be to them. In the spirit of that counsel those soldiers went to their homes as missionaries of patriotism and unflinching loyalty.

It was after months of severe service in the siege of Charleston that our regiment had been ordered to Florida, to do guard duty at St. Augustine, where was the convalescent camp and hospital of the department. This was comparatively light and easy work. It was what soldiers called "a soft thing." The climate was delightful. Tropical, or

semi-tropical, flowers and foliage and fruit abounded. There was pleasant society there, including some favored health-seekers from the North, and there was relief from the constant strain of more active service. It was for this reason, indeed, that our regiment, sadly depleted by losses in battle, and worn down by prolonged endurance in siege work, had been assigned to duty just there in order to rest and recuperate. It was there that I rejoined my command when released from prison. As the spring of 1864 opened, after the return of our re-enlisted veterans, preparations were making, farther north, for a fresh and vigorous campaign under General Grant, now in command of all the armies in the field. Rumors came of our being speedily ordered to Virginia, to co-operate with the till then often unfortunate Army of the Potomac, and these rumors were by no means generally welcomed.

Rest and inaction among soldiers inevitably tended to lower the tone of zeal and courage. The memory of battles, with their severe losses, caused our men to shrink from new active service at the front. Companionships of various sorts formed in the place of our sojourn made, to some, the thought of going away peculiarly distasteful. An expedition along the southern coast on army transports was anything but attractive, in view of the trying experiences off Cape Hatteras, and in the "Swash," in the Burnside expedition at the beginning of our regimental service. Murmurings began to be

heard among the men, and there were unfavorable comments on the part of too many of the officers. Some said:

"We've done our share of fighting. I want somebody else to try it."

"It isn't fair for one regiment to do more than any other."

"Besides, it's no use for men to be killed without accomplishing anything; and that seems to be the way in this war."

Remarks like these were only making a hard matter worse. We should have to go where we were ordered, whether we liked to or not; and it was my duty to inspire officers and men to their best part wherever they were in the coming hard struggle. I gave notice of a sermon on "the move to Virginia," and set at work to prepare it. Our Sunday services were being held at that time in the little Episcopal church just south of the plaza. My text was from Numbers 32 : 6,—

"Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?"

The first third, and more, of the sermon, was simply an explanation of who spoke these words, and under what circumstances. Without saying just what I was doing, I naturally selected those points in the Bible story which tended to make more obvious the parallel between our case and that of the ancient Israelites.

The children of Israel were engaged in a struggle

for their national heritage, which had been assured to their pilgrim fathers, Abraham and Jacob. The war had been prolonged beyond all expectation, and some of them had become tired of the dragging contest. A new campaign was to open under Joshua, an energetic and experienced general. The soldiers of Reuben and Gad were loath to have a part in it, and wanted to remain where they were. It was not that these soldiers lacked courage or patriotism, but they felt, for the time, that they had had as much fighting as they cared for. Perhaps, too, the fact that their first move must be across the water, on the brink of which they stood, impressed them unpleasantly, in remembrance of their earlier Red Sea expedition. At all events, they did not wish to join the army of the Jordan. Moreover, their long inaction in the place where they were had tended to dampen their ardor for a new campaign. While they were in the sandy desert, where they suffered most, and had most to do, they longed for an order to move forward in order to hasten the end of the war, but now they had had a fresh taste of civilized life. They had made acquaintances among the Midianites, and this had not, in all cases, elevated the standard of either morality or patriotism.

The region where they rested was an attractive one. Gilead was on the eastern border of the land for which they fought, stretching "unto the sea of the plain, even the salt sea" (Josh. 12 : 3). It was

the land of the cypress, the palm and the olive, a health-giving locality. (All this was true of Florida.) It was also the cattle-growing region of the Confederate rulers, "a land for cattle," and, "behold, the place was a place for cattle." (Just before this time an appeal from General Beauregard had been made known, urging the repossession of Florida as the source of cattle supply for the Confederate armies. This was fresh in all our minds.) As a whole, Gilead was so desirable a place for the war-sick soldiers that many of them would have been willing to spend their days there. (This was the way many of our soldiers felt.) "And the children of Gad and the children of Reuben came and spake unto Moses, . . . saying, . . . If we have found grace in thy sight, let this land be given unto thy servants for a possession, and bring us not over Jordan."

"And Moses said unto the children of Gad and to the children of Reuben, Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?" Moses knew his soldiers, knew how brave and true they were, and he confidently appealed to their best nature. He reminded them of their duty to see this thing through before they turned aside for anything else. Nor was his appeal in vain. The Reubenites and Gadites responded loyally to his call, and sprang forward for new service. They even asked the privilege of doing the skirmishing for the whole army in the new movement. "We ourselves," they

said, "will go ready armed before the children of Israel, until we have brought them unto their place. . . . We will not return unto our houses, until the children of Israel have inherited every man his inheritance." "And Moses said unto them, If ye will do this thing, . . . then afterward ye shall return, and be guiltless before the Lord, and before Israel; and this land shall be your possession before the Lord. But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out."

In applying this incident to the case of my hearers, I reminded them that this was the way of brave and true men always. In a life-and-death struggle like ours, active service was our duty, active service was our pleasure, and active service was for our advantage. Then I sought to show how this must be so.

One advantage that an army chaplain had over a preacher in civil life was the fact that all his hearers were in the same circumstances, and that they had only one another to talk to; they did not go from his preaching to separate homes, where they had another view of the truth put before them. If he could succeed in swaying the current of their thoughts by his appeals, they were all likely to be swept on in the same direction.

It was evident that the Bible parallel set before our men in this case reached their hearts. Officers

and men vied with each other in assurances of their agreement with me. One prominent officer, who had been forward in his complainings over the hardships of the contemplated move, now said that *he* had felt this way all along, and he was glad the chaplain was looking at it in the same light. My colonel requested the sermon for publication, in order that it might be carefully read by all in the regiment. The next day the surgeon in charge of the convalescent camp came to me asking:

"Chaplain, what did you preach about yesterday? I was kept up until near midnight making out discharges for officers who wanted to go back to their commands. When I asked the reason, they said they had been down to church, and heard a sermon that gave them a different view of their duty."

Some of the enlisted men said grimly: "The chaplain's spoiling for a fight;" but the current was too strong for any one to make head against it. The sermon as printed and distributed was entitled "Desirableness of Active Service." Months afterward, as we were campaigning in Virginia, while we were moving by night to take our place in the Petersburg trenches, we were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, so severe with its blinding flashes of lightning and its torrents of rain that we were compelled to halt and drop down in the mud, and wait for daylight. In the early morning, as I moved along the wavy line of reclining soldiers, I was greeted good-naturedly by a soldier with the

words, that could be heard far and near: "I suppose, Chaplain, *this* is what you would call the 'desirableness of ac–tīve service.'" Then he chuckled over the general laugh that greeted his sally.

When we had reached Virginia, from Florida, for a part in the forward movement of the armies under General Grant, we had found evidence of intended operations on a scale beyond our anticipations or former knowledge. The New York papers were giving us, day by day, such details of the preparations for receiving and caring for large numbers of wounded as were unpleasantly suggestive to old campaigners. One day we were told of the thousands of additional ambulances and hospital beds being delivered at Washington and City Point, and the next day of the numbers of extra surgeons and nurses summoned to the front. We were hardly landed on Virginia soil before we began marching and fighting. Weeks passed before it was possible to gather the regiment for a religious service on Sunday. Our heads were fairly dazed with the rush and whirl of active hostilities, and all realized that we were fairly in a conflict that could not cease until the end of the war had come in one way or another.

By and by a quieter Sunday came. Those of the regiment who could attend gathered, at the "church call" of the colonel's bugler, in a lovely shaded ravine near Deep Bottom, on the left bank of the

James River. My standing-place was a rude platform of rails, on a boulder in the gurgling brook that runs through the ravine. A steep, but not high, bank with overhanging trees rose immediately behind me. My audience was grouped picturesquely before, on either hand, and above me, on the banks and on the rocks between. A beautiful vista of rippling water, sparkling in the sunlight which struggled through the trees above, yet in the cool shade of the deep ravine, stretched away into the background at my right. The sweet, soft music of our well-trained band floated upward through the waving trees, accompanying the full chorus of manly soldier voices, in the familiar tunes of "Coronation" and "Shining Shore:"

> "All hail, the power of Jesus' name! . . .
> And crown him Lord of all;"

and

> "My days are gliding swiftly by, . . .
> Those hours of toil and danger,—"

seemed never to have more meaning, or to be spoken out of more earnest and tender hearts, than in that first complete service of the opening of that closing year of deadliest conflict. God seemed very near to us as we joined in simple prayer to him at that time, and considered together the teaching of his words in Luke 21 : 28,—

"When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

"These things." What things? A fair sky? Sunrise glory? The brightness of an opening summer's day? No, no. Clouds and gloom. Storm and desolateness. The chilly darkness of a winter's night. "Wars and commotions." The holy city "compassed with armies." "Fearful sights and great signs." "Days of vengeance." "Great distress in the land." Many falling "by the edge of the sword." Others "led away captive." "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." "And when *these* things," said Jesus, "begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Strange prophecy! Marvelous words! And yet neither strange nor marvelous; for this is ever God's way. No time of rest without previous toil. No peace but after strife. No order except out of confusion. "The evening and the morning were the first day;" not the morning and the evening, but the evening and the morning. So it was in the beginning; so it ever will be. Night first; then day. "The darkest hour of the night is just before day." That hour is on us. Daylight comes. Let us lift up our heads, for the day of our country's redemption draweth nigh.

The Presidential election of 1864, with Abraham Lincoln and General McClellan as opposing candidates, caused disturbances among civilians at home,

and strong feeling among soldiers at the front. A fear of fresh riots in New York led to the ordering of troops to that city, from Virginia, under General Butler. The men of our command had already built their huts for winter occupation on the north bank of the James, and arranged to make themselves as comfortable as they could in the months of inaction which must naturally follow, when suddenly they were ordered on board transports to the waters of New York harbor. There they were compelled to wait within sight of shore, and but a few hours' distance from their homes, without the privilege of landing, and with all the discomforts of army transport life.

Returning, after the re-election of President Lincoln, they found their winter quarters occupied by other troops; and they were compelled to begin anew, in the rain and mud of the opening winter, to provide for themselves, as best they could, with a poorer location, and with scantier supplies of wood for their huts. Such an experience was trying, at the best, and was aggravated by the fact that it was occasioned by the action of Northern opponents of the government, or by lukewarm sympathizers with their cause, when more open and manly foes at the South demanded the best energies of the loyal and patriotic soldiers. I faced a regiment of sad-hearted men when I stood up to preach my first sermon to them after our return, in the drizzling rain of a wintry Sunday morning, in the wet

"In the drizzling rain of a wintry Sunday morning."

and chilly woods of Virginia. My text was from 2 Chronicles 13 : 14,—

"Behold, the battle was before and behind."

These words were spoken of a time when there was civil war among God's chosen people, and the ruler of that people found himself with an army of brave soldiers in his front, and an "ambushment" in his rear, under the lead of a commander who had been an honored soldier of the government, but who now aspired to the chief rule. In this conflict the supporters of the administration "cried unto the Lord, and the priests"—all of them being on the side of the government—"sounded with the trumpets. Then the men of Judah [the loyalists] gave a shout: and as the men of Judah shouted," —expressing in this way their minds in favor of continued war against rebels in arms,—"it came to pass, that God smote Jeroboam [the leader against the national administration] and all Israel before Abijah [the legitimate ruler] and Judah. . . . And God delivered them into their hand." "Neither did Jeroboam recover strength again in the days of Abijah. . . . But Abijah waxed mighty . . . and Judah was prospered." And by and by "the Lord gave them rest," and there was "no more war;" for God gave his people triumph, even while "the battle was before and behind."

With the fall of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, yet

other conditions faced the soldiers and their chaplains. My regiment was assigned to duty at the captured Confederate capital. Strange sights and sounds greeted us there. The sudden collapse of the Confederate government had carried down, for the time, the entire social system of its metropolis. All ordinary occupations were gone. What money was available had now no value. Those who had had assured positions and wealth, or a competency, found themselves penniless, with nothing to do, and no possibility of employment. Families until now prominent in social life and in official circles were dependent on the bounty of the Federal government for the food necessary to keep them from actual starvation. On the other hand, the entire slave population was jubilant and demonstrative over its newly found freedom.

In view of such facts as these I preached on my first Sunday in Richmond. Officers and men stood together in a field of bivouac on the edge of the city, and out of my wonderment, to the men in their wonderment, I spoke from the words in Ecclesiastes 10 : 7,—

"I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth."

While rejoicings over victory were at their height, in the army and throughout the country, the foul assassination of President Lincoln cast gloom over all, and brought bitterness to every

loyal soul. Joy and sorrow struggled together for expression. "It was the uttermost of joy: it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight without a space between." Hearts that were grateful for restored peace stayed their throbs of gladness as the funeral of the martyr President passed in slow solemnity from Washington to Springfield. Instead of national illuminations, the new President proclaimed a day of national fasting. On that day I preached from the words in Ezra 3 : 13,—

"The people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

After Lee's surrender it was hard for soldiers to realize that the cessation of active hostilities did not imply the immediate disbanding of the armies, still needed to maintain order and to aid in the re-establishing of authority in the territory suddenly left without even the form of local or national government. The men were impatient to return to their homes, now that the war was over, as they understood it. It was a new call to patient endurance that came to them, and that the chaplain must press and strive to make clear. My sermons for the time were from such texts as

"But the end is not yet" (Matt. 24 : 6).

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power" (Acts 1 : 7).

"For yet the end shall be at the time appointed" (Dan. 11 : 27), coupled with, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved" (Matt. 10 : 22).

By and by the men became more restless. They thought that the terms of their enlistment, for "during the war," justified them in supposing that they were entitled to an immediate discharge, and they talked over among themselves the propriety of going home "without leave,"—they would not call it "deserting." This feeling of restiveness was widespread in the army. While I was absent from my regiment for a few days on business, a government paymaster came and paid the men of our command up to date. Returning on a Thursday evening, just as the paymaster's work was completed, I found that quite a number of our men had already left, and that the fever of desertion was rapidly spreading. At once I set to work among the men, striving to show them the folly and wrong of such a course. That evening and the next two days I persevered among them in personal discussion and entreaties. I found that they thought their only loss by desertion at this time would be their "honorable discharge," and that a regard for *that* was only a minor sentiment. They were willing to risk it. On Sunday the colonel ordered a regimental attendance at chapel service, instead of leaving it as a matter of choice as usual, so that I might address the men collectively on the

subject. Officers and enlisted men were all present. My text was from Genesis 25 : 32,—

"And Esau said, Behold I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?"

I pointed out the folly of Esau's reasoning and the cost of his bad bargain with Jacob. Esau had some fine qualities and generous traits in comparison with the close-fisted shrewdness of Jacob; but Esau thought more of present comfort than of a good name that had its chief value in the future, while Jacob thought more of the future than of the present. Esau bartered an honorable record for one square meal, and the shame of his foolish bargain stuck to him and to his children thenceforward. His square meal was of red pottage, and they called him by a name ("Edom,"—"Red,") that brought red pottage to mind. His children were, as it were, called Little Red Pottagers,—"Edomites."

This lesson of Esau had its teachings for soldier veterans. Their birthright was an honorable discharge. To barter that for a few more days or weeks of home enjoyment would be to swap a good name for a deserter's shame. It were easy now for a veteran, going home without leave, to face his comrades, who knew the whole story; but it would be very different a few years hence, when his little child came home crying from her school in the country, saying: "Papa, were you a deserter?

They called me a deserter's daughter." His bargain would seem a sorry one then.

The truth thus pressed home had its effect on the soldier heart. The tide of desertion was stayed. And soon we were all mustered out together. As illustrating the effect of this sermon on those who listened to it, one of the soldiers was heard to say to a companion: "I don't know as I should have deserted anyway, but, by thunder! when the chaplain told about that little girl coming home from school crying, I thought I'd die before I'd desert."

There was rejoicing in camp when, one afternoon, word came that the order for our muster out had been received by General Terry, our department commander, and that in a few days more we should be on our way home. It was then that, as their chaplain, I spoke parting words to the men from 1 Kings 22 : 36,—

"And there went a proclamation throughout the host about the going down of the sun, saying, Every man to his city, and every man to his own country."

It was a welcome proclamation that told the men of Israel that, the war being over, they could "return every man to his house in peace." The message was then, as now, to each soldier, to go to his redeemed country, and to his dwelling-place, or home, within it. And we were called to like rejoicing. Our country was a new country, and it

was newly *our* country, after our part in its restoration and uplifting. A new responsibility was on us to keep it worthy of its new honor before the world. Our homes were dearer to us than ever before, and we had a new duty to make them happy homes, and to set a worthy example in them by our patriotic and godly conduct and bearing.

In telling of these army sermons, I naturally give prominence to such as will bring out the soldier side of active service; but it is not to be supposed that there was a lack of ordinary appeals to the soldiers as men in the sphere of their moral and religious natures. Sermons of that sort are suited to men's wants everywhere; they need not be dwelt upon in this sketch of an army chaplain's sermons to soldiers as soldiers, but they were even more frequent than the other kind. Yet even these sermons must be adapted to the peculiar needs and tastes of soldiers. The same religious truth must be differently presented to soldiers in the field, and to civilians at home.

For example, when we were in winter quarters before Richmond, in the last year of the war, and the men were under special temptations to lower their moral tone in a time of inaction, I preached from the words in Jeremiah 36 : 24,—

"Yet they were not afraid."

As I had preached so often on the duty of personal courage, there was peculiar force in the sug-

gestion that it was to a soldier's discredit not to know enough to be afraid when he ought to be. It was clearly a soldier's duty to be afraid of defying God, and to be afraid of the consequences of evil. Whatever other battling we were called to, we ought always to be at peace with God.

At another time I preached on "Soldiers' Grumbling: What Causes and What Comes of It." My text was from Exodus 16 : 2,—

"And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness."

I pointed out that men in such a mode of life as the Israelites in the wilderness, and as our soldiers in campaigning, were peculiarly prone to find causes for grumbling, and to grumble accordingly. I showed by illustrations from our own experience that men were less likely to grumble when they had the hardest life to lead; and I reminded them that matters were never bettered, but only made worse, by grumbling.

Some may wonder how it happens that I still have full notes of sermons preached in my army life thirty years ago and more; and it may surprise them to learn that I usually wrote out my sermons before delivery, in camp, in field, or in prison. Before entering the army I had always been accustomed to extemporaneous address. I had never used a manuscript until then, but I

now cultivated the habit of writing, for very good reasons. I was with the men constantly through the week. They were accustomed to hear me speak informally, day by day. If I did the same thing at a formal Sunday service it would seem less of an affair than if I came before them with something specially prepared for the occasion. Moreover, I needed the stimulus of careful preparation in writing and phrasing, growing out of the lack of opportunity of reading and study.

Indeed, I soon found out that officers and men would come out in larger numbers when they knew I had a written discourse instead of an extempore address. One Sunday morning, as I was preaching without notes, a soldier came to the entrance of the chapel-tent, and, looking in, said to a comrade: "Pshaw! he is only talking. I thought he was preaching," and turned away in disgust.

It was not always easy to find the time or place for fresh sermon-writing, but this only increased its value when found. In the autumn of 1864, we were to withdraw from the trenches before Petersburg during the night of Saturday. The next day I was to speak parting words to those men whose term of three years' service had just expired, and who were now going to their homes. I sat, under the siege firing, until midnight, in a splinter-proof, writing on my sermon by the light of a candle stuck in the fuse-hole of the upper half of a spherical case shot. When we had withdrawn from the

line of works and had reached our field of bivouac, some distance at the rear, I preached to those men from Joshua 22 : 3,—

"Ye have not left your brethren these many days unto this day, but have kept the charge of the commandment of the Lord your God."

This was a companion sermon to the appeal to active service made to the same men a few months before at St. Augustine; and, like that, it was, at the request of the hearers, printed for their use, from the manuscript copy thus prepared in the trenches.

I came to love more and more my soldier hearers, and to honor them the more as I better knew them. The suggestion that I frequently heard from civilians, that army life was essentially demoralizing, and that soldiers were peculiarly addicted to profanity and intemperance and dishonesty, and other vices, aroused me to honest indignation, and I wrote and spoke on the subject freely as I had opportunity to reach those who were influential in shaping public sentiment at home. Finally I had an opportunity to preach a special sermon *for* the soldiers, as I had preached many a special sermon *to* the soldiers. Being at my home in Hartford, at the funeral of my brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Trumbull, just before the close of the war, I was urged by the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell to preach on this subject, as he had become interested in my peculiar views. He arranged for the meeting in the

church where he had long been pastor, and called special attention to it, in advance, in The Hartford Courant. My text was from Jeremiah 35 : 10,—

"We have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed."

It was when Jeremiah was discouraged about the low state of morals and manhood in Israel, and was inclined to feel that none could be depended on as upright and true, that the Lord told him to bring the sons of Rechab from their life in the open field, and offer them wine and other luxuries of the city. He did so, but they rejected the temptation, telling of their fidelity to the injunction of their ancestor, and saying, "We have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed." Their loyalty and abstinence cheered the heart of the prophet, and was an example and an encouragement to others; and from that time to this the truest men in any time of general declension of morals have been those who lived lives of active service, in privation and under discipline.

I pointed out the elements of soldier service as tending to the development of manhood, as demanding unselfish devotion to an object in life, obedience to orders, a high sense of responsibility, and interdependence on others in co-operation in a holy cause. War was terrible; but, war existing, those who suffered most from its demoralizing influence were not those who went to the front to put it down, at the cost of their lives if need be, but those who remained at the rear, intent on money-getting and personal safety.

History was cited in proof of this view of the case, in the character, as shown in their later life, of Cromwell's old soldiers, of the veterans of the American Revolution, and of other surviving campaigners of a righteous war. Of the soldiers in our Civil War, both North and South, those who knew them best were surest that their moral standard improved with their length of service. Profanity was rarer in our camps than in the average city street at the North. So rare was it, indeed, that a common remark of old soldiers was, on hearing blatant profanity, "You swear like a new recruit." As to drunkenness, there were no open saloons within the army lines, and, in consequence, no temptation to drink, in the ordinary walk of a soldier's life. And as to dishonesty, the feeling of honor and of comradeship made it almost unknown in the army. At one time a squad of ten recruits came to our regiment in Florida. Soon after, a theft in camp was reported. At once the tents of only those recruits were searched, and the stolen property was recovered. No one thought of that theft as perpetrated by an old soldier.

At a gathering of chaplains of the Army of the James, during the last year of the war, this subject of the influence of army life was under free discussion. One of the older chaplains gave his experience. He had heard so much said of the deterioration of character under the temptations of army life before he entered service, that he had

actually dreaded its effect on himself as he came to do his Master's work there. But he had felt the uplifting power of army life in his own soul, and he had seen it on others to an extent that he had never dreamed of as possible. One of his sons was an enlisted man, and at first he had feared for him; but he had seen him gain and grow under the prevalent influences in the army, and now he was wishing and praying that his second son would also enlist, so as to have the benefit of these elevating influences on his personal character. When I had spoken incidentally on this subject at a public meeting in New Haven, during the latter part of the war, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, who was in the pulpit, said to me after the service: "What you say about army life is quite new to me, but I accept the truth of it at once. I remember that in my boyhood days there were a few Revolutionary soldiers in our home community, and every man of them was morally a head and shoulders above his fellows. I think it will be so among the veterans of this war."

I emphasized the fact that our soldiers were ennobled by their ennobling army service, and that they grew more manly day by day, while men of a corresponding grade in social life at the rear, who could have gone but would not go, were deteriorating as the war dragged on. My appeal to those at home was to welcome the veterans on their return from the war as those who were better men than

when they went out, and to see to it that their high soldier standard was not lowered by the temptations and demoralizing influence of the social life at home.

All my army service, all my chaplain experience, tended to confirm my conviction that what I said in this sermon, for the veteran soldiers of our Civil War, was the truth. This seemed so as I viewed them then from my chaplain's standpoint, and it seems so now as they have come to be viewed by their fellow-citizens generally in the more than thirty years that have intervened since then.

CHAPTER V

A CHAPLAIN'S PASTORAL WORK

A chaplain's parish is wherever he and his parishioners are. It may be on land or at sea. It includes the camp, the barracks, the bivouac, the battle-field, the trenches, the picket-line, the hospital, the guard quarters, the provost-marshal's stockade, the army transport, the enemy's military prison. Whether marching, fighting, or resting; in malarial swamps, on the sandy beach, along muddy roads, on the vessel's deck, at parade or review,—wherever the soldiers are, and whatever they are doing, they are the chaplain's parishioners, and his incidental service with them and for them is the chaplain's pastoral work.

An ordinary pastor has his parsonage, from which he goes out into his parish to visit his parishioners at their homes or at their work, and to which he returns when his pastoral work is done for the time being. His people see but little of him except when he comes among them officially, or when they call upon him for some special service. They are not always with him. He is not one with them in everything. Here is where a chaplain differs

from an ordinary minister. The chaplain lives among his people all the time. They know him as he is, and he knows them as they are. His personal, every-day life is even a larger factor in his influence over them than it can be with a home pastor. His ordinary conversation is heard at all times by some of his parishioners. His every sentence is part of his regular preaching. The incidents of his pastoral work include humdrum experiences, and also thrilling moments of life-and-death happenings.

If a chaplain is with his men on a march, he has opportunities of pleasant chat with them as they move along the road. If he shares the exposures and endurances of siege life in the trenches, or on ordinary picket duty, or is near them when they go into battle, whatever moral force he exercises is at its best. He can do much to keep up their courage, and spirits, and standards of conduct. And there may be occasions for him to be of personal service in ministry to them in their death-hour, or in sending them back to the rear when wounded.

When we went on picket at the front, I was accustomed to be with the officer in command at the picket reserve, and with the colonel's consent I would say a few words to the men before they left the reserve for their places along the line.

"I just want to say that the Colonel has detailed me, as the chaplain, to do whatever swearing is necessary on this round of picket duty. So if any

of you men think there is a call for something in that line, just send for me, and I'll attend to it."

This announcement enabled me afterwards, as I moved along the line, if I heard a profane word, to call out to the speaker:

"Look out there! You are interfering with the chaplain's work. He'll attend to all the swearing that needs to be done."

The men themselves would enter into the spirit of this arrangement, and they would call a man to order if he swore on the picket-line:

"Mind your own business there! Don't be doing the chaplain's work."

It was natural for soldiers to value the presence of a chaplain, when they were going out into a life-and-death struggle. They felt stronger if one whom they looked to as God's representative was near them at such a time. A rough captain said to a gentleman who asked him about his chaplain, at one time when he was at home on leave:

"We count our chaplain as good as a hundred men in a fight, because the men fight so much better when he's with 'em."

There were indeed times when they had occasion to see the value of a chaplain's presence, and when he had the opportunity of standing between a parishioner and death. In an interval between engagements on the front, in Virginia, in August, 1864, the men of our brigade were lying down, or sitting up, in the open woods back of a hastily

constructed line of works. Bullets were whistling through the air, and an occasional shell shrieked past us over our heads. We had at that time in the war become strangely familiar with the various sounds of flying bullets. We could tell the difference between the "whish" of a smooth-bore musket-ball and the spiteful "tsse" of a minie-rifle bullet. We knew when its force was nearly spent, and when it was flying at deadly speed. We could measure also quite accurately its relative distance from us. If it struck near by, we knew the "thud" of a tree cushion from the "hub" of a ground stroke. And, more than all, we could detect the ominous silence of a bullet interrupted in mid-flight, as it noiselessly buried itself in a human body.

As I sat that morning with my face toward the earthworks, hurriedly writing on a home letter, I heard that peculiar sound, or that cessation of sound, that told me a man was hit very near me. Starting up and looking behind me, I saw a young officer who had received the bullet, and the blood was spurting up from the wound in his neck. He was on his back, his eyes were closed, and the look of death seemed already on his face. Thrusting my thumb and finger into the gaping wound, as the blood spurted up my wrist I seemed to catch his failing life and to stop the blood-flow. Feeling the outgoing of his life thus stayed, he looked up, opened his eyes, and said gratefully: "Oh! that feels good, Chaplain."

Looking around at the gathering crowd, I said earnestly: "Run, right, left, and rear, for a surgeon. Hurry now! hurry!"

I had, as it were, his life between my thumb and finger. A slip or a failure on my part would be fatal to him. How long I must wait I could not tell. Stretching myself out into as easy a position as possible to rest my extended arm, I lay alongside of him, and had a pastoral talk with a parishioner. He told me of his home dear ones, and gave me loving messages for them. He spoke of his personal rest of faith, and I prayed with and for him tenderly. As we lay there in this life-and-death embrace, I heard a movement above me, and, looking up, I saw gladly the green sash of a surgeon.

The bullet had struck the sub-clavian artery. My thumb and finger in the wound had proved the needful compress to prevent the outflow of his life-blood. The surgeon skilfully took the matter in hand. The artery was taken up, and the officer was soon on his way to the hospital at the rear. That was a specimen incident in a chaplain's pastoral work on the battle-field.

A chaplain, in his intercourse with his men, had the advantage of being a commissioned officer, while he mingled with the men as a brother man. The men were always glad to talk with the chaplain as a means of securing information of what was going on in official circles. At the same time they

enjoyed the privilege of growling at the chaplain as one of the officers when things were not going on satisfactorily in the sphere of their commanders, or of the government. This was a delicate position for the chaplain, while it gave him an advantage if he used it wisely. He must necessarily allow considerable freedom to the men in speaking of their personal opinions and their supposed causes of complaint, yet he must never countenance insubordination or contempt for authority. If he would be good-natured and kindly in meeting and checking the growling spirit, the men as a whole would recognize the wisdom of his course, and aid him against the growler.

It was my habit in camp to go from street to street through the regiment at the leisure hour of the day, after supper and before tattoo, and talk with them familiarly as they gathered to meet me at the head of each company street. In this way I would draw their fire of complaints, and try to get them in good-humor for another twenty-four hours. In the fall of 1862, President Lincoln had issued his Emancipation Proclamation. There was a good deal of feeling about it, in the army as well as outside. Not all were ready for it. As I went to one of the company streets at that time, a sergeant accosted me, before the others, with the question:

"Chaplain, do you think President Lincoln had any right to issue that proclamation?"

Seeing he was in no mood to discuss the ques-

tion, I replied: "I suppose *he* thought he had, sergeant."

The other men laughed at this rejoinder, and the sergeant said testily:

"Well, I suppose a soldier's got a right to hold his own opinions, Chaplain,—hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes!" I said, "if he'll take care and *hold* 'em, and not always be slinging them around carelessly before others."

"Sergeant," said one of the listeners, "hadn't you better go into your tent, and take a little something warm, and lie down?"

And I moved on to the next street, leaving those men in better humor with themselves in a fresh view of their duties and obligations as soldiers.

There were strange characters, as well as strange experiences, encountered in my army parish work. The army brought all sorts of persons together, and the chaplain had to become acquainted with and interested in them all. While at St. Augustine, Florida, in the winter of 1863-64, a part of our regiment did garrison duty at the fortress of San Marco, the old Spanish coquina fort, with its bloody memories and the weird legends of its former occupants. I was accustomed to hold Sunday-school services each Sunday afternoon, and also mid-week evening services in the little chapel opposite the main entrance of the fort. Just outside of that chapel there was a pile of rusty cannon, on which men would sometimes loll while we were having services in-

side. And as I moved about the fort I had many a talk with men whom I rarely met so familiarly elsewhere.

One day, as I was walking through the fort, my attention was drawn to a strange face glaring through an iron-barred opening of a dungeon door in the southwestern corner of the casemated walls. It was the most repulsive face I had ever seen. Low-browed, coarse-featured, dark-complexioned, with small black eyes under shaggy eyebrows, and thick sensuous lips, it seemed like a cross between a Digger Indian and a New-Zealander, with the worst peculiarities of both. The expression was one of low cunning, with a mixture of hate and derision. It was an unhuman face, yet the man who bore it was evidently one of my parishioners or he would not be where he was.

"Who are you, my friend?" I said. "Where do you belong?"

He answered in a low, gruff voice, as if he were resenting an attack, "I belong to the Tenth Connecticut."

"The Tenth Connecticut!" I said. "Why, then I'm your chaplain, and I've got an interest in you."

As I kindly questioned the man, I found he had been most of the time since his enlistment in confinement for insubordination, and therefore I had not met him. After a brief talk I left him. Soon he was released from confinement, and was again

with his comrades. I saw him occasionally and spoke to him kindly, but I did not look upon him as a hopeful case in comparison with others, and had little to say to him. It seems, however, that I gained more of a hold on him than I thought.

After a while we left Florida for Virginia. As we moved up along the Atlantic coast on a crowded transport, this man came to me on the deck in the crowd, and said softly: "Misser Chaplin, I want to talk to you."

"Well, I'm always glad to talk to you," I said. "But where can we go to talk? Let us lean over the steamer's rail. That is our only place to talk by ourselves."

As we leaned there together, he told me his strange, pathetic story.

"Misser Chaplin. You 'member when you talked to me at the dungeon door. You spoke kind to me. You said you's my chaplin. I never forgot that, Misser Chaplin. I'm a rough fellow; I never knowed much. I suppose I'm human, that's about all. I never had no bringing up. Fust I knowed o' myself I was in the streets o' New Orleans. Never knowed a father or mother. I was kicked about. I came North and 'listed in army. I've had a hard time of it. My cap'n hates the very groun' I tread on."

Then with a chuckle and a leer, as he thought of his Ishmaelitish life, he said: "I *did* worry my cap'n. And he hated me. Ten months with ball

and chain! A hard time of it. But what you said at the dungeon door's all true. And what you said in prayer-meetin' is all true."

"Prayer-meeting!" I said. "I never saw you in prayer-meeting."

"No, I was jus' outside on those old cannon. And now, Misser Chaplin, I want to do right. Misser Chaplin, I suppose we's goin' into a fight, and I want to do my duty. They say I'm a coward. I've never been in a fight, but I want to do my duty."

Then in a voice strangely tender in contrast with that first gruff utterance which I heard from him in the dungeon, he said: "Misser Chaplin, you're the only man who ever spoke kind to me. If I get killed I want you to have my money. And if I get killed, won't you have it writ in the paper that Lino died for his country?"

That was another noteworthy incident in a chaplain's pastoral work. We reached Virginia. We were in a fight. Lino bore himself so bravely that his captain, whom he had worried so long, called him out before the entire company, at the close of the engagement, and commended him for his bravery and good service. Hearing of this, I looked him up after the fight was over, and congratulated him on his well-doing in battle.

"You've done bravely, I hear, Lino, and I'm glad of it."

"Yes," he said, with a softer chuckle than be-

fore. "They called me coward, but I tried to do my duty. 'Tain't always the frisky ox that's at the far end of the yoke."

This man knew little of the claims of duty. As a friend said to me when I told him this story, "the poor fellow's religious knowledge seems to have been chiefly gained in eavesdropping at a prayer-meeting;" but as far as he understood his duty he now wanted to do it. A chaplain's pastoral work thus had its encouragements as well as its variety. He found that every heart was human, whatever its outward show.

Soldiers appreciated the sympathy with them shown by a chaplain, and they would talk to him freely of their trials and their successes, as he came to them in kindly confidence in their varied lines of service. On a hot July day the men in our brigade had been in a severe contest, on an extended skirmish line north of the James, pressing back the enemy man by man, from tree to tree, in an open wood. At the close of the day, as our regiment relieved the Eleventh Maine on this skirmish line, some of the men who had been all day at the front were talking with me familiarly of the work they had had to do, as if they were sure of the chaplain's interest in the kind of shooting they had had.

"They've got some good fellows out here in front of us, Chaplain," said one Maine man; "picked men. They've given us good shootin' all day. They gave us good shootin' t'other day when we

were over here; and they've given us good shootin' to-day. There was one of our fellows; they fetched a flank fire on him, and put a bullet into his cheek under the right eye, and it came out over his t'other ear. Killed him dead! And he was behind a good tree too. That's what I call good shootin'—bully good shootin'."

And he looked to the chaplain for his appreciative interest in this artistic soldier performance. This was all in the chaplain's pastoral work with his men. What had an interest to them they were sure had an interest to him, and he retained his hold on them by cultivating this feeling on their part.

The Christian Commission at one time gave me a basket of fresh peaches, while we were before Petersburg. That was a small supply for several hundred men. As we had no hospital at the front, I distributed the peaches among the men on duty in the advanced trenches, one peach to each man. As I went back over the line a little later, a Connecticut boy, smacking his lips, said regretfully:

"Chaplain, I've been wishing that the stone hadn't been so big in that peach you gave me."

And it *was* an aggravation!

Officers were like men in appreciating a chaplain's show of sympathy with them. One of my chaplain friends was on an army transport, going South with officers and men from various regiments. The officers were playing cards in the cabin from morning to night. When Sunday came, the chap-

lain took a good supply of reading-matter from his cabin, and was on hand with it as the breakfast-table was cleared off, and the officers were getting ready to play cards as usual. Stepping to the head of the table, he said, good-naturedly:

"Gentlemen, tracts are trumps to-day, and it's my deal."

"All right, Chaplain," the officers responded, "give us a hand."

The books and papers were given out. No cards were played that day. The chaplain had his opportunity unhindered, because he showed tact in his way of presenting his case.

That army transport life gave many an opportunity of pastoral work for the chaplain, as well as preaching opportunities. Along the Atlantic coast the Civil War demanded frequent and varied use of transports. At one time in North Carolina our division made a raid into the interior of the state, cutting itself off from its base of supplies and exposing itself to capture by a force of the enemy in its rear. It seemed both to us and to the enemy that we were hopelessly hemmed in; but at the close of the day in which we had accomplished the main object of our raid, we suddenly turned toward a river, and on reaching its banks found a number of small vessels waiting there to receive us, in accordance with the plan of our department commander. These transports had been brought up to this point, so that we might board them, and quietly

slip down the stream during the night, thus flanking the force that had come into our rear.

Boarding those vessels and getting under way was an exciting movement. If the enemy discovered our position in season to attack us before we were fairly started, there was no hope for us. The skipper of the craft on which our regiment embarked was a character. He felt the responsibilities of the hour, and he gave evidence of this in his superabundant profanity accompanying every order which he issued. I had never heard such abounding and varied oaths as he poured out in that one half-hour from the time we began to come on board till we were fairly afloat and were moving down the stream. Of course, then was no time to begin preaching to him. I could merely watch and study him. But that I did with hearty interest.

When at last all was quiet, and the evening had come on, and the old skipper was evidently gratified with the success of the movement so far, I accosted him with complimentary words as to the skill and energy he had shown in his department. This opened up a conversation, in the course of which he told of other exciting experiences he had had in other parts of the world. I listened with hearty interest, and he saw that I was appreciative and sympathetic. Presently he spoke of a peculiarly perilous time he once had on the coast of Africa.

"Ah, Captain! I suppose you had charge of a slaver at that time," I said.

Seeing that he had "given himself away," he replied, with a quiet chuckle:

"Yes, Chaplain, I've been up to purty nigh ev'rythin', in my day, 'cept piety."

"Well, Captain," I responded, "wouldn't it be worth your while to try your hand at that also before you die, so as to go the whole round?"

"Well, I suppose that would be fair, Chaplain."

The way was now fairly open for a free and kindly talk with him. As we stood together there on the vessel's deck, going down the stream that night, we talked together pleasantly and earnestly, and I got at the early memories of his boyhood life in New England. I knew I was near his heart. By and by all made ready for the night. There was but one berth in the cabin. That was the captain's. Our officers were to sleep on the cabin floor. The captain said to me:

"Chaplain, you turn in in my stateroom. There's a good berth there."

"No, no, thank you, Captain," I said. "Let the Colonel take that."

"It isn't the Colonel's room; it's mine; and I want you to take it."

"That would never do," I said, "for the Colonel to sleep on the floor, while I slept in a berth. But I thank you just as much for your kindness, Captain."

I laid down with the other officers on the cabin floor. While I was asleep I felt myself being rolled

around, and I found that the old captain had pulled his mattress out of his berth, and laid it on the floor, and he was now rolling me on to it. I appreciated the gruff kindness of the old slaver skipper, and my heart was drawn the closer to this new parishioner of mine. Nor did I lose my hold on him when we were fairly at New Berne, at the close of this trip. I was once more with him in the waters of South Carolina, and he came again and again to our regimental chapel-tent on St. Helena Island to attend religious services there. I saw that I had a hold on him.

One week-day he called at my tent, having a brother skipper with him, whom he introduced to me, and then fell back, leaving us together. He joined my tent-mate, the adjutant, and stood watching while I talked with the new-comer. He told the adjutant, with a whole string of oaths, that his friend didn't believe there was a God, so he'd "brought him over here for the chaplain to tackle."

When the war was over, I heard of that slaver skipper in his New England seaport home. At more than threescore years of age he had come as a little child to be a disciple of Jesus; he had connected himself with the church, and was living a consistent Christian life. He was honestly trying his hand at "piety" before he died, and so was completing the round of life's occupations.

Hospital life was another sphere of work and influence for the chaplain. He could cheer those who

needed cheering, and show sympathy with those who were taking the bright-side view of their case.

"Chaplain, don't you think a hospital's just the sickenest place there is going?" said an active soldier boy who chafed under the confinement of his convalescent state. And it was easy to agree with him.

As I entered a field hospital just after a sharp fight, I saw a young soldier who had lost his right hand and forearm. I spoke with him of his brave bearing under his loss. He asked me for the latest news of the regiment. As I told him how nobly it had borne itself, and of the commendation it had received from the general commanding, he said, heartily:

"That's worth losing an arm for,—isn't it, Chaplain?"

A young officer, whose right arm had been taken off at the shoulder-joint said, jocosely, as he saw me approaching:

"There's the shortest stump, Chaplain, in this hospital."

As I sat by a young soldier who was sick in hospital one Sunday afternoon, I held his hand as I talked, and I stroked it tenderly as I spoke of his home people in Connecticut, whom I had known in former days. I saw the tears dropping on his shirt-sleeve, but I said nothing about it at the time. The truth was, I had been written to by that soldier boy's parents, and asked to look him up and

try to win him back. He was yielding to temptation, and I got my first hold on him in this way. I never lost that hold. He did nobly in his later army life. He was promoted for bravery and efficient service. When the war was over, he wrote to me from his New England home. He was an active worker in the church. He spoke of that first talk with him in the hospital.

"When you went out of the hospital that day, Chaplain," he said, "I cursed you for taking advantage of me, and making me cry. I said it was mean of you to make me break down before the other fellows."

Then he added that he loved me for it now, and that he prayed daily for me and mine. Later he told me that he was married, and that he had named his first little boy after his chaplain, whom once he had cursed. The chaplain's pastoral work was as remunerative as any pastor's, even if it was of a different sort.

As I passed the regimental guard quarters one day, in the later months of the war, I saw a man tied up by his thumbs at the "wooden horse," outside those quarters. It was no time to talk with a man in that position, but I quietly noted the face with the intention of speaking to the man afterwards. Those were the days of substitutes and "bounty-jumpers," in lieu of native-born volunteers, and severe punishments were more in vogue than before. This man was a substitute from over the

ocean. He had been enlisted under a false name by a relative in this country, and, with his immediate associates as they were, he had little inducement to do well in army service.

Not long after, when I had given notice at the chapel-tent that on Tuesday evening I should be glad to see any soldier at my tent who wished to talk on personal religion, this substitute soldier came to my tent on the evening named. I welcomed him heartily, and referred to that invitation. He replied, with some embarrassment, that he had not come at that call, but merely to talk with me on another matter. I asked if his special business could wait a little, while I spoke of the matter to which I had devoted the evening. He said the other thing could wait. Then I told him of my personal interest in him, and urged the surrender of his life to his Saviour. His response profoundly impressed me, as disclosing the workings of his inner life.

"I'm a very strange man, Chaplain! Now that I'm talking with you, I realize the truth of all you say, and I'm not a hypocrite in agreeing with it all. But I'll go out from your tent, and it will not be an hour before I've forgotten all about this talk, and am just as wicked and as wild as ever. And I'll not think of religion again until, perhaps, I'm on guard some night. Then when I'm all by myself, and the camp is quiet, as I'm pacing back and forth on my beat, it will all come over me again, and I'll

see just what a sinner I am, and how like a fool I've acted; and I'll resolve that if only I live till morning, I'll be a very different man. And I'll think that way until the 'relief' comes round, and I go to the guard quarters again. And then, will you believe it, Chaplain? it will not be five minutes before I'm swearing and scoffing as if I'd never had a serious thought in my life. O Chaplain, I'm a very strange man, sir; a very strange man!"

As this soldier parishioner, whose strangeness consisted mainly in his unusual understanding of the workings of his own heart, talked thus with me of his moral struggles and need, I was drawn to him by an interest that never intermitted while he lived. He came to be a brave soldier. When the war was over he became an active worker in a prominent New England church. He took an exceptionally high stand in business circles, in political life, in military organizations. He was instrumental in leading many who had gone astray back to ways of uprightness; and, now that his earthly life course is ended, his memory is precious in the minds of many who were inspired and aided by his example and efforts, as a specimen subject of an army chaplain's pastoral work.

While a prisoner of war in the city of Charleston in the month of July, 1863, I was paroled for a time from the common jail, so that I might minister to our wounded soldiers brought up to the Yankee Hospital from before Fort Wagner, on

Morris Island. That hospital was the old slave-pen on Queen Street. It was sadly crowded just then with those suffering and dying.

The surgeons' tables were in the court at the rear of the high brick building in which the wounded men were lying before and after their operations. When brought in, they were laid on loose straw on the lower floors. More than one hundred capital operations were performed there in thirty-six hours. After treatment the men were laid on rude cots on the floors above. As they could not all be attended to promptly, some of them were on Tuesday morning still lying with the blood unwashed from their wounds of the Saturday night before. The heat of the weather, added to the loss of blood, intensified the wound thirst of the sufferers.

My mission was to carry water in canteens from the hydrant in the court below to the different floors of the building, and give it to the thirsty, wounded soldiers. With this needed draught I could bear unexpected words of sympathy from a Union chaplain to homesick prisoners, so that I was sure of a welcome wherever I went. That was a chaplain's pastoral work condensed and intensified, and the memories of it can never fade out of my heart.

As I was passing along on the upper floor of that slave-pen hospital, a Confederate surgeon, pointing to a hospital cot, said tenderly:

"Chaplain, there's a little fellow who is sinking

rapidly. He'll not live many hours. I think you'd better talk with him."

On that prompting I turned to the "little fellow" on the cot. He was a fair-faced, bright-eyed New Hampshire boy, barely eighteen years old. He had lost a leg, and was sinking from the shock. When I told him who I was, he greeted me cheerily, evidently having no idea of his condition.

"You are very badly wounded," I said.

"Oh, not so very badly!" he responded. "I've lost only one leg, and a good many men have lost both legs and got well."

"I wish *you* were to get well," I said, shaking my head sadly.

"Why, Chaplain," he said, evidently startled by my look and tone, "you don't mean that I'm going to die,—do you?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I do mean that."

"Oh, but, Chaplain, I can't die! I'm only a boy yet, and I can't die."

"My dear boy, I wish I could give you life, but the doctor says you're going to die."

"But, Chaplain, I'm not ready to die."

"Jesus Christ can make you ready to die, or to live, if you'll just put yourself in his hands. He will be glad to take care of you."

"Oh, but, Chaplain, I've been a very bad boy! I was a bad boy at home, although I had a real good home. I've got a real good father and mother up in New Hampshire; but I ran away from them and

enlisted, and in the army I've been as bad as bad could be."

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," I said, "and he loves to have those who have been bad come to him to be forgiven. You can come to him now as a sinner, and ask him to forgive you and save you; and he will do it gladly. There is nothing he so loves to do."

"Well, will you pray for me, Chaplain?" he asked.

"Of course I will," I replied; and I knelt by his bedside, and prayed with and for him in loving earnestness. Then, after a few words more with him, I turned to other sufferers, promising to come soon and see him again. After a little I came back to his bedside.

"I've been looking back, Chaplain," he said, "and it's all black—all black."

"Don't look *back*," I said, "but look up. It's all bright there."

"But you don't know, Chaplain, how great a sinner I've been."

"I don't care to know. Jesus knows. And you cannot have been so great a sinner as he is great a Saviour. He is ready to save to the uttermost them who come unto God by him. And he is waiting now to save you."

"Do you mean, Chaplain, that right now Jesus will forgive all my sins, if I ask him to?"

"I mean just that, my dear boy."

"Well, Chaplain, won't you pray for me again?"

"Yes, my boy, I'll pray for you; but I want you to pray for yourself. Jesus loves to have those who need forgiveness come and ask for it themselves."

Once more I knelt and prayed. As I closed my prayer I laid my hand on him tenderly, and said:

"Now, you pray."

The little fellow folded his hands across his chest, and prayed,—prayed in such childlike simplicity and trust, told so frankly to Jesus the story of his sins, and asked in such loving confidence for forgiveness, that I was sure his prayer was answered while it was offering, and that he was having forgiveness even while he sought it.

As I rose from my knees I saw that we were not alone. That childlike prayer, in that dying child voice, had drawn the attention of surgeons, attendants, and visitors, in the dreary prison hospital, and they stood about us in tearful sympathy.

A third time, after a brief absence, I was by that soldier lad. His eyes were closed. His face was pallid. At first I thought he had already passed away, and I stooped over him to hear if he were still breathing. Seeming to feel my presence, he opened his eyes, and for a moment looked about vacantly. Then, as full consciousness returned, he recognized me with

"Oh, it's you, Chaplain!"

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"As I rose from my knees I saw that we were not alone"

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And throwing up both his arms, he clasped them about my neck, and, drawing my face down to his, he gave me a dying kiss.

"You are the best friend I've got in the world," he said. "You've saved my soul."

"No, no, my dear boy. Jesus saves your soul."

"Yes, yes; but you've told me about Jesus; and *he's* saved my soul. He *has*, Chaplain. I don't have any doubt about it. He has forgiven all my sins. And now I'm going to be with him. How happy my father and mother will be! I want you to write and tell them all about it."

It was while I stood listening to the joyous words of that forgiven soul, that I was tapped on the shoulder and led away, under arrest as a suspected spy, to be shut in solitary prison confinement, never to see that dear boy again until he and I stand together in our common Saviour's presence. But when I was released from prison, and was again at my home, I wrote to that soldier boy's father in New Hampshire, and received assurance that both father and mother were indeed glad that their prayers for their loved boy were answered, and that he who was lost was found again.

Such echoes of army pastoral work, reaching my ears after the war was over, were among the most remunerative results of that peculiar service. On one occasion I visited the country home of one of my dear dead soldier boys, several years after the

war, and I realized anew how the incidents of that conflict were an ever-fresh reality with those who had given their choicest treasures to make the conflict a success. This soldier boy was one of the color-guard who was shot in the first severe battle in which I had a part. He had sent by me his dying message to his parents, that he was glad to give one life for liberty, and I had buried him on the field where he fell. To his parents he was still simply away at the war. They thought of him as their loved boy in the service of their country. As I sat before them in their quiet farmhouse home, they talked about Albert as their temporarily absent boy, and I found myself familiar to them as one who was linked lovingly with their absent hero son.

"Albert writes about you in almost every letter, Chaplain. He thinks a great deal of his chaplain, and so we all do. We are so glad to see you."

It was not "he did write," and "he did think," but "he writes," and "he thinks," now as always. In many a New England home this was the feeling. The absent soldier boy remained the same as the years went on; and his chaplain, if he was a faithful chaplain in his army pastoral work, had an ever-living place in the memories of that home circle.

This truth was brought home to me with thrilling vividness on one occasion, in the city of Boston. I was announced to speak on an anniversary occa-

sion in Tremont Temple. A speaker who could tell of army incidents of Christian service was sure of a hearing at that time from a New England audience. The house was crowded. Every seat on floor and stage and in galleries was occupied; and the aisles were packed to the doors. Having the ears of all present as I spoke, I had concluded my address with a pathetic incident of prison hospital experience, and all hearts were touched with tender sympathy. As I sat down, there came that impressive hush which naturally follows such an address before a popular audience. Suddenly the silence was broken by a strong voice in the body of the house, as the stalwart form of gray-haired Captain Bartlett of Plymouth, the sailor missionary, rose, and his words rang out:

"I want in this public manner to give thanks to that dear brother who has just taken his seat, for his loving ministry to my dear boy, who starved to death in a Southern prison."

Then, his face suffused with emotion, and his voice tremulous with feeling, yet distinctly heard by every person in that sympathetic audience, he stretched out his hands toward me, and exclaimed:

"Brother Trumbull, when you cross the threshold of heaven, Victor Bartlett will meet you on the other side, and will give you thanks for pointing him to that Saviour in whose presence he is forevermore. That little Confederate Testament which you gave him in Columbia, and which he had with

him when he died in Salisbury, is one of the precious treasures of my home and heart, and I want to give you a father's thanks, as Victor gave you his own thanks."

Every eye in that great audience was in tears. Every heart was throbbing responsively. And all the listeners felt, with the sobbing chaplain, that it was a priceless privilege to have ministered in the Master's name to those who were hungry and sick and in prison in war time.

CHAPTER VI

INFLUENCE OF THE HOME MAIL

Sitting in my tent, on the old Fair Grounds beyond New Berne, North Carolina, soon after I joined my regiment in the autumn of 1862, I was startled by a cry, outside, of "Boat! boat! boat!" followed by shouts of rejoicing on every side, and by sounds of unusual commotion in the entire camp. Starting up to learn the meaning of this noise, I found officers and men astir, as if the long roll had sounded an alarm. They were hurrying to and fro excitedly, yet with evident looks of delight.

"What is all this?" I asked of a passing sergeant.

"Didn't you hear that whistle, Chaplain? A boat's coming up the river. Three whistles means a mail. It'll be here in an hour or two."

Then I saw that the regimental postmaster (William Keough, an enlisted man detailed for that service) was already on his way out of camp, with his mail-bag, hurrying into the city, to be on hand when the mail was distributed. A steamer was coming up the Neuse River with a mail from the North

aboard. Home letters for soldiers were in that mail. Everybody hoped for a letter, whether having reason to expect one or not. Although the mail could hardly reach our camp for three hours yet—it having to be received and sorted at the post-office in the city first,—officers and men were restlessly watching for it, as if it might appear at any moment. They moved about aimlessly, yet by no means with unconcern. They compared notes as to the probable time of the mail's arrival in camp. They congratulated each other on its coming to-day. Glad expectancy and hardly repressed impatience were in every face.

By and by the regimental postmaster, with his full mail-bag, hove in sight beyond the camp. A shout of joy went up from every throat, like the cry of students, at a university race, when their boat is nearing the goal. Already hurrying rapidly with his precious load, the postmaster made a final spurt, under the impulse of those cheers, and reached his tent, to hasten the sorting of the regimental mail, which had been delivered to him at the post-office of the department.

It seemed as if the whole regiment was gathered in sight of that postmaster's tent, as though longing eyes could quicken the work of busy fingers. There was but one thing thought of now. All hearts outreached toward one center. Willing hands were ready to take the field-and-staff mail, when that was given out; but there was no need

to carry it to regimental headquarters, for, from colonel to quartermaster, all were close by, waiting to receive what there was for them. The line officers took their mail before it could reach their company street; and the men of each company followed their orderly sergeant, as he took their portion for distribution. Soon the entire mail was given out, and then there was quiet in all the camp. A hush came over the regiment in place of the stir and noise. Only eyes and hearts were occupied. Home influences were for the time supreme, with those who had fresh letters from their family loved ones, and with those who vainly longed for such letters.

This was my first experience of the power of the home mail in the army. But from that time to the close of the war I saw more and more of that power, in camp, in battle, in hospital, and in prison; and I came to feel that there was no influence more potent, none which took a deeper hold on the hearts of officers and men alike, none which was more pervasive and yet abiding, than that which centered in the coming of the mail from home. Therefore it is that I desire to tell of it as one of the positive, yet more rarely noted, factors in the great war for the Union.

My regiment was at one time on the steamer Pilot Boy, with Major-General John G. Foster, commanding the district of North Carolina, moving out of the River Neuse just as a steamer from New

York was coming in. The New York steamer was stopped, in order that the General might receive the latest New York papers. It was found that a mail was aboard, and the mail-bags were brought into the cabin of the Pilot Boy.

Then came a quandary. The bags were locked with government locks, and were assigned to the New Berne post-office. No one on the Pilot Boy had a post-office key. The bags would have to be cut open, or no home letters could be obtained. Generel Foster evidently hesitated as to his action, as he must proceed on his way down the river, and the mail-bags must be sent up to New Berne. He stood in the cabin thinking it over, and the officers of his staff and of my regiment stood about him, waiting anxiously for his decision. There was not an officer there who would not have risked a term in prison to have a chance at the home mail.

"We're within a few feet of news from home. It's a pity we can't have it," said one officer.

"General, isn't it possible that there are government despatches for you in that mail?" ventured an officer of his staff.

"We *must* have our mail," said the General firmly. Instantly a dozen knives were out, and those mail-bags were opened and emptied in a twinkling. There were bushels of letters for the whole district, but they were quickly assorted in accordance with General Foster's order: "Take out letters for the commanding general and his staff,

and for the Tenth Connecticut, and put the rest back in the bags, to return to New Berne."

Every man on the Pilot Boy who had a home letter in that mail lay down that night better prepared for whatever the morrow would bring to him. And every man who had no letter was at least consoled by the thought that now he knew he was not missing a letter by a failure to empty those mail-bags.

There was no time when soldiers were more open to sympathy than when they had just been reading loving words written to them by their dear ones at home. Soldiers in the army were, as a rule, disinclined to think or talk about home, while kept away from it in active service. It would not do for them to yield to the drawings in that direction. As has been suggested, they must button their soldier coats over their hearts, and attend to present duty. But the coming of the home mail necessitated the unbuttoning of the soldier coats in order to take the home news in; and then their hearts were open to the outer world, and if one who was near them took advantage of the opportunity, he could find access to their inner being.

The hours following the home mail were a reaping season for a sympathetic chaplain. Men who had just had letters seemed ready to tell him everything. Their hearts were softened, and they wanted to talk of matters they could not speak of in ordinary times.

"Did you hear from home to-day?" I asked of a young soldier, as I entered his tent, on a mail-day.

His face was all aglow as he answered: "Yes, Chaplain. I had a real good letter from my father; and it had in it three postage-stamps, and two of as good steel pens as ever you saw in your life. They weren't much in themselves, but they showed they were thinking of me at home. I tell you, Chaplain, I'm not much of a fellow myself, but I've got as good a father and mother as any fellow ever had in this world." And the way was open for a close talk with that soldier boy.

"Chaplain, I had a letter from my wife to-day, and I want to show you what was in it," said another soldier, as he handed me a scrap of paper with some unintelligible pencil scrawls on it. "My wife says she said, 'I'll write to 'Nezer to-day.' You see my real name is Ebenezer, but my wife calls me 'Nezer. Then my little girl, she said, "I'll write to 'Nezer, too,' and that's what she wrote. It shows my little girl was thinking of me." I had a new hold on that man from that hour.

Many a soldier was kept up to his duty by the loving and patriotic letters that came to him from father and mother and sister or wife; and without the constant influence of the home mail there could never have been that measure of courage, of patience, and of faith, which distinguished our Union army to the close of the war. Wives wrote

cheerily while their hearts were breaking, lonely mothers told their sons not to think of coming back until the war was over, and fond and patriotic sisters stayed up the courage of their brave brothers.

"Chaplain, I've just got a letter from my old mother that does me good," said a free-and-easy soldier, who had re-enlisted for three years more, after two years in service. "I wrote her that I'd signed again, and she tells me she glories in my spunk."

Blunt, but hearty in their spirit, and unmistakable in their meaning, those words of commendation! Another soldier, whose mother had written approvingly of his re-enlistment, told me he had already lost, in the war, two brothers, two brothers-in-law, and two uncles. And he "wouldn't quit now." He was "going to see this thing through." They were patriotic homes that these letters came from. And they were specimen homes of our Union soldiers. Such patriotism gave value to the letters in the home mail.

Probably there was never an army in the field in which so many private soldiers as in ours had homes to write to, and the ability and desire to correspond with their dear ones. Certain it is that this army was the first in which its government made provision for regular and frequent mail distribution while in the field and on the march. In order to secure something of the same sort, the

German government made careful inquiry into our system of army-mail distribution before its war with France in 1870. It was a point of soldierly honor with our military letter-carriers to lose no time in delivering home letters to those to whom they were addressed, even though the carrier must go to the advanced battle front, and deliver the letters under fire to the waiting soldiers.

Nor was it the private soldier only, who responded to home-mail influences. I was sitting on horseback near my brigade commander, under fire during a sharp engagement, when I heard a sudden exclamation from him:

"Just look at that, Chaplain! Just look at that!"

I turned, supposing that it was some military movement to which he was calling attention, when he handed me a little note from his youngest boy, telling in childish language of his love for his father.

"You see, my wife was writing to me, and my little boy wanted to write too. And here's his letter. Isn't that sweet?"

And that brigade line was the firmer that day for the loving words from home, received by its commander in that battle hour.

Letters from home were treasured by soldier boys, to be read over and over again when no fresh ones were at hand. As a soldier showed me one letter from his mother, he said: "My mother

writes me some real good letters. But I lost the best letter she ever wrote me when we broke camp last time. I used to read it over so often. It was so good."

Many a time have I taken a home letter from the pocket of a soldier we were burying on the field. Sometimes it was with a Testament, and sometimes with a pack of cards, but always treasured lovingly. I took a letter from a dead soldier on the shore of Morris Island. It was from his mother in Ohio. She spoke hopefully of his speedy home-coming, as his term of enlistment was nearly out. She said the melons he liked were doing well, and would be ripe when he came home. I had leaned over him before he was quite dead, and as his life-blood was gushing out of his death-wound, his last words, faintly spoken, were: "What would my mother say if she saw me now!" Poor boy! his time was out sooner than he anticipated, and before the melons were ripe in his Ohio home he was under the sand on the South Carolina shore.

As we came into the rear of the outer line of works at Drewry's Bluff, in Virginia, a young Confederate soldier was dying of a terrible wound. I gave him water, and prayed with him; and when he was dead, and we were to bury him, I took from his pocket his well-worn Testament, and the last letter he had received from his loving father in his North Carolina home. Both letter and Testament

were stained with his life's blood. After the war, I sent those precious relics to his parents, in western North Carolina, and they were treasured in his home as proofs of the love in that soldier heart for his father on earth and his Father in heaven, whose words were alike held dear by him.

Every soldier longed for home letters, but not every soldier had the letters he longed for. A soldier from another regiment than my own said to me one day, as we talked:

"Chaplain, I've been out now more than two years, and I've never had but two letters from home. I tell you that's rough!"

"Well, it is rough," I said. "But have you any family to write to you?"

"I've got a father and a mother, and two sisters, and three brothers, and they've never written me but twice. I tell you, Chaplain, that's rough. I say, Chaplain, we soldiers have a hard time of it at the best; and when we don't hear from home, it's rough. When the mail used to come in, I'd go up to my company (you see, I was detached), and I'd ask for my letters, and there wouldn't be any for me. 'Well,' I'd say, 'I don't care. I can wait. I'll have some next time.' But the next time it would be the same way; and so on all the while. I tell you, Chaplain, it was rough."

And it *was* rough. Nothing was harder for the soldier to bear than home neglect. Nothing did more to help the soldier to bear what was on him,

than loving letters from home. If those at home had realized this, there would have been less of such neglect; but the trouble was lack of thought.

I told this story of the aching heart of that home-neglected soldier in one of the Northern papers while the war was in progress. A good woman up in Vermont, who was confined to her room, and whose fingers were drawn together with rheumatism so that she could write only with great difficulty, read it, and her heart ached in sympathy. She had lost a soldier brother in the war, to whom she had written faithfully while he lived. And now she determined to write sisterly letters to soldiers who were without letters from home. She sent me a package of these letters, for me to address to such soldiers as I thought would value their words of loving sympathy and appreciation. And she continued this good work until the war was over. Those personal assurances of kindly interest in the soldier, and of recognition of his unselfish service for those who were at home, were better than printed tracts or papers for lonely soldiers; and the roughnesses of army life were smoothed in many a soldier's lot by those substitutes for longed-for home letters.

But it was in the prison life of soldiers within the enemy's lines that the home mail had its supremest power during the years of our Civil War. To the soldier prisoner, home was so far away, and so very dear, that a letter from home was

almost like a message from another world. How the heart ached for home letters, and how the heart bounded for joy at their coming, in prison!

After an experience of months in the prisons of South Carolina, I was in Libby Prison, with this longing for home letters filling my heart, as it filled the heart of every soldier prisoner. How vividly there stands out in my memory the picture of the first mail distribution I witnessed in the Libby!

There were more than nine hundred Federal officers there at that time. The mail for soldier prisoners in all the South came from the North by flag of truce to City Point, and thence to Richmond for sorting and distribution to other points. The cry of "Mail! mail!" was my first glad surprise in the Libby. I knew its meaning well. All were at once excited, and busy in preparation for its reception. A circle of boxes and barrels enclosed a space on the upper floor, where the huge mail could be deposited and sorted when it came in. Adjutant Knaggs, of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry, took his place in the center of that circle, with several assistants for the sorting of the mail. Outside of the circle gathered all the Union prisoners who could pack into the great room, and beyond were others trying to get within sight or sound through the doorways. Few could hope for a letter in that mail, but all could watch for one.

More than twenty thousand letters were in that mail, not more than one in twenty of which be-

" With outreached hand, as though he would clutch the letter instantly, he called aloud, ' Here ! here ! here ! ' "

longed in the Libby. The assistants went rapidly through the great pile, tossing back into the bags letters which were to go elsewhere, and laying before the adjutant all letters for Libby prisoners. The adjutant took up those letters one by one, and called out their addresses in a loud, clear voice. No one failed of getting his letter through inattention when his name was called.

Oh, how intent were those listening ears! The very hearts seemed to stop beating, as each address was called. And when a man heard his name spoken by the adjutant, how he did jump and shout! His arm went up, even though he had to struggle as for life to get it free in that close, living mass, and with outreached hand, as though he would clutch the letter instantly, he called aloud, "Here! here! here!" as though he might miss his letter by not speaking quickly enough.

Hours passed in this distribution, but none grew tired through waiting. Yet, as the pile of Libby letters grew smaller, the look of glad expectancy on many a face grew fainter, and when the last letter was called by the adjutant, and the crowd of waiting prisoners dispersed, there were hundreds of sad faces which had hoped for home letters and been disappointed. For twenty-four hours after that we could tell by a prisoner's face whether he had drawn a prize or a blank in that home-mail lottery; and I thought at the time that, if those at home realized how much a home letter was to a

soldier prisoner, that prison mail would have been larger, and its letters even more loving and tender.

It was this power of the home mail in the army that kept the citizen soldier from losing his home self in his army self. It was this which made him, at the close of the war, drop back into his home life with even more of love for it than before. And it is one of the results of this influence that we have in our country to-day so much of good as a result from the war for the Union, and so little of evil.

Not all home letters gave cheer to soldiers when they came to them. Many a letter brought cause for sorrow and sadness; but it was none the less a means of drawing the stricken heart homeward, and of making home more precious from that time forward. The first letter that came to me from my home by flag of truce, after forty days of weary waiting in a South Carolina prison, brought the news of the death of my youngest child at a distance from my home, and told me that that child's mother would wait longingly near the receiving-vault where the little one was resting, until I should join her, on my release, in her homeward journey for the final burial.

Can any one doubt that hearts brought together in such a furnace of affliction were fused into a oneness that would otherwise have been impossible? Is it not plain that the home life of those hearts, when renewed at the war's close, was more

precious for the abiding memories of that letter, with its message of loving sadness, read in the gloom of that Southern prison?

After my release from imprisonment, as I left my quarters one midnight, in old St. Augustine, to post home letters for the outgoing mail of the morning, I met a soldier of my regiment in whose soul there was midnight through the gloom of the news that had come to him by the home mail of that day. A letter had told him of the death of his young wife, whom he had married only a few weeks before he left his home for his regiment; and it was harder than ever for him to live on courageously. But as I talked with him tenderly of the only comfort possible in such an hour, I saw that his heart was open to the best influences of our Christian faith; and I saw also that the letter from his parents which had brought him this sad news had drawn him all the closer to his early home. Its words of sympathizing affection had touched and softened him, and he evidently felt that, with such a Saviour and with such parents, he was not entirely alone in the world.

"Anyhow, I've got a good father and a good mother," he said; "I tell you, Chaplain, they are a great blessing to a man."

I thanked God, then, for the stars that shone for him in his midnight sky; and I was gladder than ever for the refining influence of the home mail in a time of sorrow.

It was harder to enforce strict discipline among old soldiers against the temptations of the newly arrived home mail, than under almost any other circumstances. Repeatedly I have seen men at the extreme front, in the evening, insist on striking a light in order to read a letter just received from home, when the orders were strict that no lights should be shown, since the lines might thereby be disclosed to the enemy. And when the mail was distributed just as a battle was opening, officers and men would hasten to read their letters as they hurried into position, as if they feared they might be killed without getting the latest word from home.

The very face of the orderly who brought the home mail, day by day, to the local commands, became associated in the minds of the soldiers with thoughts of news from home and home dear ones. As they saw him leave camp, they felt that he was going to get the home mail. As they saw him returning with the mail, their hearts bounded with gladness, in the thought of what he might be bringing to them personally. And when an officer saw this orderly coming toward him, on the eve of a battle, or while on special duty away from his command, he was inclined to say, as Achish said to David, "Thou art good in my sight as an angel of God."

How the face of our brigade orderly, who brought our home mail to us during all the last

year of the war, stands out in my memory to-day with pleasantest associations! Years after the war, as I stood up in the desk to have part in a religious service in an Eastern Massachusetts town, I unexpectedly saw that man enter the room. I had not seen him before since the war. Instantly my whole being was in a quiver. I wanted to call out to him, to ask if he had any letters for me to-day. I felt, in the sight of that face, as I think the prophet Elijah would have felt, if he had suddenly seen, in the stir and buzz of a Samaritan city, the face of the angel who had brought to him, when he was a tired and disheartened wanderer in the desert of Horeb, the food and drink in the strength of which he went forty days more in the path of duty. And I thought then how good it was to have performed such service for others as could make one's very face an earnest of refreshing and cheer.

The soldier's craving for news from home was more positive and conscious than even his desire for the end of the "cruel war" he was fighting to bring about. If he could have picked his place for winter quarters at the front, he would have valued, as next to wood and water privileges, a station where the home mail came regularly and with promptness.

During the last year of the war, when interest centered in the operations in Virginia, under General Grant's eye, the great Northern mail came

daily by steamer from Washington to Fortress Monroe, and thence up the James River to City Point, to be distributed by military railroad to the Army of the Potomac, and by boat to Deep Bottom for the Army of the James,—far out to the right and to the left. A delay of the mail-boat on a winter's day, by reason of ice in the James, seemed a small matter, as it was telegraphed northward from City Point; but it meant a great deal to the waiting soldiers at the front.

The different commands usually received their portion of the mail in the early evening. But when there was nothing for them, it was a bitter disappointment, as the word went out along the extending lines.

"No mail to-night, sir," said a score of orderlies to a score of division commanders, after they had visited corps headquarters, and learned of the mail failure.

"No mail to-night, sir," said fifty orderlies to fifty brigade commanders, on their return from division headquarters.

"No mail to-night, sir," said hundreds of orderlies to hundreds of regimental commanders, as they came back from brigade headquarters.

"No mail to-night, boys," said thousands of first sergeants to the men of their companies, when they learned the truth from regimental headquarters.

"No mail to-night" was the word passed along

the lines from City Point, up the road toward Petersburg, and into the bomb-proofs and trenches there, and away to the Weldon Road, and on toward the South Side, at Meade's extreme left; and again up to Bermuda Hundred, and to Deep Bottom, and to Chaffin's Bluff, and to the very gates of Richmond, on Meade's extreme right.

"No mail last night" was the message that went out, the next morning, with the coffee, to the picket lines from farthest right to farthest left.

And wherever that message was heard, there was heaviness of heart. From corps commander to solitary sentry, an added burden was on every lonely longing soul. The night shut in more gloomily, and the morning was less bright, now that there were no home words of love and cheer to give fresh courage and hope. The hours dragged heavily.

"Mail come yet?" was repeated a myriad of times anxiously, until the missing mail was at last at the front, and was distributed along the picket lines, and the home letters were read with added gladness and gratitude.

Thirty-four years have passed since then. Many a home from which those longed-for letters came regularly to the army is now broken up. Father and mother and sister and brother and wife, who then wrote lovingly, have ceased their labors. But their works do follow them. The influence of the home mail is precious and hallowed in the hearts

of the veteran soldiers of the army of the Union, wherever they are found on duty to-day. And many an old soldier who stands by himself on the picket front of life's war lines, longing for a fresh word from the loved ones in their final home, hears faintly the old refrain, "No mail to-night," as the evening shadows close in about him.

CHAPTER VII

DEVOTION TO THE FLAG

From time immemorial the flag, or banner, or ensign, or standard, has been not only a rallying-point of soldiers in warfare but an inspiration in battle as a symbol of the object of their devotion, whether that devotion rested on their country, their clan, their cause, or their personal commander. Far back in the days of ancient Assyria, Egypt, and India, the uplifted standard was shown in the forefront of the battle to guide and cheer the soldiers in their struggle.

When first the Hebrew nation, as a nation, was tested in battle, at Rephidim, Moses told Joshua that he would stand on the hill-top overlooking the field, holding the uplifted rod, by which he had wrought victory in every moral conflict with the Egyptians, as the standard which should be a promise of God's favoring presence. So long as that standard was borne unfalteringly the Hebrews had courage and confidence, and prevailed over the Amalekites ; but when it wavered or went down the Hebrews were overborne. And when, at last, victory was won through the upbearing of that

symbolic rod, Moses built an altar on that battle-field hill-top and called it "Jehovah-nissi," "the Lord is my banner" (Exod. 17 : 8-16).

Similarly, in tribal conflicts in the Hauran and the Jaulan, east of the Jordan, and in Mesopotamia, to-day, it is the leader's standard,—a staff with or without a distinguishing streamer,—displayed upon a hill-top above the field of battle, that animates the fighters. While that stands, they are firm. When that goes down, they waver or fall. With them as with others the standard is their inspiration, and the object of their devotion. In like manner in modern times, throughout the civilized world, the ensign or flag centers attention in battle, and is the material symbol of the sentiment which inspires soldiers to do and to die for that which is more to them than life itself.

Among the treasures in the Imperial Arsenal at Berlin none appeal more strongly to the soldier heart to-day than the gathered standards taken by the armies of Prussian and German soldiers, from the days of Frederick the Great to the Emperor William the First. No sign of the humiliation of the great Napoleon could speak with such impressiveness as those tattered French colors, with their surmounting eagles, which were upborne so bravely and followed so faithfully, as inspiring assurances of the great commander's presence and power, before even the most overwhelming force could beat down their defenders and wrest the

symbols of national life from the grasp of the dying.

Devotion to the country's flag animates all peoples, from the blind subjects of an autocrat to the intelligent citizens of a republic. The stolid Chinese look up to the dragon flag as the banner of the Son of Heaven, and are content to live or to die for it as he may order. At a coronation of a Tsar of the Russias, one of the imposing ceremonies, in which ruler and ruled have a common interest, is the committing to his care the standard of the empire, with accompanying prayers for its preservation, he swearing fidelity to it in the presence of the representatives of his vast realm and of the outside powers of earth.

The worn-out regimental flags of the British army have a sacred resting-place in the cathedrals of the nation, when they can no longer do duty at the head of the columns of living heroes. In grand old St. Paul's, where the tombs of Nelson and of Wellington, the mighty captains of the ages, teach their lessons of patriotism and of heroic action to successive generations, the tattered flags, long upborne by men inspired and led by them, also bear witness to these virtues on the venerable walls of the sacred fane.

Good Dean Church, writing to Lord Blackford, in 1876, of a service in connection with the reception of worn-out regimental flags in St. Paul's, said: "We have just been having an interesting

military *funzione*—receiving the old colors of the 77th Regiment to be hung up in the cathedral. They were (*i. e.*, the colors) in the Crimea, where the 77th were the first considerable body of English who came in contact with the Russians on the morning of Inkermann, and knocked back one of Simonoff's columns in a wonderful way, according to Kinglake. They [the soldiers] came, some two hundred, laid their old colors on the altar, and then took them to the place where they are to be fixed; and then all defiled before them, the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the colonel giving a parting kiss to the flags as he delivered them to me."

More than twenty years later it was said of a similar service in St. Paul's, on the reception of another set of regimental colors: "The escort of the Royal Fusiliers, marching up the nave, were received by the choir and the clergy. The subalterns carrying the colors to the chancel steps, delivered them to the Dean, who laid them upon the altar. After a short service the flags were presented by the Dean to their former bearers, who, accompanied by the clergy and choristers, placed them in position. The Dean then gave the address, and the service concluded with the hymn, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.'"

Every United States citizen feels that in a very real sense he is one of the rulers of the republic, and that therefore his country's flag is his flag, and he is set to be its defender. His realm as a citizen

is as real as a Tsar's realm. When the supremacy of our flag, even within the limits of our republic, was brought in question, every sentiment of patriotism and loyalty combined to make a citizen soldier in the field the flag's devoted and determined protector.

After one of our battles in South Carolina, while preparations were making for another fight, I saw a newly appointed color-sergeant lying in line with the men, and tenderly shielding the colors with his body from a driving rainstorm.

"Sergeant," I said, "I hear that the colonel has given you the colors to carry. I congratulate you."

"Yes, Chaplain," he responded, looking down on his charge with affectionate pride; "and I don't know of anything better than this that I'm fighting for. I think it will take more than one bullet to bring me down now."

A fair-faced young soldier whom I knew carried the colors of a Pennsylvania regiment in one of the battles of the Peninsula campaign under General McClellan. A bullet shattered his right arm and the colors fell to the ground. Snatching them up with his left hand, the brave boy pushed forward undaunted until a bullet through his chest gave him his death-wound. Only then did he yield the charge of the colors to a color-corporal, who caught them from his dying grasp.

It was not an uncommon thing for a regimental

flag to have two, or four, or even more, noble fellows fall in its upbearing in a single fight. In the military museum at Albany is a tattered flag of the Thirtieth New York Regiment, on the staff of which is this inscription: "At the last battle of Bull Run, these colors fell during the engagement in the hands of ten different soldiers, shot dead on the field. Thirty-six balls passed through the stars and stripes, and the staff was shot into splinters." Such a record gives point to the story of the devoted soldier who, catching up the falling colors as they went down again in a fight, called out heroically, "Here are two minutes more for the old flag!" and dashed ahead into the jaws of death.

In the first severe engagement of which I was a witness, our color-sergeant and one of the color-corporals were badly wounded, and were borne to the rear and laid on the ground side by side at the field hospital. As I knelt by the corporal his first words were:

"I did what I could to guard the colors, Chaplain. I'd stand by 'em to the last."

"I know you would, Corporal," I replied, "you were always faithful."

"Where's the regiment now?" he asked.

"It's gone on, and finished its work," I said.

"Glory!" he cried.

As the surgeon told me that the corporal had but a few minutes to live, I asked him if he had any message to send to his parents.

"Tell them," he answered cheerily, "that I gave my life for liberty, and I only wish I could give another."

Just then the major of the regiment made his appearance, the battle being over. At once the wounded sergeant called to me:

"Chaplain, there's the major; won't you ask him if the colors are safe?"

The colors were first in the thoughts of their soldier guardians, at the front and at the rear.

Patriotism, loyalty, devotion, centered in the flag as a symbol, as it could not, in the nature of things, center in anything else. Soldiers came to love and honor the flag above all other visible objects. They looked at it in battle as that for which they must be willing to die. They looked at it in quieter times as that which had their heart's affection, for which they had already done so much, and for which they were willing to do yet more. The very sight of it was a call to heroism, and an inspiration to noble thoughts and deeds. The formal bringing of the colors to their place in the line, at parade or review, was a ceremony that never lost its power through familiarity. It grew in impressiveness with the growing experience of soldiers in army service. It intensified the sacredness of their guide and their charge.

When the re-enlisted veterans of the Tenth Connecticut and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were going North at the same time from St. Augustine

on their "veteran furlough," there was a lively scene at the pier where lay the two transports that were to take them to Hilton Head for a new start homeward. Those who were to go were exchanging hearty farewells with those who were to stay; for even a brief absence in war time involved peculiar possibilities, and was exceptionally impressive. Residents of the old Spanish city were also present to bid good-by to their friends, or to watch the veterans depart. All seemed absorbed in each other's words and ways as they chatted merrily together, crowding the head of the pier, when the sound of drums and fifes coming up the street called the attention of all.

Permission had been granted the veterans of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts to take with them one stand of their regimental colors on their veteran furlough, and these were now being borne to the transport under a guard of honor. Instantly every voice in that crowd was hushed. Without orders the soldiers drew themselves into line on either side of the pier, and stood at attention, with bared heads and reverent mien, as the colors and the guard moved down the length of the extended pier to the waiting vessel. Every soldier heart was thrilled, and eyes glistened with tearful pride and tender affection, as the dear old flag was before them once more. Such a scene was not to be witnessed except among soldiers, but there it called for no explanation or defense.

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As in the battle between Israel and Amalek, so with soldiers in any conflict : if the hand that holds their regimental colors is firm and steady, the men who look toward that standard have courage and confidence ; but if the colors are lowered, or driven back, the same men lose hope, and are liable to be panic-stricken. On the same field I saw this illustrated in two movements on successive days.

It was near Deep Bottom, on the north bank of the James River, Virginia. A regiment that had just come into the department was directed to occupy a position, and establish a picket line, where the enemy was in small force. As the regiment neared the enemy's pickets, and was fired on, the color-bearer and color-guard took fright and retreated. Instantly a panic seized the entire regiment, and officers and men fled disgracefully to the rear.

The next day a brigade from another command was ordered to occupy the same position and drive back the enemy, now heavily reinforced. A sharp musketry fire, with artillery, caused the veteran soldiers to waver and fall back, although in tolerable order. Then the brigade commander, Colonel Lynch of Philadelphia, a brave and gallant officer, took a color-sergeant with his colors from one of the regiments, and advanced with him to the rise of ground from which they had retired, and, there making a stand, called on the men to rally on their colors. This appeal was irresistible. The sight

of the imperiled colors was an inspiration. The soldiers heeded the call of their commander, and the enemy's position was quickly carried.

One of the saddest sights to a prisoner of war was the flag of his country dishonored or triumphed over by his captors. It gave an added pang of sorrow to a soldier prisoner, as he entered Libby Prison, to see in the commandant's office the American flag displayed on the wall "Union down." And there was no sight that gave such gladness to a released prisoner's eyes as the dear old Stars and Stripes on the flag-of-truce boat at City Point, as he came from the Confederate boat floating the Stars and Bars. A soldier on duty on the Federal exchange boat, the New York, said that he had seen many a released prisoner drop on his knees, as he came once more under the Stars and Stripes, and thank God that again he could see that flag flying triumphantly.

In a demonstration against Richmond, in conjunction with a reconnoissance in force from another direction, during the later months of the war, a portion of the home guard of the Confederate capital was ordered out to repel the minor attack. A member of this home guard was wounded, and fell into our hands. As I stooped over him to inquire into his condition, he told me that he was a Union man, and that he had never been in a fight until this occasion, when he was forced out of the city to meet our advance. Yet even then he had

not fired a shot against our lines. He asked me to take his wallet from his pocket, and open it, as his wounded right arm prevented his doing so. In one of the inner folds of that wallet I found a tiny United States flag printed in colors, together with a certificate from a well-known Union man of Richmond, vouching for the trustworthiness of the bearer. The poor fellow seemed to think it hard that he was a wounded prisoner in our lines, when he bore on his person a copy of the old flag as his treasure and his talisman. But it had its influence in securing for him special favor, as a Union man and a lover of the Stars and Stripes.

There were many such instances of love for the old flag on the Southern side of the dividing line in war time. Even among those who fought under the Stars and Bars there was not wholly lacking a recognition of the superiority of the Stars and Stripes, with their patriotic and inspiring history and associations as a national flag. As I talked with a group of Confederate soldiers, while waiting at a railway station in South Carolina on my way from Columbia to Richmond as a prisoner of war, I was asked by one why we made such a fuss over our flag, as if that were the only thing worth having or fighting for. Before I could reply, another Confederate spoke up warmly, as if out of the memories of the Mexican War or other national service:

"Oh, well! as to that, the Stars and Stripes *are* just the sauciest rag to fight under that ever was

swung on a battle-field; and I don't wonder they like that flag."

Any old soldier on our side of the lines could say Amen to that sentiment.

In the final attack on Petersburg, which resulted in its capture and in the breaking of the Confederate defenses, never to be re-established, our brigade was assigned to assault Fort Gregg, one of the star forts on the strong inner line of works. That successful assault was one of the severest and most gallant actions of the closing scenes of the war. And in this assault the devotion of soldiers to their flag bore a conspicuous part.

It was impossible to keep up an unbroken line in crossing the fire-swept plain of death, but the orders were for every man to make, at any cost, for that fort, and for all to rally on the face of its embankment. The colors were, of course, to be the rallying-point, and to get those colors there was the duty and the pride of their devoted bearers and guard. At the word, our men started on the run. Both the national and the state flags were in the race; but they were a special target for the enemy, as well as an object of devoted interest to our men. Officers and men dropped by the way, but others pushed on, and the colors were quickly taken up by new bearers as often as they went down.

A color-sergeant bearing our state flag had dropped just before this charge was ordered. Corporal Northrop took the colors in his place. He

fell wounded before the ditch was reached. Corporal Phillips and Corporal Parmalee of the color-guard caught at the falling flag, in the storm of grape and bullets, saying cheerily :

"Let's take hold of it together, and run for the fort. Maybe one of us will get there."

Both of them got there. Through the ditch, up the slope toward the parapet, they carried the blue flag of Connecticut. It was the first flag on the fort. There they held it up as a rallying-point for the irregular besieging line struggling across the death-swept plain. Corporal Dutton, who was one of the first men to get a foothold on the slope, caught at the hand of one of the color-guard, even in the excitement of battle, and called out joyously :

"Oh ! I'm so proud to see that flag the first here."

Springing then to his work he fell severely wounded, and could have no farther part in the fight, except to call inspiringly to his comrades to keep at it and put the thing through. Yet that part he did faithfully to the end. Corporal Phillips was barely nineteen at that time, yet he had been already three years in service. As he held up that flag above the parapet, his life was nothing to him in its comparison ; yet it was a life well worth living. Reporting his service afterwards to his commander, he said drily :

"I worried 'em with the flag. I'd shake it in

their faces, and, when they'd grab it, Parmalee would shoot 'em."

Victory was finally won only by bayonet and musket butt. That state flag had never been in a fight before. It was newly presented to the regiment, the old one being worn out in prolonged service. Yet that new flag had twenty-six bullet-holes in it, and three more in its staff, at the close of the fight. Only soldiers who have watched and defended a flag in the hours of battle can realize how much that flag was to those who gave their lives for it, or who were ready to die.

This feeling of love for the flag as the visible symbol of our country's unity and government, which increased in intensity and dominance as the war went on, was prominent with United States soldiers when the war broke out. When, in April, 1861, the few officers and men of the regular army then stationed at San Antonio, Texas, were taken prisoners by Colonel Van Dorn, of the Southern army, the feeling of patriotism demanded of the soldiers that the secessionists should not have possession of the national colors. At the timely suggestion of Lieutenant Hartz, Sergeant-major Joseph K. Wilson and Corporal John C. Hesse of the Eighth Infantry determined to conceal them, and bring them north to Washington. The valued colors, which had been carried through the Mexican War, were, therefore, taken from their staffs, and wound around the bodies of these soldiers,

under their clothing, and thus borne in safety to army headquarters. These two men were, subsequently, awarded medals of honor for this service, by resolution of Congress.

Again and again, during the war, regimental colors were similarly torn from their staffs and concealed on the person of the color-bearer, or of some officer who took them in charge, when a regiment was surrounded and captured, and were thus retained, during a term of imprisonment, for final restoration to the regiment. More than one set of colors was thus concealed under the clothing of officers confined in Libby Prison. At times a flag was torn in pieces, and its fragments, divided among officers and men for preservation during their imprisonment, were subsequently joined together again in a common whole for use in a new campaign.

A flag of this kind made up from fragments thus preserved is still to be seen in the Statehouse of Connecticut as a relic of the Civil War. The old colors were carried by the Sixteenth Connecticut Regiment at the time of the capture of Plymouth, North Carolina, in 1864. According to an inscription on the new flag, these colors "were torn into shreds by the officers and men, and concealed upon their persons in order to save them from the enemy. . . . Many of the men bearing these relics were taken to Southern prisons, where, under untold privations, they still sacredly watched over

and kept their sacred trusts, subsequently returning them to their native state." The fragments, when brought together, were sewed on a new flag, being deemed all the more precious because of the vicissitudes of their varied war experiences.

Fifteen years after the war there was, in Connecticut, a notable illustration of the abiding love for the flag in the hearts of old soldiers. The regimental colors of the Connecticut troops were, on their return from the war, deposited for the time being in the state arsenal at Hartford, with the intention of having them finally removed to the new statehouse then in contemplation. September 17, 1879, was, by a formal act of the legislature and a proclamation of the governor, designated as "Battle Flag Day," when the regimental colors should be removed from their temporary to their permanent resting-place; and all surviving soldiers of Connecticut were invited to assist in the ceremonies of their removal.

More than eight thousand veteran soldiers responded to this call. The city was decked in holiday attire. Including the military escort, there were more than ten thousand soldiers in line; and fully seventy thousand spectators were watching the impressive movement. Major-General Joseph R. Hawley commanded the military; and there rode with him at the head of the column distinguished officers of the army and navy, besides his personal staff, made up of Connecticut officers in the Civil

War. Every officer and man knew what it was to follow and to value the flag.

It was far more than an ordinary military parade or any civic celebration. The circumstances of the occasion appealed to the soldier's sense of duty, and moved the profoundest depths of his patriotic sentiment and of his heroic devotion to his country's flag. The regimental colors, which those soldiers had defended on the field to the last, and which many of their fellows had died for, were not yet safe in their final resting-place, and the state had made a new call on her soldier sons to bring them home for safe keeping. At this call the more stalwart had sprung forward with alacrity, while the sick and wounded had summoned their failing strength for one more march in support of the dear old flag.

> "Grandest of mortal sights
> The sun-browned ranks to view—
> The Colors ragg'd in a hundred fights,
> And the dusty Frocks of Blue!"

A color-sergeant, partially paralyzed by a shot through the body, had such a desire to be with his colors until they were in the place of their final keeping that he persuaded two of his comrades to support him on either side, while his trembling hands clung to the color-staff, and he was helped along step by step until he yielded his charge into the hands of the governor's representative for

deposit under the statehouse dome, and his last soldier work was done.

After a march through the principal streets of the city, the soldier procession formed in front of the new statehouse, on the beautiful park to the north of it. The line of color-bearers was in front of the veterans. There were about eighty flags in all. As these were brought forward, one by one, their bearers, amid the cheers of their old regiments, gave them into the hands of General Hawley, who in turn passed them over to Governor Andrews, and he accepted them, in the name of the state, for permanent preservation.

It was a brilliant assemblage in front of the statehouse, and the act of surrendering and receiving the battle-flags was impressive beyond description. When, for instance, the bullet-pierced and weather-stained colors of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, General Hawley's own battalion, were brought forward, the sight of them was overpowering to the General. Tears filled his eyes, his face was suffused with emotion, and when he attempted to speak the words of acknowledgment to their brave bearer he could not utter a word; but his silence, as he simply waved his hand in the direction of the Governor, was more eloquent than any speech could have been.

Governor Andrews, in receiving these battle-flags in the name of the state, said:

"They come back thus riddled by shot, tattered

and torn, blackened and grimed with the smoke and powder of battle, but they bring us no word of flight or dishonor. That sacred and mysterious sympathy which goes out from almost every fireside within our borders to all the battle-fields of the rebellion finds in these ragged ensigns its dearest and its intensest expression. Lovingly and tenderly let us lay them away in the motherly arms of the state whose trophies they now become, that they may teach their lessons of patriotism and duty to all future generations."

A cynical German socialist who had sneered at American institutions, and who had been watching, as a curious observer, the demonstrations of this "Battle Flag Day," said at the close of the proceedings, in view of the evidence it furnished of the abounding patriotism and loyalty, and love of the country's flag:

"I have no fear now of this country or of its government. With such men for its supporters, and with such sentiments controlling them, this country is safe."

Among the lessons impressed on the young cadets in their training in the Military Academy at West Point, none is deemed of more profound and practical importance than the duty of holding in high honor the national flag as the symbol of all that is worth living and dying for by a soldier of his country. When the colors are brought to their place in the daily parade, and on every special

occasion, and again as they are taken back under guard, they are received and accompanied with manifest signs of pre-eminent honor, and in the reverent salute which is given them, as they come and go, every officer and soldier has an appreciative share. On the last visit to West Point of General Sherman, as he was passing with interest from one point to another of the place where he had received his lessons as a young cadet, the cadets were impressed by the fact that, as he came to the national flag, the grim old hero of a hundred battles bared his head, and reverently bowed it in silent homage before that symbol of all for which he had served and battled and commanded in his years of warfare. The old flag had his heart's affection, and that affection was ready to show itself at all times.

When the flag goes up on a naval vessel at sunrise each morning, every sailor on deck faces toward it, and gives a formal salute. So deep and real is this feeling of veneration for the flag as a sacred symbol in the heart of every officer and sailor in the navy that it shows itself on every occasion. A gallant admiral was shown, at a prominent New York jeweler's, a handsome sword, made for presentation to a volunteer officer. It was laid on a table spread with an American flag. The Admiral protested at this use of the flag for a table-cover. It was said in explanation, "This sword is for a defender of the flag."

"The place for a defender is under the flag, not above it," said the Admiral. "And it stirs my indignation to see a flag used as a table-cloth on any pretext."

On April 14, 1861, the national flag was first dishonored by its lowering above Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, under an attack upon it by those who should have been its defenders. "The whole land rose up, when the flag came down, as if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty and the power of Omnipotence." Four years later, on April 14, 1865, General Robert Anderson, who, as Major Anderson, had sadly lowered that flag "in that cope of fire," gladly raised it again with his own hand, over a redeemed land and a restored Union, while Henry Ward Beecher spoke eloquent words of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

"At a cannon-shot upon this fort," he said, "the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up, and began a war of defense which for awfulness rises into the first rank of eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long; and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have, in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts; while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in

length, has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery." "That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks." "Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we unfurl this banner, as of old the bow was spread on the cloud, and with solemn fervor beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail."

Thirty years after that new upraising of the old flag on Fort Sumter, on April 14, 1895, there was a gathering in Brooklyn, New York, of soldiers and sailors who had served in war time in the vicinity of Fort Sumter, in the finally successful effort to restore that flag to its place. Every officer and man present had battled and endured in the trenches of the sea islands, or had done service in the vessels of the navy before Charleston harbor or off Fort Sumter. General Stewart L. Woodford, afterwards our Minister to Spain, presided. That identical flag, which had been lowered by General Anderson in 1861, and raised by him again in 1865, and which had not afterwards been seen in public since it was wrapped above his coffin in 1871, was once more exhibited, by the favor of Mrs. Anderson, who had it in keeping. It was stretched across the platform behind the patriotic speakers. Its rents from shot and shell were more eloquent than Cæsar's gaping wounds, telling their story by

their "poor, dumb mouths." It was accompanied to that gathering, at the special request of Mrs. Anderson, by members of the old Anderson's Zouaves as a bodyguard of honor. As one and another of the officers who spoke pointed to that old flag, and reminded us all of what it had stood for, and of what it had cost, in those four years of war, to restore it to its rightful supremacy, the scene was dramatic and impressive. All realized the worth of that flag, and the value of the efforts to restore its supremacy.

Just before the speakers sat an old United States soldier who had battled through the war and realized the full force of all that was said. Being in a soldier's uniform, he seemed to feel that it would be unsoldierly to weep; but being a soldier, with a soldier's heart and memories, the tears would well up from his heart and stream from his eyes down his furrowed cheeks. Once they were too much for him, as a touching reference was made by a speaker to a soldier's feelings as he watched his flag in the hour of battle. Quickly and furtively he wiped the flowing tears from his cheeks with a small handkerchief, which he hid again from sight as if half ashamed of his weakness, and straightened himself as before for duty.

That was a typical scene. No sight can equal that of the old flag to an old soldier. It is so today as it was in the long-gone days of war. The sight of sights to a veteran on any memorial occa-

sion are the dear old tattered battle-flags. He knows what it cost to bring them to their present state. To him they stand for an imperiled and redeemed country, and for the price of its saving. He realizes that

> "For every stripe of stainless hue
> And every star in the field of blue
> Ten thousand of the brave and true
> Have laid them down and died."

The reverent cry to God of his loyal heart is,

> "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee,
> That it may be displayed because of the truth."

CHAPTER VIII

DESERTERS AND DESERTIONS

Although war involves killing by wholesale, both soldiers and civilians shrink from the thought of the deliberate killing of a man for the crime of deserting from the army in war time. Yet it is obvious that unless soldiers find that they endanger their lives by running away from the front in time of active service, many of them will prefer to go in that direction, instead of moving forward where death confronts them.

General Washington said truly, that while there were soldiers who were controlled by a desire for glory or by a high sense of patriotism, so that they could be depended on for going into action as a matter of duty or of honor regardless of selfish considerations, the great majority of men were held to their place as soldiers by their knowledge that the danger of running from the front was greater than that of moving forward in battle line. This was as true of soldiers of the Union army in our Civil War as of the Continental troops in the War of the Revolution.

Yet there was, for a long time, the same re-

luctance in the later war as in the earlier to shoot down in cold blood a deserter from the ranks. It was not always easy to retake a deserter, therefore many deserted with impunity. Even when one was taken, and tried and sentenced, his punishment was commuted, or he was pardoned, by the President, on the petition of civilian friends. So it came to pass that the war had been fully a year and a half in progress before the death penalty was executed on a deserter, according to the records of the War Department.

Meanwhile thousands had deserted from the army with small danger of harm to themselves ; and the danger to those who remained at the front was steadily increasing through the diminishing of the force for duty by these desertions. If there had been the prompt execution of one deserter to a division, in the first few months of the war, this evil would have been measurably checked with comparatively small loss of life. But, as it was, the magnitude of this evil was not realized until it was evident that the choice must now be between shooting cowards who ran to the rear or having true men shot down at the front by hundreds or thousands because of the criminal failure of those who, as well as themselves, were bound in duty to defend their government against all enemies.

Desertion to the enemy was naturally looked upon, both in and out of the army, as a more heinous offense than desertion to the rear; hence

there would be less reluctance to the execution of a soldier found guilty of that crime than to the shooting of a man who merely ran away for his own safety. My first experience as an army chaplain with a deserter was with one of the former sort, and his case was possessed of remarkable features.

A soldier of a Massachusetts regiment, which was brigaded with my regiment for the entire four years of our army service, escaped from confinement, incurred by insubordination, and deserted through the lines to the enemy, in North Carolina, in the summer of 1862. After serving in the Confederate ranks for nearly two years, he deserted his new command in the Army of Northern Virginia, and came through the Federal lines at Deep Bottom, on the banks of the James, expecting to be sent North and to be free from military service thenceforward.

Strange to say, he came through the picket line of his own old regiment, there in another state two years after his desertion; and, although he was in Confederate uniform, he was recognized by a member of his former company, who happened to be at that picket post at the moment he came in. Overpowered by surprise at his discovery, he was held, given over for trial, convicted, and sentenced to be shot in the presence of his old command.

My first meeting with this man was the day before he was shot, as he sat on the banks of the James, handcuffed and fettered and closely guarded.

Conscious of being watched by curious eyes of his old comrades and others, he was evidently in an attitude of defiance, striving to appear unconcerned. Although not repelling with rudeness my proffers of interest and sympathy, he plainly said that he was not going to break down now; he had "lived game" and he would "die game." Even if there were a God and a hereafter, it was "too late to think of that now." He had "put it off too long." Then he spoke bitterly of those who had been over him in his earlier campaigning, and insisted that he had been sinned against rather than been a wrong-doer, in his army life. I saw that, just then, he was in no state of mind for such service as I could render him; and I left him with assurances of my prayerful interest in him, and with a promise to come back in the evening.

When I came to him later, while we were no longer under the eye of observers, I found him less defiant. As I questioned him about the past I found that he had a mother living. I found also that he had been on guard at Libby Prison a year before, while I was confined there. As he softened down in his tone and manner I asked if I might pray with him. He assented. As I prayed with and for him I prayed also for his poor mother. At the mention of her name, he uttered a piercing cry and fell forward on his face, his whole frame convulsed with agony and with sobs that seemed as if his very heart were breaking. Stretching myself alongside

him on the grass, under the quiet stars, I put my arm over him, and waited in silent show of sympathy.

His hardihood was all gone. He was as a child again. He was glad to have me talk with him, and to talk to me of himself. He no longer blamed those who had aided in bringing him to this state. He blamed only himself. Finding that he was a Roman Catholic, and would naturally desire the ministrations of a priest of that church, I made request of our division commander to telegraph to General Meade's headquarters, before Petersburg, for a priest, and soon I received word that one would be with us in the early morning.

The next afternoon I had my first sight of a military execution. I wish it could have been my last. The entire brigade was ordered out to witness it. As the command stood waiting, in three sides of a hollow square, with an open grave in the center of the fourth side, a deep, solemn, oppressive stillness weighed down upon all hearts.

This stillness was broken by a low, soft, plaintive strain of music, which came floating on the sultry air across the plain, from beyond the rise of ground in the direction of the camp we had left. It was the sound of a funeral dirge from muffled drums, with the subdued notes of an accompanying band. A funeral dirge, for a living man! Hearts quickened, and hearts stood still, at the sound.

A cart drawn by a pair of white horses bore the

condemned soldier, seated on his coffin, accompanied by the kindly priest, while a military escort marched on each side with arms reversed, as though the man were already dead. The firing party, the guard, and the music, completed the gloomy procession. It was nearly half a mile away, and it seemed a long, long while in coming.

Low and soft as the breathings of an æolian harp, mournful and oppressive as a midnight funeral knell, the approaching music rose and fell in swelling and dying cadences, while listening ears ached in sympathy and waiting hearts throbbed in responsive tenderness. It was hard to bear. Faces paled and hands shook which were not accustomed to show signs of fear; and officers and men alike would have welcomed a call to battle in exchange for that terrible inaction in the sight of coming death.

Then came the last sad scene. The fettered deserter was helped from the cart, just back of the open grave. The priest knelt with him in prayer; then bade him good-by and retired a little distance to kneel and continue praying in his behalf. The guard formed on the right and the left of the prisoner, and the firing party took position in front of him a dozen paces distant, as he knelt on his coffin with bandaged eyes and pinioned arms.

Twelve men were of the firing party. Eleven of the rifles were loaded with bullets, and one with a blank cartridge. No one knew which rifle lacked

"The firing party took position in front of him a dozen paces distant."

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its bullet, so that every soldier might think it possible that it was his. A second firing party was back of the first. Two surgeons were close at hand to see that the dread work was fully done.

The dirge had died away. A stillness even more painful than its wailing notes had succeeded. This was broken by the low, clear-spoken words of command: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" There was a sharp explosion. The condemned man fell forward from his coffin. The surgeons were quickly at his side. Five bullets had pierced his chest. Yet the pulse still beat, and there was a low moaning respiration. Soldier hands were not steady in aiming at a comrade's heart. The second firing party came forward. The orders were repeated. Eight more bullets entered his chest and head. The deserter was dead!

The entire brigade was marched in column by the open grave and the dead deserter. The band struck up a lively air, as always in going from a soldier's grave, and the command returned to camp again. None who witnessed that sight could ever forget it. But it came too late in the war for its best impressions on all. Desertions had already begun, and the spirit that led to them could not at once be checked.

Already desertion to the rear had been found so easy, and so free from danger, that the number of deserters was swelled to tens of thousands. And now there began to show itself an outcome of this

state of things, more fearful than the original precursor of disaster.

The splendid patriotism which had been manifested in the early enlistments of the war, and which was still supreme among soldiers at the front and in the homes from which they came, was overshadowed in that sphere of money-making and of business-pushing which was a result of the national prosecution of the war, with its inflated currency and its steadily increasing demands for army and navy equipment and supplies. When calls for added volunteers were made by the government, young men who otherwise would have been ready to respond with personal service were now so busy with their money-making and their efforts to provide for the material wants of the government that they felt they could not go themselves, but they would gladly pay to secure some one to go for them. Large bounties were offered to substitute recruits, to count on the quota required by the new call; and the gift of money, rather than of service, came to be looked at for the hour as the true measure of patriotism.

This condition of affairs resulted in the bringing into being of a class of men known as "substitute brokers," who made it their business to secure men, "by hook or by crook," to enlist as substitutes, for assignment to the credit of such states as offered the largest bounties to men counting on their quota. The broker, naturally, made the best terms

he could with the substitutes whom he engaged, taking as large a share of the bounty as he could secure by fair means, and sometimes by foul.

It being known by these brokers that desertion from the army was comparatively easy and safe, they saw that a man could enlist as a substitute, desert and enlist again, and so on indefinitely, counting each time on the quota of the state paying the bounty, and shielding another able-bodied citizen of that state from the dreaded draft. This possibility quickened their business. Men who were engaged by them in this branch of activity were called "bounty-jumpers;" and they came to be recognized as among the enterprising and efficient "patriots" of the business communities of the North. The story is told, on good authority, of an Irish-American mother who, under the influence of native American methods, told a friend, with peculiar satisfaction, of the well-doing of her son Michael, who had not been in all respects a hopeful son before.

"It's a place under the government he's been afther gittin'," she said. "And it gives him vary good pay."

"What sort of a place is it?" asked her friend.

"Well, I'm not quite shure as to that. But I belave they call it 'lapeing the bounty.'"

The dimensions of this evil system grew at a fearful rate. It tended to the demoralization of the business community, and to the discouragement

of the army. I speak of what came under my own observation, when I say that substitutes enlisted and deserted three, five, and seven times over; that in single regiments one-fourth, and again one-half, and yet again a larger proportion, of all the men assigned under a new call of the President for five hundred thousand more volunteers, deserted within a few weeks of their being started to the front. In some other instances, not one-half of the men who were thus started even reached the regiments, a majority having deserted on the way.

The Confederate authorities, perceiving the magnitude of this movement, issued a proclamation to the effect that men deserting from the Federal lines into the Confederate should be permitted to go North without detention. One of the Richmond papers, in the early months of 1865, reported one hundred and eighty deserters from the Federal lines as reaching that city within a single week. Another Richmond paper satirically showed its appreciation of the condition of things at the North by commending the reported enterprise of a "patriot" in a Northern city, who, on learning that his ward was short seventeen on its quota under a call of the President, promptly enlisted and deserted seventeen times, and so "saved his ward."

From the private in the ranks to the President of the United States, the feeling came to be general

that the question of desertions, and how to stop them, was of foremost practical importance to army and to government alike. Then there was an endeavor to do at this late hour what might have been done hopefully at the first. As a check to the proffer of the Confederate authorities, one corps commander issued an order, promising a furlough of thirty days to any soldier who would shoot a comrade attempting to desert from the picket line. At least one substitute soldier availed himself of this offer, shooting a companion who had started to desert to the enemy, and then himself deserting while on honorary furlough.

It had become a question of checking desertion, or of having no army available for the prosecution of the war. The work of executing deserters had at last been entered upon in desperate earnest. Men were shot by twos and threes, in order to make quick work of it. At one time I saw five from the same regiment shot side by side with a single volley. No coffins were ready for them. They were wrapped in their blankets, and buried where they fell. When men attempted to shoot those who would prevent their deserting, they were hanged instead of being shot. It came to be a frightfully common experience with me to go out with a man to the field where he was to be shot or hanged; and the scenes of grief and despair which I was called to witness, when such men were first told that they must die within a few

hours, are among the most vivid and soul-harrowing of my army life.

As I sat writing in my cabin, before Richmond, on Christmas night, 1864, during a severe storm, I was started up about midnight by a mounted orderly with a note from General Terry. The General said he was sorry to call me out on such a night, but he had just received orders to shoot a deserter the next morning, and he could not bear to have the poor fellow hurried out of the world without a word of counsel or prayer; and therefore he had sent for me to come and see him, knowing I would be glad to do what I could in such a case.

Out in the darkness and storm I went from my cabin, to plow through the mud, and to stumble over fallen trees, and to grope my way among the gaunt pines to division headquarters. The signs of Christmas, still evident, were in sad contrast to the thoughts which oppressed me, as I turned from the brightly lighted quarters of the General, while a band was serenading him, and found my way to a gloomy log-hut, not yet roofed in, where the condemned deserter was awaiting the hour of his death.

The poor fellow seemed now dazed, now crazed. By turns he was sure it was a mistake, and that he could not be under sentence of death, and that, if he was, he would be pardoned or reprieved, and that if he must die he would "die like a man." Then he would cry out in bitterness of soul against

his lot, declaring that his spirit would haunt and persecute, as long as they lived, all who had had a part in his condemnation. Gradually I brought him to a calmer view of his situation, and induced him to tell me how he came into this state.

He had originally volunteered in a New England regiment, and he had shown himself a brave, true soldier until he was discharged for ill-health. Regaining his strength after a time, he had volunteered in another regiment; but, being debauched by the prevalent sentiment in favor of "bounty-jumping" and deserting, he deserted his new command in order to join the army as a substitute under an assumed name. Being unexpectedly assigned to a regiment near the one from which he had deserted, he was recognized while on duty at the front, and arrested as a deserter, and was now to die for his crime under his assumed "substitute" name.

His chief concern was for the members of his family, who would suffer hopelessly in his loss. He had come from a patriotic home. He was of a worthy ancestry. He was engaged to be married to a young lady of position and character. He was indeed, personally, loyal and patriotic at heart. He had been exceptionally courageous and faithful while in service, and he had at no time intended to be permanently away from the front, from an unreadiness to bear a soldier's dangers in active service. He was simply a victim of a state of

things that was, at this time, threatening the nation's life. He was one of many who had come to think that deserting, in order to win an extra bounty, was not to be looked at by a soldier as any worse than civilians deemed it.

By and by the condemned man knelt at my side, in that dismal cabin, while the cold rain drizzled down upon us through the open roof, and he prayed sweetly, simply, earnestly; convincing me that a soldier's true and trusting heart was below the rougher surface which had shown itself before. There was no longer any bitterness in his heart toward any. There was sincere confession and repentance, and loving trust. He prayed tenderly for himself and for his dear ones, for me, a stranger until now, and for my dear ones, for the officers he had threatened to haunt, and for his fellow-soldiers one and all.

It was a gloomy ride by his side in a cart, out of the sally-port toward the place of execution. It was a dreary tramp, on through the mud beyond the roadway to the newly dug grave, in the sight of the entire division drawn up on three sides of a square. His voice was firm and tender as he spoke earnest words of prayer, kneeling by my side before that grave, and as he bade me an affectionate good-by. And then his young life went out there. Oh, if that could have been the last of the evils of this system of bounty-jumping and deserting! But the end was not yet.

The provost-marshal's prison of our division, before Richmond, in the last winter of the war, was within a close stockade of pine logs twenty feet high, guarded on all sides. Men were brought there after their trial by court-martial, in ignorance of the verdict rendered in their case or of their probable fate. At one time more than sixty deserters were there. Just outside of the entrance to that stockade was a small log-cabin, used as the condemned cell. If a man had been sentenced to death he knew nothing of it until the order came for his execution, and he was removed to this cabin to pass a few hours there.

There were anxious times in that stockade. So long as men remained there they might have hope. At one time, seven men who had deserted together, and against whom the evidence was clear, were suddenly ordered back to their regiment, when they had been looking forward to their execution. The commanding general had noted a vital error in the proceedings of the court-martial, and had disapproved its findings. Then a man who had been retaken outside of our lines had his death sentence commuted to a year's imprisonment. These instances gave hope to many who had before been in despair.

But again the current of feeling was changed. A soldier arrested one day was tried the next, and shot the third. Two men who had been tried four weeks before, and had taken courage from the delay,

were brought into the outer cabin, and thence to the gallows, being denied a soldier's death by shooting because they had added to the crime of desertion by attempting to shoot their captors. A soldier who had been tried some time before, and was now cutting wood under guard outside the stockade, in a feeling of comparative safety, was suddenly called back to enter the condemned cabin. Then those inside the stockade, or the "bull-pen," as it was generally called, trembled.

The small outer cabin could be seen through the entrance way of the stockade. I, being the senior chaplain in the division, was likely to be summoned to minister to a man who was taken thither, and my face became familiar to the prisoners in the larger enclosure. One day I entered the stockade for the purpose of speaking to a prisoner. Instantly I was recognized as one who, in a sense, represented those having authority, while I had personally a kindly interest in those who were under condemnation, and there was a rush to secure my sympathy and favor. Men crowded around me by the score. They caught my hands. They clasped my feet. They clung to my garments. They pleaded for pity, for mercy, for help.

"O Chaplain, hear my story!"

"O Chaplain, help me!"

"I don't care for myself, Chaplain; but it will kill my mother if I'm shot."

"Won't you go to the General for me, Chaplain? He'll pardon me if you ask it. I know he will."

"Help!"

"Help!"

"Help!" the cries came up on every side, piteous, heart-piercing, despairing.

Yet I was utterly helpless for the rescue of any one of the poor prisoners there. I felt for the moment, however, as never besides in my varied lifetime, what it was to be looked to in vain as a possible mediator and intercessor by those who were appointed to die.

It was inevitable that, in the rush of effort to stay the scourge of desertion, in that midnight hour of the nation's life struggle, there should be cases where innocent men suffered with and for the guilty. Men were executed as deserters who had never enlisted, and others who were technically guilty were denied the clemency that the circumstances of their case would have secured to them in ordinary times, because it was felt that the certainty of punishment for desertion must no longer be in question.

As an example, in the range of my observation, there was a green Irish lad of nineteen, who came to America in search of his sister, and was met on the dock in New York by the runner of a substitute-broker, who promised him work with good wages if he would follow him. He was taken to Connecticut, was stupified with liquor, and, without

understanding what he was doing, was enlisted as a substitute. A portion of the bounty money collected in his case was given to him by the broker, but was quickly taken from him by members of the squad of bounty-jumpers with whom he was placed. Penniless, homesick, bewildered, he was hurried to Virginia with a party of substitute recruits. Bent on finding his sister, he started for the rear before he had learned anything of army service. He was arrested, and, the second day after, he was shot as a deserter.

But the case of the last deserter to whom I ministered was most pitiful of all. A boy less than sixteen years old, born and reared in the upper portion of New York City, was enticed away to be sold as a substitute. He was somewhat underwitted, but simple-hearted and childlike in a peculiar degree. He said, and probably with truth, that he had never passed a night away from home until the substitute-broker led him off. When he found himself with a squad of recruits in a camp in Virginia, he wanted to go home ; and poor, tired boy that he was, he started in broad daylight to go down the road toward the landing from which he had come. He was stopped, and brought back to camp. Again he started to run, making no concealment of his purpose. He was re-arrested, tried as a deserter, and sentenced to be shot.

When I learned his story I was sure that he ought not to be executed. I went to my brigade

commander and stated the facts. He told me that he had no power in the premises. An order from the department commander for the immediate execution of that man had been received by him, and there was no possibility of even reaching the department commander with a request for clemency in time to have it available. The sentence must be executed. With a heavy heart I went back to improve my few remaining hours with the condemned boy.

At first he gave way to an outburst of childish grief on being told that he was to be shot. "I don't want to be killed," he said. "Won't the General parole me?" Having cried his first cry out, he quieted down and listened to my words of sympathy. His thoughts were unselfishly of his home. If he must die, he did not want his family to know it. "They'd feel so bad about it," he said. "I suppose it would kill 'em all. They'd be thinking of it nights. Don't tell 'em of it. I suppose it would kill my father." For some reason his father seemed nearer to his heart than his mother, and he spoke very tenderly of him.

The lad was as childlike in his trust as in his grief. Kneeling by me on the swampy ground, under the cold drippings of the cabin roof, in a rain-storm, he clasped his fettered hands and said his little prayer, which he had been taught at home, and committed himself lovingly to his loving Father in heaven. His parents were accus-

tomed to pray with him; and apparently he had led a quiet home life, without knowing anything of outside temptations. When I asked him how he used to spend his evenings he said: "I always worked in the factory day-times. When it came night, I was tired, and went to bed early."

After that first burst of grief over his lot, he seemed not to be troubled in the thought of death. He simply accepted it as the next thing before him. Just before he started for the field, he turned to me, and said inquiringly, "I die to-day, shall I go right to heaven to-day?" When he came to the place of execution he was in no degree disturbed by the terrible preparations. He walked up to the open grave, and looked into it with childish curiosity. He knelt again to pray as calmly as though he were by his own bedside.

He looked at the firing party with interest, as though he saw only kind-hearted comrades. Just as his arms were being pinioned, a little bird flew over him. He turned his head and followed the bird with his eyes, as though he would like to chase it. Then he looked again at the muskets of the firing party, with soft, steady eyes as before.

"Let me kneel on the ground and rest on the coffin," he said, as they fixed him in position.

"No, kneel on the coffin," was the order.

So, kneeling there, he settled himself down into a crouching position, as though he must wait a weary while.

Hardly had he taken this position, when he fell forward dead, with every bullet of the firing party directly through his body—three through his heart. He uttered no sound, nor did his frame quiver.

I wrote of this incident, at the time, to a newspaper in New England. Letters poured in upon me from sad-hearted mothers and fathers in lonely homes on every side, where a boy was missing who might have been this one. And this gave me a fresh glimpse of the peculiar sorrow brought to stricken homes by these executions. I learned that there was no such grief over the dead of the war in any other sphere as in this. It was not the soldier who had been killed on the battle line, or who had worn out his young life in prison-pen or in hospital, but it was the soldier who had died as a deserter, who was mourned hopelessly, ceaselessly, and with greatest bitterness of heart, in the loyal homes of the North.

But this rapid increase of executions for desertion did not seem to lessen the number of deserters. On the contrary, it was found that every execution was immediately followed by desertions in the regiment to which the condemned men had belonged. This seemed strange. The reason for it was by no means obvious. One day, while talking the matter over with my regimental commander, General—then Lieutenant-Colonel—E. D. S. Goodyear, it suggested itself to me that the new deserters in such a case were men who were already

guilty of the crime for which the others were executed, and that the sight of its punishment tempted them to take flight before they were discovered and brought to a similar end. Then the question arose, what would be best in case this surmise were correct. It seemed evident that the only cure for such a difficulty would be the proffer of immunity to those who would confess their guilt, and make the best possible amends in the case.

Thereupon my commander said he would ride over to department headquarters, and have a talk with General Ord on the subject. The result was the issuing of a proclamation, by President Lincoln, under date of March 11, 1865, to the effect that any deserter now in service, who would confess his crime and promise to serve out faithfully the time for which he originally enlisted, in addition to that for which he was newly bound, should be exempt from the consequences of his desertion, and have, at the close of his term, an honorable discharge. This proclamation was duly promulgated, and on the strength of it the men of my regiment, including a large number of substitutes, were invited to avail themselves of its provisions, by reporting to regimental headquarters, if they came within its scope.

Hardly was the order made public, before men began to show themselves in response to it. First one came, then two, then five. While these were telling their stories and entering their names a score

of others were waiting outside for their turn. Then another score, and another, came. Eighty-four men in our regiment, or one-seventh of those present for duty, confessed to being deserters. This was a startling disclosure. If so many deserters were found in the ranks of a single regiment, reinforced so largely of late by substitutes, what must the number be in the entire army!

Many of these confessed deserters were like the New England lad whom I had ministered to, on General Terry's urgent call that Christmas night. They had yielded to the temptation to desert from one regiment and enlist in another, in order to "jump a bounty." One of them said to me,

"My old regiment is just down the road, yonder, and I've been so afraid some one from it would see me here. When I've been out to one of those 'shootings' [of a deserter], I've been so afraid my time would come next that I could hardly keep from taking to my heels right away."

Others had been seduced and swindled by bounty-brokers, they hardly knew how. One of these men was a volunteer officer in the navy. He had shown special skill and courage earlier in the war. Having been North on leave, he was returning to Washington. He remembered being in the Jersey City railroad station, waiting for the midnight train southward. The next thing he knew he was in a bunk in the recruiting-camp in New Haven, and he found that he was enrolled as a

substitute recruit in the army, without even any bounty to show for it. He supposed he had taken something to drink on the invitation of another, and so been drugged and enticed away.

He was evidently a man of character, and his appearance gave credence to his story. He was bitterly ashamed of his sad plight. I wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, concerning him, and I found all his statements verified as to his position and character. But it would obviously not do to reinstate him in his old command, even by his own showing of the case. The best he could do was to continue as a soldier, and this he was ready to do. There was an endless variety of such stories.

This was the condition of affairs when the forward movement was ordered by General Grant, late in March, 1865, which resulted in the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. The bearing of the regiment, which I have just described as comprising so large a number of probationed deserters, on the forced marches and in the desperate assaults of that closing campaign of the war, showed that these very men had high possibilities of soldierhood, under the inspiration and incitements of brave comrades and skilled commanders.

Fort Gregg was one of a series of detached works, on the intermediate line of the Confederate fortifications about Petersburg. Because of its

being vital to General Lee's position, it was occupied by several hundred men who had volunteered to defend it to the last without surrender. Its assault has been described in a previous chapter. A deep ditch, filled breast-high with water, surrounded it. An extended plain, protected by an enfilading fire, was before it. The brigade of which that Tenth Connecticut Regiment was a portion, was ordered to carry that fort by assault. Veterans of a score and a half of battles were side by side with those substitutes who had so recently confessed themselves as deserters. Side by side they charged across that plain under a deadly fire, and into the ditch, making a living bridge of one another by which they could reach from it the parapet beyond.

The flag of the Connecticut regiment was first on that parapet. Then came a hand-to-hand conflict of fearful intensity. It was forty minutes before the fort surrendered. There was rare courage and desperate fighting on both sides before the end came. Bayonets and clubbed muskets did their part in the final struggle. Substitutes and veterans lay side by side or piled on one another, dead or wounded, when victory was at last won by the assaulting column.

General Gibbon, the corps commander, who witnessed this assault, was enthusiastic in its praise. He said he had read and heard of such prolonged hand-to-hand contests, but he had never credited

them until now. The assault was also under the eye of General Ord, the department commander, and of General Grant. It received special mention in the despatches of General Grant, as also in the despatch of President Lincoln, who was near that field at the time. It was the only special assault thus distinguished in the despatches in that campaign. Later the several regiments of that brigade received bronze eagles for their regimental colors from their corps commander for gallantry on that occasion; and the color-bearers were honored with medals, fastened to their breasts with kindly words by Mrs. Ord, in the presence of the entire command. This was a good offset to the stigma that had been temporarily attached to those battalions because of the deserting substitutes sent to them from the North to refill their wasted ranks.

The end of the war put an end to desertions in that war. But the whole story of those desertions goes to show that the time to check a tendency in this direction is at the opening of a war, rather than at its close. And it shows, also, that the difference between a soldier who remains at the front and a soldier who deserts to the rear is not so much in the men themselves as in the influences about them, and in the system under which they are kept true or are demoralized.

CHAPTER IX

SOLDIER GRAVES AND SOLDIER BURIALS

In time of peace, or at the rear or in a permanent camp in time of war, a military funeral is an imposing and impressive ceremony. Soldiers marching with slow and measured tread, with arms reversed and standards furled, to the sound of muffled drums and the plaintive notes of a solemn dirge, accompanying a catafalque or a pall-covered coffin to the grave of a hero commander or comrade, and there laying him to rest in an honored grave, while firing a parting volley over his resting-place, seem engaged in a fitting service, and those who observe it recognize its propriety. The popular idea of a soldier burial is based on such a scene in sight or story. These are the scenes which have made their impress on the public mind, on the occasion of the burial of great commanders.

We read, it is true, of an occasional hurried soldier burial, when there is no time for ceremony or display, and no opportunity for marking the place of the hero grave. Yet it is hard to realize that of the great majority of soldiers who fell in battle in our Civil War, as in all great wars from the begin-

ning until now, it might be said at the best, as of Sir John Moore at Corunna:

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory."

The mind is reluctant to admit this as the truth, and whenever it is possible to show honor to the remains of a soldier his comrades will in some way gladly do it; and those for whom he died have a sad pleasure in joining in such a tribute of respect. Soldiers are always desirous of at least securing a Christian burial to a comrade, if that be possible, and friends at home want to think that this possibility exists in every case.

One of the earliest deaths in our Civil War to attract national attention was that of young Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, who was shot down under peculiarly distressing circumstances at Alexandria, Virginia, in May, 1861. It was in itself a great shock to the loyal people of our land. Many felt at that time as though the opening war could never bring any good sufficient to compensate for that loss. Even President Lincoln cried out, "My boy! my boy! was it necessary this

sacrifice should be made?" The young hero's body lay in state for a while at the White House, as he had been a personal friend of the President. It was thence borne to its last resting-place through the ranks of mourning thousands. To the community this seemed no more than fitting respect for such a soldier's services and worth, and the suggestion made at the time, by a portion of the metropolitan press, that this could hardly be deemed a precedent for soldier funerals generally, in the great conflict then opened, was deemed unfeeling, in view of existing public opinion.

The sentiment shown in that soldier funeral manifested itself in other instances, and in other localities, so long as its exhibit was possible in the community at home or in the army in the field. Only when dire necessity compelled a very different course did such sentiment seem not to prevail. Indeed, the impressive display in connection with military funerals, in our cities and villages, when dead soldiers were brought home from the field of battle, was an important factor in newly arousing and deepening the patriotic enthusiasm which kept our armies supplied with recruits.

I felt the influence of such a display, when, on Washington's Birthday, 1862, before I joined the army, I was a witness in New Haven of the funeral ceremonies of Colonel Charles L. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Roanoke Island. The whole city was

moved by the passage through the principal streets of the funeral procession, carrying his body to its burial. Admiral Foote, then at his home, disabled by a wound received at Fort Donelson, stood on crutches at the door of his house on Chapel Street to join in the common tribute of honor to the dead hero, participated in by all the citizens, from the President of Yale College to the humblest day laborer in the streets. I felt then that I could not any longer stay at home, and it was not many months before I was in the very regiment which Colonel Russell had commanded.

The first soldier I was called to bury, after joining my regiment in New Berne, North Carolina, was an enlisted man who had died of congestive chills. I then saw that the occasion did not command the attention of all the regiment, although certain forms were strictly observed within the limits of his own company. A number of men were detailed as a guard. A few special comrades followed as mourners. The coffin containing the body was brought out from the camp hospital, and lifted into an ambulance. The guard presented arms as the body of their dead comrade was borne past them. Slowly the little procession passed on its way to a spot selected as the regimental burying-place, just outside of the camp lines. The guard marched, with arms reversed, to the music of muffled drums. As the coffin was lowered into the grave I read selections from Scripture, prayed, and

spoke earnest words over the first man of my charge I had been called to part with in army life.

No parting volley was fired over that grave, as a department order had forbidden the use of musketry except within certain hours, lest an unnecessary alarm be raised. The procession moved back to camp with a quick step to the sound of a lively tune. This seemed a little incongruous, but it was in accord with military custom. When the dead are buried there is other work for the living to do, and they must be at it speedily.

> "Every man to his duty!
> We have buried our dead."

Each regiment was likely to have a burial-place for its own men near its camp. If the body of a comrade was sent for from his home, it could be disinterred and forwarded while the regiment remained near the spot. But it was rarely that a grave was marked with a permanent memorial, and, when a regiment removed, the place of its dead was likely to pass out of mind. Exigencies of war might call for an earthwork or a ditch, where a regimental burial-place had received the bodies of those who were dearest of earth to their home loved ones. Or, again, the spot chosen for soldier burials while regiments occupied a certain position might soon be in the hands of its original owners, who would not care to give prominence to this evidence of hostile occupancy.

Of course, it was not easy for friends at home to realize that this was the state of things in the army, where their hero sons and brothers were serving their country. We had occasion to find this out in various ways. While at New Berne I received a letter from a good mother in Connecticut telling me that her son, in another Connecticut regiment, had died, and been buried, some six or eight months before. She was now thinking of having his body brought home, and she wanted to find out about it.

The regiment to which her son had belonged had been ordered away from North Carolina before I reached the army. No trace of its burial-place was to be found. I was helpless to aid her search. Without going into unnecessary details about army burials, which would have grieved her heart, I replied that her son's regiment left New Berne before I came there, and I did not know the place of his grave. At this she wrote that she was surprised that I was unwilling to do this small service for a soldier's mother.

"Why, Chaplain," she said, "if you don't know just where my John is buried, you might ask the sexton. He'll tell you."

Her ideas of soldier burial-places were based on her knowledge of the New England village cemetery, where the old sexton knew the precise location of every grave dug in his day or his father's, in that graveyard. Others, besides that mother,

may be as much in the dark as she was about soldier graves and soldier burials. Soldiers themselves had to learn the truth little by little, and it is well that it was so.

When we made a move into the interior of North Carolina, for the purpose of burning the great bridge of the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at Goldsboro', we learned new lessons as to caring for the soldier dead, or as to the necessity of failing to care for them in the exigencies of more active warfare. At Kinston we had three officers and twenty men killed, and more than eighty wounded, in a single charge. Then in a few hours our regiment must push on to like service in other fields. The best that we could do in the brief interval of our stay was to bury our dead hurriedly in a common grave, or in a long trench by the wayside, the officers by themselves, and the enlisted men near them. Subsequently the bodies of the officers were recovered by a flag of truce, but those of the men remained in their wayside grave with never a stone or a stake to mark them, and we had reason to believe that the field of their burial would be plowed and planted by the returning owners as though it had never been moistened by the blood of patriots.

Other regiments had their dead buried hurriedly on that field, and on other fields beyond, where they were even more hastily covered with earth on the spot where they fell. There was no time to do

more. As we came back from that expedition we found some of these hurried graves already partially uncovered by the wind and rain and by trampling hoofs, and we realized that many of the soldier dead must fail of a permanent resting-place in the bosom of mother-earth. As I read that day, in my daily course of Bible reading, the 141st Psalm, the words "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth," had a new significance and impressiveness to me.

On Morris Island, after the attack on Fort Wagner, the disposition of the dead was even more suggestive of the darkest side of army life and of army deaths. Hundreds of Union soldiers were dead on the parapet of the fort, in the ditch before it, and all the way down the island between the Union and Confederate lines, among the sand-hills or on the intervening sand plains. It would have been practically impossible for the force available to gather and remove all the dead and bury them in permanent graves. The best that could be done at the time, during the brief truce arranged for the purpose, was to lift up and remove the wounded, and hurriedly to cover the bodies of the dead in sand graves near where they fell. And a grave in those shifting sands, where the ocean tides and the whirling gales were continually overturning what had before been turned, was not a permanent resting-place; there was no rest there even in the grave.

"Hundreds of Union soldiers were dead on the parapet of the fort, and in the ditch before it."

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A correspondent of the Charleston Courier, who was witness of the ghastly scene before Fort Wagner, after the Saturday night attack on it, described it in terrible vividness. "Probably no battle-field in the country," he said, "has ever presented such an array of mangled bodies in so small a compass as was to be seen on Sunday morning. The ground in front of the battery was thickly strewn; but in the ditch around the works the dead and wounded, white and black, were literally piled together. Blood, mud, water, brains, and human hair, matted together; men lying in every conceivable attitude, with every conceivable expression upon their countenance; their limbs bent into unnatural shape by the fall of twenty or more feet; the fingers rigid and outstretched as if they had clutched at the earth to save themselves; pale, beseeching faces, looking out from among the ghastly corpses with moans and cries for help and water, and dying gasps and death struggles,—these are some of the details of the horrible picture which the night of Saturday had left to be revealed by the dawn of a peaceful Sabbath."

Yet this was but at a single point after the battle. On both sides of the line drawn, by mutual consent, across the island, during the hours of truce, many dead were buried where they fell. Some of our wounded men just beyond our lines were seen by us to lift themselves up, and strive vainly to save themselves, in the sand hollows, as the incom-

ing tide submerged them inch by inch, before they sank back to die. The greater number of the Union dead were buried by their enemy in a common pit; and their resting-places, with the solitary bodies hurriedly covered in the sand before the fighting was renewed, are unknown and unmarked to the present day.

The body of Colonel Putnam, of the Seventh New Hampshire, who fell while leading his command in the assault, was returned to the Union lines the next day, on request for it by a flag of truce. He was a graduate of West Point, and was well known by the Confederate officers. Special respect was shown to his memory by his enemies. But, on the contrary, the body of Colonel Shaw, of a choice Boston family, who was killed at the head of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored troops, was treated with special indignity, being thrown into the common pit with the soldiers of his command, "under a layer or two of his own dead negroes," as the Charleston Courier reported it. A request for the return of his body was refused at the time Colonel Putnam's body was sent back. Yet Colonel Shaw's name and fame, and the place of his burial, are more prominent in history in consequence. A soldier's burial is in the thought of a soldier as he faces death; but his fame is surer than his burial.

Many a veteran soldier, after such experiences as those of Kinston and Morris Island, mused of

the future, as he toiled and suffered in the dragging siege, or at the perilous front :

"And I wonder, when this has all passed o'er,
And the tattered old stars in triumph wave on
Through street and square, with welcoming roar,
If ever they'll think of us who are gone.

"How we marched together, sound or sick,
Sank in the trench o'er the heavy spade—
How we charged on the guns at double quick,
Kept rank for Death to choose and to pick—
And lay on the bed no fair hands made."

It seems to be an instinct of our human nature to desire to be buried. From time immemorial, among primitive peoples as among the most highly civilized, it has been looked upon as a terrible indignity or misfortune to be left unburied. The lack of burial would have been deemed a Divine judgment among the ancient peoples of the East, and the possibility of such a fate for any one of our dear ones is something from which we cannot but shrink. Moreover, there is a certain comfort, sad though it be, in knowing just where our dead are laid, and having the privilege of visiting the hallowed grave.

In my boyhood home there was, in the village cemetery, a monument over the grave of a British midshipman, who was killed in a boat during the attack on Stonington, in the War of 1812. His body was brought on shore and buried at the time.

After the war his fellow-officers erected this monument to his memory. My mother told me, in my early days, that some years after the war, when a voyage across the ocean was more of an undertaking than a journey round the world is now, an English gentleman, presumably the young midshipman's father, came to the village, and, inquiring about that grave, went out to it to weep there, and to have the slight consolation of being near the spot where his son was laid in the soil of a stranger land. That incident was often in my mind when a request came to me, in my army life, to tell about a soldier's grave, or to assist in sending home a soldier's body.

I knew a Northern mother who lost a loved son in a naval attack on a Southern fort. His body was borne to his home, and his mother found a certain relief in visiting his grave. Another son of that mother was last seen on the field mortally wounded in a great battle. She never knew where was his grave, or whether he was buried. For months she traveled and wrote in vain search of information about him. Ten years after the war she was still as uneasy about him as the week of his death. Yet she had no such anxiety or mental suffering as to the brave son whose grave was in the family burial-place. I saw in her case how much the knowledge of the fact of a soldier's burial might be to the home loved ones.

While we were near the Atlantic coast, in our

army service, it was practicable to send to the North a soldier's body, if it could be obtained from the battle-field and the military authorities would allow it. Often the transportation of bodies on government transports was forbidden during the hotter months, or at any season unless embalmed. In many an instance, as at Morris Island, the body could not be recovered. When a body could be buried in a well-marked grave, and the relatives knew of that fact, it was next best to having it near home, and indeed it left the hope of subsequent recovery of the body. An understanding of this state of things impelled soldiers to make every reasonable effort to secure a fitting burial to their comrades.

While in Virginia, in May, 1864, one day our regiment lost two men on the skirmish line over against the enemy at a point near the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, about eight or nine miles below Richmond. At the close of the day, during a lull in the firing, a grave was dug for those two men just back of the place where they fell. As they were wrapped in their blankets and laid in the grave, a number of their comrades stood about the grave, while I read a few verses from the Bible and spoke words of sympathizing prayer. Just then the enemy opened fire vigorously, and charged down upon our skirmish line. It seemed doubtful for the moment how many would rest in that open grave, but we finished our work and closed the grave.

Two large trees near by were blazed to mark the place. One of those soldiers had a loved and loving home circle in Connecticut; the other was an Englishman, of whose home we knew nothing. The friends of the former were informed of these details.

Two years after the war, at a regimental reunion, the mother of that young Connecticut soldier came to me, and asked about the place of her son's burial. Tenderly I told the story. She listened with a mother's keen interest, and asked me closely about the locality. I did not then suspect her motive in these questions, but a little later I learned that a party from that stricken home had gone to Richmond, and thence down along the Petersburg Railroad to the point I had described; had found the marked trees and the solitary soldier grave, and had brought home the body of the patriot here to rest with his fathers in their Connecticut cemetery. It was good to have had a part in giving that measure of comfort to a desolated home. It was sad to be unable in so many cases to say a word of comfort to those who longed to know where their soldier dead rested.

While at St. Augustine for several months, guarding that fort, with the convalescent hospital there, our regiment had a season of comparative rest after its arduous service in siege life on Morris Island. We then had time to bury the dead leisurely, and there were many dead to bury there, of our men

and of other regiments. More than one new burying-ground was started in some convenient locality near the hospitals and the camps at that time, the signs of which may or may not continue until now. A spot of peculiar interest to soldiers in that quaint old town was the United States burial-ground, where rested the remains of officers and men who fell in the prolonged Seminole war of thirty years before, or where monuments were erected to tell of the dead in that conflict whose bodies could not be recovered. Under three small pyramids of coquina rock, stuccoed and whitened, were buried what could be recovered of the remains of Major Dade and more than a hundred men of his command who were massacred by Osceola and his band during that war. Wherever our service lay, in more active movements or in comparative quiet, we found or we formed soldier graves, and were reminded anew of the strange vicissitudes accompanying soldier burials.

From the prisons and prison hospitals of the South, where so many Union soldiers were confined, and where so many died, multitudes were taken out for burial, and even where the place of their graves was known it was only in exceptional cases that the name of such a dead soldier was marked in enduring form above his grave. Some of these prison cemeteries are still shown and guarded. But the wounded prisoners who died on their way from the battle-field to the prison hos-

pital were buried hurriedly, if at all, with no record or note of their graves.

Yet more of the unburied soldier dead were left on the battle-fields where they fell. Only the wounded could be brought away by the retiring Union forces or taken up to be cared for by the Confederates when they were masters of the field. At the close of the war there were soldier dead on almost every great battle-field in the South, from Bull Run to Appomattox Court House.

It was frequently the case that our army, in fighting or moving over the site of a former battle, came upon evidences of neglect of the dead in the earlier contest. And one of the fearful accompaniments of such a war as this was the offensive poisoning of the air in many instances, during the summer months, by the unburied dead on the field between the opposing lines. Often an arrangement was made by a flag of truce for the hurried burial of these dead where they lay ; but, again, the hourly expectation of a hostile movement stood in the way of such an arrangement.

Even during the last year of the war, in Virginia, where the dead were numbered by thousands in a single great battle, and the soldier graves were great trenches in which the dead were hurriedly laid and quickly covered, the memories which stand out in a chaplain's recollections are of a single soldier grave here and there, where a fallen hero was laid to rest by his loving comrades, and a ten-

der prayer was spoken above him. To say that two thousand or twenty thousand men are killed in a great battle, or that a thousand of the dead are buried in one great trench, produces only a vague impression on the mind at the fullest. There is too much in this to be truly personal to you. But to know one man who is shot down by your side, and to aid in burying him, while his comrades stand with you above his open grave, is a more real matter to you than the larger piece of astounding information.

During a fierce attack on our lines at Bermuda Hundreds, in the spring of 1864, a spherical case shot crashed through the head of a soldier of our regiment not six feet from me, as we stood back of our line of low rifle-pits. His pleasant face actually disappeared as I was looking at it. When a few minutes later, as we, having repelled the attack, had a brief lull there at the front, knowing as we did that we might be ordered elsewhere within an hour, we dug a grave near where that soldier fell, wrapped him in an army blanket, and laid him there at rest. The words of prayer which I then spoke were hearty words, and the soldier hearts which throbbed in sympathetic response were warm and loving hearts. That entire incident occupied scarcely more than thirty minutes. It made no show in the official report, but it filled more hearts than one at the time, and it has a permanent place in my memory.

Not far from that time, while the enemy was still pressing our Bermuda Hundreds front, and firing was going on all along the line, as I was passing from one point to another, through the open woods, I came upon a group of soldiers burying a young patriot who had just fallen at his post. I stopped to offer my services. The dead soldier was hardly more than a boy in years, but he was already a re-enlisted veteran. His arms were still in the position of holding his rifle to cock it for firing. The thumb and forefinger of his right hand were still holding the percussion cap, which he was putting on the nipple of his rifle when a bullet passed through his lips and out through the base of his brain, killing him instantly. An old soldier standing by the grave, who had just lost his own son in battle, pointing to the percussion cap in the death-grip of the young soldier, said in loving, patriotic pride,

"You see, Chaplain, John died doing his duty."

As I spoke tender words of appreciation and sympathy to those dear soldiers, I reminded them that as John died doing his duty, it was for us to live or to die doing our duty. All bared their heads reverently as I prayed for the mourning loved ones of the dead, for us and for ours, and for our struggling country. I heard sobs of sympathetic sorrow from the brave men as they stood for a moment in this duty, before turning again to the sterner realities of our soldier life, of which reminders were coming to us in the passing bullets

and the distant ringing rifles, and I felt how good it was to have the privilege of doing anything for such men in such a cause.

There were little soldier graveyards, or burial-places, all along the front, or just back from the front, on the siege line before Petersburg and Richmond, during that last year of the war. And there were solitary soldier graves here and there, marked by a rudely painted head-board, made from the cover of a cracker-box, or of an ammunition-box, giving the name and battalion and date of death of the dead soldier. In the nature of things, there could be no permanency to these graves as resting-places for the dead, but they bore witness to the natural desire of men to bury their dead, and to mark the hallowed spot, if by any means they might do so.

Before Petersburg there seemed to be army graves, as there were death-dealing batteries, everywhere. Away at the front, before our regimental quarters, there was a single grave on a barren sand-hill. Two or three graves under a solitary tree were not far from there. Half a dozen graves in a row were on the plain below. Other graves apart or collected were on this side and that. Yet there was no rest there, even in death. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry shook continually the narrow beds of those worn-out soldiers. Often the thin covering of the grave was torn off by a cannon-shot. I saw a shell strike and explode in the very center of a Pennsylvania soldier's grave,

but a few yards from me, as if to arouse him again to action, and remind him that he might not sleep while the war went on.

There before Petersburg it seemed at times hard either to keep out of the grave, or to keep in one's grave, or to get one to his grave. It was toilsome living or dying in that terrible siege. At points the advanced vidette-pits of the two sides were within a stone's throw of each other, and within short rifle range of the main works. When hostilities were most active, it was not an easy matter to get to, or to get from, a vidette-pit, and one must keep under close cover while there. Men on duty there could be relieved only by night, and then as quietly as possible. If a soldier raised head or hand above the low earth bank by day, "chew" came a bullet past him, or "chug" came a bullet into him. In some cases the soft crown of the low bank of those pits was actually cut down from six to twelve inches—chipped away by repeated bullet-hits—in one busy day, and must be repaired by the new comers, during the night, for the day following. Twenty-four hours of unrelieved round of duty in such a place was a long time for any man.

One day in September an enlisted man of our regiment, in one of those pits, showed his head above the mound for a moment. A bullet crashed through his forehead, and he fell back unconscious. His sole comrade in the pit, who was as brave and

daring a soldier as could be found in the regiment, knew that an attempt to get his wounded companion to the rear would be certain death. No stretcher corps could come to his relief before dark. There was nothing left for the lonely watcher but to *wait.* And wait he did, nine weary, dreary hours, until the night came with its welcome cover. Cramped in that close clay pit, by the side of his bleeding, moaning, dying fellow; unable to lift himself for a full change of posture; helpless to give, or to seek, relief for the speechless sufferer; in the heat of a burning sun, and again in the drenching of a pouring rain; now brushing the flies from the upturned, disfigured face; now giving scanty drops of water to moisten the parching lips of the wounded and dying veteran; now shielding that face from the force of the beating shower,— he passed the long hours of the dragging day, longing for darkness, and feeling that it would never come. "I tell you, Chaplain," he said, "they were long hours." And they were.

The dying soldier was a jovial, kindly, popular, and daring man, a favorite with all the regiment. He was known to all by the familiar name of "Muggins." There was a sense of more than common loss, that night, in camp, when the bleeding form was laid in a low splinter-proof before headquarters, where we watched his heavy breathing, and looked into his familiar, now unresponsive, face, while kind yet unheeded words were spoken

to him, until just past the midnight hour, when so many souls take flight, and he gave his last labored, low sob, and all was still.

We could have no gatherings at that time in our camp, in sight of the enemy. A public funeral was out of the question. Yet we must risk something in loving regard of that soldier's memory. A grave was dug for him just back of our camp. In the morning a few of us gathered about it, as his body was laid to rest. As I stood at the head of that grave, facing the men, with my back to the enemy's works, reading a few comforting words of Scripture, I heard the shriek of a coming shell, and knew that the enemy had observed our gathering and opened fire on the group. It was evident by the looks and the movements of those near us that the aim and range were good, but that comrade should have a Christian burial at any cost. Again and again a shell exploded above us, and its hurtling fragments buried themselves in the earth about us. Yet the burial of that soldier was undisturbed, and the yellow earth was rounded above that grave. Whatever happened to it afterwards, it will stand in the memory of every one of us, and of many to whom we told of it, as a representative soldier grave, where was a representative soldier burial in those trenches before Petersburg.

Just back from the front, along the Richmond and Petersburg lines, among the business firms striving to obtain custom from the army in the line

of soldier needs or soldier wants, were at one time two rival embalmers, ready to prepare soldier bodies for sending North to their relatives in accordance with government requirements. These concerns would send their teams along the front advertising their business, and asking for patronage. Their handbills were headed seductively, "The Honored Dead," and their appeals were an incongruous mixture of the claims of sentiment and the cash cost of caring for a dead comrade. One of these embalmers, while receiving an unusual number of fresh subjects for his care, after another fierce battle, gave expression to his quickened sense of the fearful cost of the prolonged conflict in spite of the commercial aspects of his personal self-interest, in the words:

"Chaplain, I should be glad to have this terrible war end, even though peace would greatly interfere with my business."

The saddest soldier grave in army fields was the grave of a deserter, and I saw many such graves in the last year of the war. The grave was dug on the field while the soldier was still living. He knelt at its open mouth with his arms bound behind him and his eyes blindfolded, and there he was shot down in cold blood by fellow-soldiers. Buried quickly in that grave, he had no stone or board to mark his resting-place. His body could not be recovered by friends. If shot under a feigned name, as was often the case, he was not

even known in his home circle as a deserter, but he was counted as one of the honored dead of the war, or as one of the many, many "missing."

In December, 1864, as I rode with a companion out on the Darbytown road below Richmond, as we neared the extreme front, and were listening to the clearly heard voices of the enemy over the line, with the sound of an occasional woodchopper's ax in that direction, we were surprised at the sudden appearance of a party coming up from our rear, comprising four or five enlisted men bearing a plain coffin. They had ventured out thus far to secure the body of a sergeant from a New York regiment, buried on the field where he fell some months before. His grave was just at our feet, not three rods from our advanced vidette line. One of the party was a younger brother of the dead soldier. He had taken his brother's place as sergeant. Poor fellow! he deemed it dearly bought promotion. When the grave was opened he turned aside to weep, and with tearful eyes he told me how that noble brother had stood, and had fallen, true to Christ and true to his country.

As the body, wrapped in a soldier blanket, was laid in the coffin, the soft strains of distant music from an enemy's band came floating up on the early evening air, as though to sound a requiem over the soldier dead. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the refilled grave, as we turned toward our camp again, and as one more soldier's

body was moving from its battle-field grave to its grave among the home loved ones, who were now to have the sacred privilege, which was denied to so many friends of a dead soldier, of knowing and visiting his grave.

It was not until after the war was closed, and I passed over some of the great battle-fields of months or of years before, that I came to realize how large a proportion of the soldier dead were never buried, even in a hurried way, at the time, and where, they fell ; and how small indeed must have been the number relatively of those dead whose bodies finally reached their home burial-places, to have their graves flower-bestrewed by their own dear ones on each recurring Memorial Day. Our regiment was stationed just above Richmond from April to September, 1865. In brief rides about the country at that time, I visited not only the fields of General Grant's great battles of 1864, but those of General McClellan in 1862. At Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, for example, there were still to be seen many traces of the fierce fight there three years before. Uncovered bones were still to be found, and many more had been covered for the first time within the last few weeks. Here and there, where was the memory of a particularly desperate charge, green spots dotted the surface, where the richer than wonted luxuriance of Southern vegetation showed that the fertile soil of Virginia was further enriched with Northern patriot blood.

My immediate companion, an army surgeon, seemed to consider some of these relics rather as a man of science than as the loyal patriot that he was. Pointing to the low forehead of one bleached skull, he said :

" Not much intellect there ! "

That poor soldier may have been brave and true, even though not a scholar.

Taking up the thigh-bone of another soldier, not far from that skull, he said, in an approving tone :

" There was good blood there ; there's the right curve to that femur."

Sorrow had shaded a home of refinement when that soldier fell.

In a swamp near by was many a heap where earth had been thrown hurriedly over a body, only to be washed off by the coming rains, leaving the wasting remains partially or wholly exposed. By the trunk of a fallen tree one soldier had died. He may have been shot while on duty there, or he may have crawled, when wounded, to a protecting cover, and there died. No grave had been dug for him, but a few shovelfuls of earth had been thrown over his body against the tree-trunk, only to be washed off by the coming rains, leaving him there in his unmarked and solitary resting-place. And there were similar signs of the long-unburied soldier dead at Gaines's Mill and at Mechanicsville.

At Cold Harbor, also visited at that time, there had been burial-parties sent out by the Christian

Commission to bury the bodies which had lain uncared for for a twelvemonth. Officers and men were buried together, fifty in one grave, seventy-five in another, a hundred in another,—hundreds and hundreds in all. And these were but typical battle-fields of the war, as to our soldier dead.

Three years after the war, I attended Memorial Day services in Richmond, on May 29, for the Confederate dead, and on May 30 for the Union soldiers. Both were sincere and pathetic services.

> "Love and tears for the blue,
> Tears and love for the gray."

In Hollywood Cemetery, the wealth and fashion of Richmond, and very many of the humble poor of the city, brought their floral tributes to the graves of their soldier dead. Every grave had its floral offering, although, of course, some had more mourners than others. Fine private carriages stood near the entrance. Public stages, old ambulances, and army wagons, brought their loads. Children from the orphan asylum walked in procession with their fragrant burdens. Negroes carried baskets and trays full of flowers to testify their regard for those whom they had served in life, and now honored in death.

The national cemetery was just out of the city, on the Williamsburg road. There, in a large enclosure, the tasteful grounds of which were laid out with military precision, were the green mounds

covering more than six thousand soldiers of the government who had died in its defense. Some of them fell on the great battle-fields, at the gates of this long-beleaguered city; some gave up their lives at a solitary outpost or on the advanced skirmish lines; others pined away and died on Belle Island, in the tobacco warehouses, or in the gloomy Libby Prison. Little did any of them think, in the hour of dark defeat or of weary imprisonment, that their remains would be watched and tended, and even flower-bedecked, here in the very stronghold they vainly sought to subdue. But now each grave was mounded and marked. On its neat head-board was given the name and battalion of the dead hero, if known, or the simple legend, "Unknown U. S. Soldier," which made his grave as sacred as a corps commander's. On a lofty staff above a prominent mound in the center of the enclosure, the American flag was kept flying from sunrise to sunset every day in the year.

Most touching of all the observances of that Memorial Day, thus early after the war, was the planting of a tiny United States flag above each grave at the close of the opening prayer. None of the freely lavished floral offerings could so touch a soldier's heart as that flag above his comrade's grave. For love of that flag the soldier had battled, endured, and died. It represented all that he loved and lived for, and for which he gave up his life. Six thousand national flags in a single

Richmond cemetery was a sight to thank God for. Upward of ten thousand visitors in that one day honored those soldier dead. Most of the visitors were white citizens; yet the negroes also came there to that shrine of liberty, from the gray-haired, bowed old patriarch down to the toddling child, bringing fresh flowers as the offering of grateful hearts to the memory of those whose dying won their freedom.

At the close of the war, at least a half-million Union soldiers lay dead on the fields where they fell, or in burial-places near by.

> "Count who can the fields they've pressed,
> Each face to the solemn sky."

Three hundred and twenty-five thousand of these soldier dead now rest in eighty-three national cemeteries, owned and tended by the United States Government, at various points from New York to San Francisco, and from Florida to Iowa. They were gathered into these sacred enclosures from more than a hundred battle-fields and scores of army hospitals and prison stockades, South and North. Thousands upon thousands more lie in city and village cemeteries, and in smaller family burial-places all our country over. Yet unnumbered others, buried hastily where they fell, or left unburied, singly or in groups, at out-of-the-way places in the extensive country fought over by our armies, were never recovered, and the traces of their last

lonely bivouac are finally lost to sight. Even of the third of a million graves in our national cemeteries, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand bear the mark "Unknown," and no loved one can claim a personal interest in them.

Whether in a known or an unknown grave, the soldier who died that his country might live, who fell that we and ours might continue to rise, is deserving of loving honor to the end of time. Of these dead soldiers, of their work, and of their worth, Lord, keep our memory green!

CHAPTER X

UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE

For two parties to be engaged in a life-and-death struggle, each striving to the utmost to destroy the other, and yet each willing to respect and heed a white flag displayed by his opponent, not as a sign of surrender and submission, but as a sign of a desire for a temporary cessation of hostilities and a courteous conference over matters of greater or less importance, seems strangely inconsistent. But inconsistent as this custom may seem, it has a substantial basis, and it is an exhibit of one of the best sides of human nature.

It seems to show that "civilized warfare" is not a mere manifestation of barbarism and brute force, but is an outgrowth, or a survival, of the primitive idea that an appeal to arms in a matter of important difference is an appeal to God, or to the gods, for a decision on the submitted issue. Thus, for instance, in the case of David and Goliath, of Achilles and Hector, of the Horatii and the Curatii, and in many a like combat in earlier and later days. A flag of truce in warfare is therefore expressive of that reverence which should be felt

by those who are in God's service even in their fighting, and who would be fair and honorable in their dealings with those with whom they contend before God in a matter of life and death.

In this sense it was that the old feudal nobles of Europe, in their continual conflicts, were accustomed, for centuries, to observe religiously the "Truce of God," or the "Peace of God," during which they were to refrain from all aggressive movements on ecclesiastical fasts and feasts, and at other seasons designated by the Church. And therefore it is that the wilful violation of a flag of truce at the present day by a commander in an important contest shocks the civilized world as an inhuman and godless action.

My earliest memories of the term "a flag of truce," with its strange import and involvings, go back to the time when, as a child, in my native place, at Stonington, Connecticut, at the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, I listened to the recital by my mother of her experiences as a young girl during the war with England in 1812-14. In August, 1814, a British fleet, under Commodore Hardy, which had for some time been blockading the entrance to the harbor, made an attack on Stonington, and attempted its destruction by bombardment and the landing of an armed force. It was in the story of that attack and the incidents that preceded and followed it that my mother told of flags of truce, and impressed my young mind

with the strange anomaly of amicable conferences between those who were preparing for deadly conflict.

She told of that ninth day of August when her father came hurriedly into the house to tell his wife and child that they must leave immediately for the home of a relative, a mile or so above the village, for the village itself would soon be bombarded and burned by the British fleet. He said that a boat from Commodore Hardy had just come in, under a flag of truce, bringing a message that one hour would be given for the removal of the women and children from the village before the village itself should be destroyed.

Then she told of the hurrying of many, with such of their personal possessions as they could carry, out of the village into the country, with mingled feelings of wonder and dread until they had reached places of comparative safety, while the able-bodied men of the village prepared for resistance. She described vividly the strange sight when, after dark, they could see signs of the progressing battle in the streaming Congreve rockets, and the fire-tracked bombs, and the burning incendiary carcasses, with the glare of an occasional blazing building; and when, in the morning, they could hear the sound of cannon and musketry, while they were in anxious suspense as to their fathers and brothers, or husbands and sons, or friends and neighbors, battling in the cloud of smoke in the distance. I suf-

fered in imagination with those beleaguered villagers until my mother reached the point in her story where, on that next day, the 10th of August, the firing ceased, and the glad news came that the enemy was repulsed with a severe loss, while only one villager was wounded. How my young heart bounded with joy and pride over that! And thus it was that I took my first lesson in patriotism and in the realities of war.

"But what," I asked curiously, "is 'a flag of truce'?"

My mother explained to me its meaning; and to make it more real she took from a bureau drawer a large white towel which had been actually used as a flag of truce in a visit to the British fleet, when my father, then a young unmarried man, had gone with an older citizen, bearing a message of explanation to Commodore Hardy. At this, I went to my father to learn more about that special flag of truce. He told of the circumstances of its sending, and of its polite reception. He and his colleague were received on board the flagship Ramilies, and conducted to the cabin to see Commodore Hardy.

Commodore Hardy was captain of the Victory, the flagship of Admiral Nelson, at the time of that hero's death, at the battle of Trafalgar, and it was to him that Lord Nelson said, "Kiss me, Hardy, before I die." My father said that after the message of the Stonington embassy had been accepted graciously, Commodore Hardy, in saying a few

pleasant words to the visitors, pointed to a lounge, or settee, in the cabin, which he had brought from his old ship Victory, and said :

"It may interest you, gentlemen, to know that on that couch Lord Nelson lay in his death, after I had given him my parting embrace."

As I looked at that simple towel, with its historic associations, preserved in our home as a memorable relic, a "flag of truce," as described by my parents, had a very real significance to me. And when, long years after, I came to be personally familiar with flags of truce, and on more than one occasion to approach, or to pass beyond, the enemy's lines under such a flag, I had always more or less of those impressions concerning it which were burned into my mind in my boyhood years.

In our Civil War the use of flags of truce was frequent and various. Besides those occasions when the opposing authorities desired to arrange for the care of the wounded and the burial of the dead, the exchange of prisoners, the passage of a civilian through the lines, and such matters as are often the subject of formal negotiation and conference between belligerents, there were times when the peculiar circumstances of the opposing parties led to the unauthorized but kindly use of what passed for a flag of truce, and which evidenced the real brotherhood of those who were arrayed against each other as enemies.

During such protracted sieges as that of Vicks-

burg, of Charleston, and of Petersburg and Richmond, where men stood over against each other, within sight and call, for weeks or months together, those who were ready to give battle earnestly when the occasion called for zealous struggle were not willing to shoot each other down in cold blood in every-day siege life, where there was nothing to be gained by such murderous acts, and where men lacked the excitement of battle, or the pressure of patriotic duty, to impel them to action. In this state of things there grew up a peculiar custom. A man, on the one side or the other, would hold up prominently a white handkerchief, or a sheet of white paper, as a sign of desire for a tacit or informal truce. If it were responded to by a similar sign on the opposite side, and not at once forbidden by the officer in command, it was accepted by all as binding both sides to refrain from any offensive movement for the time being.

Often at such times the men would jump over their rifle-pits, or embankments, and meet each other peacefully between the lines, swapping coffee, of which the Union soldiers had an abundance, for tobacco, with which the Confederates were well supplied; exchanging newspapers, bartering "hard tack" for corn-cake, conversing pleasantly, or bantering each other with good-natured references to their local peculiarities. Sometimes two opponents would sit down on the ground for a friendly game of cards. If firing were heard, at the right or left,

which seemed to indicate a renewal of hostilities, or if a call came from an officer on either side, at once the men jumped back into their own lines, and made ready for fresh combat with their quondam friends.

In some cases old acquaintances recognized each other, or relatives met face to face. On one occasion, before Petersburg, a Union regiment from Maryland, serving with our brigade, was over against a Confederate regiment from the same state. During one of these tacit truces, as the men of the two brigades were together between the lines of works, a father in the Maryland Union regiment met his son, a soldier in the Maryland Confederate regiment. The meeting was a surprise to both, but it was an amicable one. Each soldier had been true to his own convictions. The old man was loyal to the flag he had loved and honored from his youth. The young man had been carried away by the excitement which swept so many of his companions into the opposing ranks. They greeted each other affectionately, and talked together until the signal came for the ending of the truce, when they sprang apart, each to his own lines, and again they were over against each other in deadly conflict. This seemed strange, but it was typical of the whole great war.

A fine sense of honor prevailed in the general recognition of the sacredness of these informal and tacit truces. Men would not fire at each other, at

the close of one of these seasons, until both parties had had time to settle down to business again. If, on any occasion, an officer seemed to lack consideration for those who were on such friendly terms, his men were quite likely to feel that their "friends the enemy" ought to be notified of the fact.

"Yanks, keep your heads under to-day. We've got an officer of the day on who wants us to be firing all the time; so look out."

This was the call that came to us one day across the lines at Petersburg; and it was naturally heeded, behind the low earthworks which guarded our front at that point. Such fairness was sure to meet with a like return. Officers generally, however, on both sides, recognized the true state of things, and were not willing to take any unfair advantage of it.

One evening, at the Petersburg front, several Confederate soldiers dragged a man of our brigade into their lines, at the close of one of these seasons of truce; and they took him as a prisoner into the presence of their commander, General Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia (now Judge Pryor of New York). The Union soldier protested, and told his story. General Pryor turned to his men, and asked if this was the truth. When they admitted that it was, he said quietly to our man:

"Go back, then, to your own lines;" and he added to the captors:

"Let him go back. I don't want anything of this sort in my command."

There is not an old soldier who knew of this who is not ready to this day to cheer for General Pryor for his chivalry and fairness as shown in this transaction.

An exceptional experience to which I was called in North Carolina, in connection with a flag of truce, illustrates a peculiar phase of this kind of army service. In December, 1862, at the time of General Burnside's attack on Fredericksburg, Virginia, General Foster made a move into the interior of North Carolina, with the purpose of destroying the bridge at Goldsboro', on the Weldon Railroad, so as to cut off the retreat of General Lee in that direction, in case General Burnside's attack was successful.

In a severe battle at Kinston, on December 14, my regiment suffered heavily, and I buried on the field three of our line officers and a large number of enlisted men. After our work at Goldsboro' was accomplished, and we had returned to New Berne, a request was made of the Confederate officer in command for permission to recover the bodies of those officers. Consent being granted, I was directed to accompany the flag of truce, in command of Major Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, for that purpose.

On the morning of Tuesday, December 30, our party, consisting of four officers and twenty men, with two ambulances containing coffins, left General Foster's headquarters on our peaceful mission.

Out on the road we had passed and repassed in such force two weeks before, we soon reached our outer picket line, and went beyond it. Then it was that we were fairly under the flag of truce. We no longer trusted to the Stars and Stripes. Not the flag of the United States government, but the white flag of universal peace, was over us, and we had confidence in it. A sergeant bearing the flag rode a few paces in advance of our party, as we proceeded toward Kinston. About two o'clock we saw the enemy's picket line some twenty miles from New Berne. Moving forward more slowly, we were met by Lieutenant Hanna, of a North Carolina regiment, who conducted us to Captain Shaw of the same command. Having communicated to him our message, we were told that we must wait for an answer from General Evans, in command at Kinston, some twenty miles distant. This would require several hours, and we could stop for the night at a farmhouse near the picket line. Accordingly we rested there.

A glimpse was thus afforded us of a plain home within the Confederate lines in war time. The men of the house were off at war. The wife and mother was in charge. She was no more inquisitive than a Northern woman would have been, but, like many another person whom I had met in her region, she had only vague ideas of the North and the Union army. At Little Washington, a few weeks before, a man whom I met inquired :

"How big's the Norf? Big as New Berne?"

New Berne was the largest city he had ever seen, and it was consequently his measure of magnitude. After all, our ideals are in the main based on our experiences and observations. What we have seen limits and shapes what we imagine.

This woman had evidently known a few persons who hailed from the North, and she thought they might be in the "Northern army."

"Be thar' ony Harrisons in yer army?" she asked.

This was a large question for one man to answer. Surmising what prompted her question, I responded inquiringly:

"Did you ever know a man named Harrison?"

"Yas."

"Where was he from?"

"The North."

"What was his business?"

"Sellin' clocks."

Then I thought I could locate the part of Connecticut he came from.

She brought to us part of a quarto volume of a government report of a survey of lines for the Pacific Railroad. One cover was gone, and about one-third of the leaves.

"Her's a book yur army dropped when it went along," she said. "Some o't's gone; but ther's a good deal o't left."

She said this as if a book were sold by the pound,

regardless of its completeness or continuity. It evidently had no other value to *her*. We saw that it must have been taken by our soldiers from some house below, a portion of it torn off, and the remainder thrown away. Thanking her for her kindness, we declined to reclaim it. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, the officers sleeping indoors on the floor, and the men outside.

It was nearly noon the next day before the messenger came back from General Evans. The General said that one officer, unattended, could come on to Kinston. A driver would be furnished on that side of the lines for a single ambulance with the coffins, and all needful assistance would be furnished by the Confederate authorities. As I was the only officer who knew just where our officers were buried, I was necessarily designated for this service. Parting with the others, I put myself under the Confederate cavalry escort, and started on toward Kinston.

This was a new experience. No longer under the Stars and Stripes, nor yet under a white flag, I came under the Stars and Bars, and committed myself, nothing doubting, to those whom our men had striven so earnestly to destroy when I passed up that road before. Not a Union soldier was near me. In spite of my confidence, there was a feeling of strangeness as we turned away from our men and went forward with the enemy into the enemy's

"I put myself under the Confederate cavalry escort."

country. Every attention that could promote my comfort was shown by Lieutenant Hines, of the Sixty-third North Carolina regiment, in command of the cavalry escort, and I conversed pleasantly with him as I rode by his side.

It is the privilege of an enemy, receiving an officer on such a mission, to bind him by his word of honor not to divulge, to the opponent's injury, any fact obtained by him while thus a guest. Or, he may be blindfolded while passing any fortification or other important point, a knowledge of which might give his side an important advantage subsequently. I have been blindfolded, and have been paroled, under such circumstances, but no such precaution was taken in this case. It was therefore my patriotic *duty* to observe every fact calculated to advantage my government, and to obtain all the information any one would give me while on this side the lines.

Signs of war were visible on every side. The fences had been destroyed by our men as they marched and bivouacked. The fields were tracked and torn by artillery or army wagons. New earthworks had been thrown up across the road, and at points on either side, since our forces had retired. Negroes were still at work on these extra defenses. Soldiers were on duty at various points, and officers were busy in carrying out the orders of their commanders. It would not be so easy as before for General Foster to reach Kinston, if he should now attempt it, expensive as was his first advance.

As we came in sight of Kinston, across the Neuse River, I recognized the several points of chief interest on this side, where was the gallant charge and the heavy loss of the regiment I loved. Yonder was where so many of our men went down. There was the little Baptist chapel, within and behind which sharpshooters had picked off officers and men. On this side and the other of the road were the houses we had made use of for temporary hospitals. It was nearer the bridge where I had buried our officers. I had carefully noted the spot, and thither I was at once conducted.

We reached the place about four o'clock. I was received by Colonel Moore and Major Bryan, of General Evans's staff, accompanied by Dr. De Fontaine, formerly a correspondent of the New York Herald, and now a correspondent of the Charleston Courier. Colonel Moore had been prominent as the messenger between the authorities of South Carolina and Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, at the breaking out of the war. Both he and Major Bryan were from Charleston. I having pointed out the graves of our three officers, negroes were directed to exhume the bodies, while I stood near.

Meantime, Confederate officers crowded about to see and hear the "Yankee chaplain;" and they plied me with curious questions, or made comments on recent events in Virginia or North Carolina. A Major McNeill was there. He had been a secretary of the American Bible Society in New York

City before the war. He and I had many friends in common. Although a clergyman, he was now a major of cavalry. A Captain McClennahan who was there had been in General McGruder's division when, at Malvern Hills, it had charged on a battery commanded by my brother, Major Trumbull, and been repulsed with fearful loss. Dr. De Fontaine had been a student in the Yale Medical School in 1857-58. He, also, knew many of my friends in Connecticut.

While speaking with entire freedom, so far as I could do so, in this conversation, I did not hesitate to decline to give a reply when I felt that to be my duty. There was no lack of deferential considerateness on either side. Only a single incident broke in on the harmony of the interview. As I stood in this group, an officer with flushed face and excited manner came up from a distance, and, pushing his way through the others, spoke defiantly and profanely of the "Yankee officer" and the "Yankee nation." At once he was rebuked by several officers, and one of them said positively:

"This chaplain is our guest, and he must be treated courteously."

With a vindictive glare in his face, the excited officer slunk away. The next time I saw that face was the year following, when I was a prisoner in a Charleston hospital. These two interviews wellnigh brought me to the gallows on the charge of being a spy. But I had little thought of this on

that December day in Kinston. It is in my mind now, however, when I recall that incident and that vindictive look.

It was after dark before the three bodies were in their coffins and the ambulance was ready with its gruesome burden. Then I mounted my horse again, and was on my way down the New Berne road, in the care of Lieutenant Hines and his cavalry escort.

It was a chilly December evening. I had not had a morsel to eat since leaving the place of my last night's sleep. I was hungry and cold. The day's ride had been tedious, notwithstanding the objects of interest to be observed. Ordinarily, on a march with my own command, I could vary the gait of my horse, and quicken my blood, by an occasional gallop, in going to the advance or the rear for a time, and returning to my place in the column. But now I must keep constantly by the side of my escorting officer, and conform my pace to his, which was a uniform cavalry slow trot or jog. This was monotonously tiresome, as we kept on hour after hour at the rate of not more than three miles an hour. Now, in the darkness, it was doubly trying. An hour had at least a hundred and twenty minutes in it, and I wondered if the end would ever come.

Lieutenant Hines sent one of his men on in advance to announce our coming to a planter whose house was on the road about six or seven miles

from Kinston, and to notify the planter to provide supper and lodging for our party. It seemed as if we should never reach there; but at last the lights of the plantation house were seen ahead, and then we were soon before its entrance. Light seemed never more welcome than as it shone through the windows and out of the open door, as the planter showed himself to give his rough but hearty welcome, when the sound of our horses' hoofs and the clanking of the cavalry sabers announced our arrival at a place of rest.

"Glad to see you," he called out, "even though you bring a cussed Yankee with you. Come in, all of you. Come in."

Inside the house, in the principal room, a table was spread which was more than tempting. Light, warmth from a blazing fire, steaming food on the table, all were attractive. Before we sat down to supper, the planter offered "apple jack" (cider brandy) to all. He appeared surprised that I declined it. As he passed into the back room, he said, with a peculiar emphasis:

"Yank don't know what's good for him, if he won't drink this."

I noticed a look of meaning in his eye, as he again proffered me a drink. At once I stepped toward the back room door, and said:

"I don't care for any apple jack; but I would like a drink of water, if you'll be kind enough to give it to me."

He went at once to a bucket of water, and, taking out a dipperful, he handed it to me as I came into the rear room. He pressed my arm as I took the dipper, and said earnestly, in a low tone:

"I've got to cuss you while these fellows are 'round; but I'm with you, heart and soul. I'm a Union man through and through."

That "cup of cold water" in a strange land refreshed me. It improved even my keen appetite, as I sat down with the others at the well-filled table. There were roast fresh pork, baked sweet potatoes, hot corn-cake, fresh Southern "beaten" biscuit, and "Confederate coffee," made of burnt and ground corn, with hot milk and sugar, very palatable at such a time to tired and hungry guests.

It was nearly midnight when I went upstairs to bed. It had been months since I had had the luxury of a bed to sleep in. The best bedroom in the house was assigned to me. I was alone in it, although a cavalry man was to sleep on the floor in the hallway before my closed door. Hardly had I entered my room when my host appeared through another door, and greeted me with heartful earnestness.

He told of the widespread Union feeling in the state among soldiers and civilians. He said that only military power kept it down.

"We're worse off than ever the nigger slaves were," he added.

He told of the arrests and imprisonments that

followed our recent military advance into the state. Many had been sent to Salisbury on the charge of showing sympathy with the Union army. He wanted to do anything in his power to help the Union cause, and he longed for the triumph of the Federal government. He asked me to call on a nephew of his in New Berne, and he wished me to take for myself a fine horse which was now in the care of his nephew.

While thanking him for his proffer, I declined to accept the gift. I was afraid, for his sake, that his visit to my room might be discovered, and he suffer harm, and I urged him to leave. It was long past midnight when he finally left me. As to his earnestness and sincerity there was no room for doubt. His story was confirmed when I was again in New Berne; and I afterward learned that he was soon arrested and shut in prison for his discovered Union sentiments.

That was the last night of the year 1862. At midnight, when 1863 was ushered in, as I stood conversing in that bedchamber of a Union planter of the South, while I was under a flag of truce within the enemy's lines, guarded by soldiers of the "Southern Confederacy," the New Year brought with it the operation of President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation to all the slaves within the bounds of that Confederacy. As when a great light shined into the gloomy prison at Jerusalem, and a messenger of God wakened Peter from his sleep,

and his chains fell off as he rose to his feet, while none of the guards were alarmed or realized the occurrence, a great light now shined into the gloom of the Southern bondman's prison, and a messenger of God told him that he was a slave no more. The shackles fell at one stroke from four millions of bondmen, and the agonizing prayers that for long years had gone up from weary-hearted fathers and mothers and children for help from God, according to Daniel's prophecy, so dear to them, of the "king of the North's" final triumph over the South, were answered in God's good time and way.

Like many another great historic event, the emancipation of the slaves came without observation; but it is looked back to with amazement and gratitude. That night is a night to be much observed, to all generations.

After a night of refreshing rest, I rose, on that New Year's morning, and started again with the cavalry escort. We rode at the same monotonous gait some twenty-five miles, displaying a flag of truce after we had passed the line of Confederate pickets, until we were met by a flag of truce from our lines, on the watch for us. Being transferred to the new escort, I proceeded gladly to New Berne, reaching General Foster's headquarters about dark to report my safe return.

CHAPTER XI

PRISON EXPERIENCES

To die in battle, falling at the front in a conflict worthy of one's life struggle, seems a fitting end to a soldier's earthly career. A Christian soldier can anticipate that with a measure of restful satisfaction, and his loved ones can look back upon it with a sense of its exalted fitness. But to be disarmed and held a captive, and to languish on in inactivity while his companions continue in the fight to which he gave himself so heartily, is a fate from which the soldier mind recoils, and which he who loves the soldier cannot contemplate without a shudder.

The sufferings and endurances of prisoners of war form a dark chapter in the record of great military operations all along the later centuries, and commanders and governments are often more severely criticised for their treatment of soldier prisoners than for murderous conduct in the field in the most relentless warfare. It seems to many that the imprisonment of a soldier is in itself unsoldierly; while but few are ready to recognize the fact that prisoners of war are a mark of positive progress in humanity, in civilization, and in a rev-

erent recognition of the sacredness of life and of the common brotherhood of man.

In the earlier ages, men who gave deadly battle to one another were supposed to yield, in that very act, their right to live if overborne and subdued. In those days, it was in many countries supposed to be a duty of the conqueror to offer the lives of those captured in battle in sacrifice to the god in whose name he went out to war. In other lands, again, the captives were deemed the property possession of the captors, to be made use of as slaves in such manner as would best meet the needs of those who had overborne them. It was only after centuries of progress that the idea gained a place in the human heart, that the soldier who was a captive in honorable warfare was a captive only during the continuance of that warfare, and was entitled to his life and to its protection and support by his captors until the proper time for his honorable release and untrammeled freedom. Then was the beginning of the peculiar experiences of prisoners of war as we now understand the term.

Prisoners taken in the earlier engagements of our Civil War were in some instances paroled and released on the battlefield at the close of the engagement, to be exchanged and set free for renewed active service when a cartel should be agreed on for such exchanges. In other cases they were from the first held as prisoners of war, in jails or forts, or other buildings set apart for the purpose, on the one

side or the other, while awaiting formal exchange. Not until more than a year had passed was a cartel agreed on between the contending authorities for a general exchange of prisoners. After that the exchanges were for a time comparatively prompt and regular. Again, there were occasional interruptions to the operation of the cartel from one cause and another. During the last year of the war, it was in accordance with the policy of General Grant to send back no soldiers to resume fighting in the Confederate army, even though Union soldiers could be secured in exchange. Then all exchanges were intermitted; and this policy inevitably caused much discomfort and suffering on both sides, as necessarily incident to such a conflict as ours, and as a part of the great cost of final peace and order.

The Rev. Hiram Eddy, chaplain of the First Connecticut Regiment, was taken prisoner in the battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, and confined for eleven months in what was known as the "Tobacco Warehouse Prison," in Richmond. Soon after his exchange and release, I was appointed to the chaplaincy of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, already in the field, and he preached the sermon at my ordination. A year from that day I recalled his sermon from my quarters as a prisoner of war in Richland Jail, Columbia, South Carolina. I had already had experiences as a prisoner in Charleston Jail, and I was subsequently an inmate of Libby Prison, in Richmond. Some of my experiences in

prison life are as vivid as any recollections of camp or campaigning in more active service, and they go to make up the lights and shadows of a chaplain's war memories.

It was on Saturday evening, July 18, 1863, that General Gillmore made his disastrous assault on Fort Wagner, at the entrance to Charleston Harbor. The next day the dead, and many of the wounded, lay on the sand plain and among the sand hills between that fort and the outer line of the Union works, then held by our brigade. A flag of truce arranged for a cessation of hostilities, in order to bury the dead and remove the wounded. At the suggestion of one of my commanders, I went out on the field to render such assistance as I could in the line of ministry to the wounded. My tent-mate and intimate friend, Adjutant Camp, accompanied me. As we were moving along in the prosecution of my work, we were met by a Confederate officer and three or four men who were on a similar humane mission. The officer claimed that we had passed the truce line agreed on, although it was unmarked, between the two forces, and that we were in consequence his prisoners. When we protested against being thus held, as we were still very near our works, and at a much greater distance from the enemy's, we were assured that the commanding general would not wish to take any advantage of an unintentional mistake as to the truce line at such a time, but that we must be detained until he

authorized our return. It was thus that I came to be a prisoner of war.

While awaiting a decision in our case from General Hagood, in command on the island, we conversed pleasantly with a group of Confederate officers who gathered about us. Among these was Captain Thomas Y. Simons, of Charleston, a Yale graduate of the class of 1847. We found that we had a number of friends in common with him, and we talked freely with him and with the others of the causes and possible outcome of the great conflict in progress. He was an original secessionist, heartily in favor of disunion, and was sure that the independence of the South was the predetermined and only possible result of the Civil War.

When word came back from General Hagood, referring the ultimate decision of our case to General Ripley at Charleston, we were led up the island. Our eyes were blindfolded while passing the works of the enemy, so that we should not have any important information to carry back in case of our release. As the armistice was now at an end, there was a resumption of picket-firing on both sides. Led along by an enemy in utter darkness, while rifle-shots were heard in front and rear, and an occasional bullet whistled inconveniently near us, it was not a pleasant thought that we might be shot in the back by our friends, without the satisfaction of feeling that any good to us or to our cause was likely to come of it. Reaching Cum-

mings Point, we rested for several hours, with the privilege of looking about us.

Here was the battery which had played so important a part in the original bombardment of Fort Sumter, and which again had poured its destructive flank fire on our assaulting column on the recent Saturday night. Left to ourselves we for the first time had an opportunity to think over our unfortunate position as prisoners of war. It was hard to realize that we were out of the great struggle for a season, and harder yet to realize all that prison life would bring to us. The enforced quiet and inaction were worse than our severest conflicts and struggles in active service. We were fairly bewildered by the unexpected change in affairs. It seemed like a fearful dream, yet we knew it was not.

Just after dark we were taken on board a small steamer, on which were many of our wounded in the recent fight, together with sound enlisted men, both black and white, who were also prisoners. On our way up to Charleston we stopped at the sally-port of Fort Sumter, through which Major Anderson and his command had passed out after the opening conflict of the war. We realized, even then, the historic associations and profound impressiveness of that spot. I think we were the last Union officers who were there before the army and navy bombardment reduced the imposing fortress to a shapeless ruin, without, however, destroying

its value as a fortification. A way for our steamer was opened, from that point, through the chain of obstructions across the entrance of the harbor, and we proceeded to Charleston.

We were led through the lighted streets of the city, whites and blacks together, while the citizens looked on and jeered and derided. The battle of Fort Wagner was the first one in which negro soldiers were taken prisoners, and the feeling against the employing of such troops was strong and bitter in the South. The Yankees and the negro soldiers now marched through the streets of Charleston represented everything that was most hateful to the Southern mind. It is easy to say, in one's home or among friends, that one has no care for adverse public criticism if only he knows he is right; but in practical experience it is not a pleasant thing to be in a community, or in a crowd, where every looker-on has a feeling of hatred or of contempt because of one's conduct or one's associations. It was not a pleasant march, that evening, through the streets of Charleston from the steamer landing to the provost-marshal's, and thence to the jail, nor were we in a mood for its enjoyment.

About ten at night we were passed through the gloomy portals of the Charleston jail, and taken to a small room for confinement. We were told that by special orders we two white officers were to be shut for the night in the same room with the

enlisted men, white and black. As this was contrary to the usual custom with prisoners of war, and as other Union officers were in another room in the building, we saw that this was intended as a humiliation, against which it was useless to protest. The physical discomforts of the place were, however, the chief annoyance of that night.

For months we had lived in the open air, often without even the shelter of a tent. This was the month of July, in the heat of a Southern summer. Brought at once from the freedom of the field to the confinement of a gloomy city prison, shut, in dense darkness, within the close walls of a small room, which lacked even window space for sufficient ventilation, and which was closed by an oaken door outside of the iron grating which was its ordinary door; packed among so many prisoners that there was not room for all to stretch themselves at length on the bare floor,—we found the foul air of that place stifling to the verge of suffocation, and our first night in prison was a night to be remembered for all time in our soldier experiences. But, as the soldiers were accustomed to say about every new trial in army life, "It's all in the three years;" and we lived through that dark night, and the morning came at its end. Early the next day we two officers were removed to the room in which other Union officers taken on Morris Island, in the two assaults on the Confederate works there, were confined. We talked over with

them our mutual experiences, and we condoled together over our common misfortune.

It seemed to us at the time that our companions who were killed in the assault, and now lay in death on the Morris Island sands, were more favored in the issue than we who were denied that repose, and condemned to imprisonment in the enemy's land. It was, therefore, with a new sense of their force, that I read, from my pocket Bible, in the passage which was my reading for that day, the words of Jeremiah 22: 10, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Yet we had hope, at the first, that we should soon be exchanged, and returned to our command. The fact that there were to be no assured exchanges for months or years, would have been too terrible a thought to face at the outset; therefore we lived on in hope in our dark lot.

Soon we were summoned to the jailer's office, for examination by an aide of General Beauregard. He examined us separately with the purpose of obtaining information as to the force and plans of the army operating against Charleston. Of course, he had a right to know our name, rank, regiment or battalion, brigade, division, corps, and commander. Possessing this information, he could infer, from the various commands represented, much concerning the force in action. He could,

however, seek by questions to obtain knowledge to which he was not entitled, and a prisoner must be on his guard, while being examined, lest he should disclose too much to the enemy.

Talking over, afterwards, our special experiences under our examiner, we learned something of the ways of meeting an enemy's searching questions. One of our officers answered readily the usual questions concerning his name, rank, command, and commander; but when suddenly asked what was the present strength of the force on Morris Island, he responded quietly, "Two and a half millions." Asked by his startled questioner if he was speaking the truth, he responded by asking if his questioner *expected* him to tell the truth in answer to such a question. This was a polite way of informing his enemy that he could not be drawn into the disclosure of information to which the other had no right.

This going as a prisoner before one's captors was sometimes a critical matter,—at least in the thought of the prisoner. At the time of the Fort Wagner affair, colored soldiers and their white officers were in a peculiar position. A proclamation of President Davis of the Confederate government declared that negroes taken in arms would be executed, and that a white officer captured in command of such soldiers would be denied the treatment of an ordinary prisoner of war. Hence the colored soldiers and their officers in jail with

me were still in doubt as to their treatment. It may be said, however, that none of the threats of exceptional severity were carried out by the Confederate authorities; but at this time the prisoners could not but be anxious. It was about this time that an officer of a colored regiment recruited in the vicinity of New Orleans, was taken prisoner. Coming with other officers before a Confederate official to be examined, he was asked the name of his regiment. He gave the name as the "First Louisiana Corps d'Afrique," realizing that he newly periled his life by the answer.

"What's that?" asked the official.

"That's a 'nigger regiment,' as you call it," was the heroic reply.

It was a soldierly answer by a soldier to a soldier, and no harm came of it to either. Yet it required courage to speak the truth in such an emergency.

Before many hours had passed, an order came from General Beauregard's headquarters directing me to report at the provost-marshal's for parole, and for service among the wounded Union soldiers in the "Yankee Hospital." Nineteen of our enlisted men were to accompany me. At the provost-marshal's I signed a parole, by which I agreed not to attempt to escape while on this duty, and to obey meanwhile the orders of the surgeons in charge. Thus a new phase of prison life opened before me.

Wounded Union soldiers, from the fight of Satur-

day night on Morris Island, falling into the hands of the enemy after the repulse of the assault, and brought on Sunday evening and Monday morning to Charleston, were together in a large four-story brick building on Queen Street, to which I was conveyed. This building was said to have been originally a private dwelling, then a grain warehouse, and for a time a slave mart, before its use as a prison hospital. It was well suited in size and structure for its present purpose.

What a sight met my eye as I entered that building! Our wounded men, shot on Saturday night, had, many of them, lain where they fell until the next day, exposed to the trampling of our retreating soldiers, and to flying sand half burying them by bursting shell, some indeed being again wounded by the enemy's rifles as they lay on the field. Taken into Fort Wagner during the day on Sunday, they had passed Sunday night on the little steamer at the dock and on Monday were brought to this "Yankee" hospital. One hundred and sixty-three of them were here. As they were brought in, they were laid in rows on straw on the floor of the long lower room. Their blood-matted hair and beards, and their blood-saturated clothing, marked their need of care that could not yet be given them. In the yard of the building back of this room were six operating-tables, at which a force of busy surgeons was constantly at work. The severely wounded were taken, one by one,

from their resting-place on the straw to those surgeons' tables, where they were examined and operated on. After this treatment they were removed to hospital cots on the upper floors.

The Confederate surgeons did everything in their power, with the means at their command, for the safety and comfort of the wounded Union soldiers, both white and black. Sisters of Mercy were unceasing in loving ministry to the poor men, and Bishop Lynch was much of the time present, directing and aiding in their work. Yet at the best the lot of a Union soldier there, wounded and a prisoner, with the blood yet unwashed from his wounds two days after he fell in an unsuccessful assault, heartsick and homesick, suffering from fierce wound-thirst in the July heat, with not a friend to whisper a word of sympathy, or to proffer relief, facing death, or a prolonged imprisonment that seemed even worse than death, was a pitiable lot for any man. As, with the approval of the surgeons, I went from man to man, "to pour water on him that was thirsty," and to speak words of hope and cheer to the despondent, announcing that I too was a Union prisoner, while also an army chaplain, I was sure of a glad welcome; and as I took dying messages from those prisoners to their home loved ones, or knelt by them in prayer and in counsel, I knew that I was a means of comfort to the needy, and I thanked God for the privilege.

More than fifty amputations were made on those surgeons' tables that first day, and as many more were planned for the day following. Men were sinking from the shock of the operation, or from their original wounds, and closing their eyes to earth, as the hours passed by in my chaplain's ministry there. There were sad death scenes, and soul-harrowing interviews with the dying. It was hard for me to take time for even a brief nap, when, far into the night, with overstrained nerves and exhausted strength, I lay down on a bench to try to gain, in sleep, strength enough for further work. And the early morning waking was worse than the troubled sleeping.

Many outsiders from the city came into that prison hospital to witness the sad scenes enacted there. It was in my second day's ministry, while I was bending over a poor sufferer on a cot on the second floor, that a voice near me jarred on my ear with peculiar force, awakening unpleasant memories. Looking up, I saw, on a visiting officer, a face which I had last seen while on a flag of truce in North Carolina the year before. Only one officer had then treated me with discourtesy, or spoken with bitterness of his enemies. His commanding officer then promptly rebuked him for his rudeness, and he turned away with a vindictive look. It was his face that now confronted me. It was evident, by his start, that he recognized me instantly.

"Ah!" he said, "we have met before."

"At Kinston," I responded.

"And you are the chaplain of"—

"The Tenth Connecticut."

"Yes, yes, yes!"

He turned away with the old threatening look. I went on in my work of ministry. A little later, as I was talking tenderly with a dear dying lad, I was tapped on the shoulder and ordered to follow my guide. Going out at the main entrance below, I was taken in charge by a file of soldiers, under an aide of General Beauregard, and told that I was remanded to jail. The officer in charge spoke to me in a tone of pity akin to tenderness. As I marched through the streets of Charleston, I heard cheers over the news of the terrible draft riots in New York City. This was not in itself inspiriting to a Union prisoner. As the jailer received me at the jail door he also spoke pityingly, as if he anticipated the worst for me. I could not understand the new state of things.

My friend Adjutant Camp and the other Union officers had been sent to Columbia, and I found in the corridor of the jail only those who were under special charges, or who were criminals under South Carolina laws. Those who took any notice of me showed the kindlier side of human nature, even though they could not give me real sympathy. There was one man, a notorious forger, swindler, and confidence man generally, who seemed to be

recognized as a privileged character, a sort of "Father of the Marshalsea." Genteel in appearance, with well-brushed gray hair and rusty-black silk hat, pleasing in address, yet with a sinister look in his keen evasive eyes which forbade confidence, he greeted me with an air half patronizing and half deferential, expressed regret for my misfortunes, and speaking mysteriously of a certain connection he had with supposed sources of influence and power, he made, as it were, a call of introduction, and fell back into the crowd with an intimation that he should see me again.

Before I had time to consider well my situation, I was told that, by special order from General Beauregard's office, I was to be put in solitary confinement, but no intimation was given to me of the reason for this. I was led to a small room, opening out from this corridor, without furniture, even a bedstead, a bench, or a stool, and there was shut in by a heavy oaken door closing over an iron grating. Then for the first time I realized how much more intolerable than the worst companionship, and how much worse than any form of active toil or endurance, is solitary imprisonment without occupation.

I tried to think, but my brain whirled so that consecutive thought was an impossibility. I tried to read from my pocket Bible, but my mind could not confine itself to a series of printed words. I tried to pray, but intelligible prayer was beyond

my power. I tried to walk across my cell times enough to measure a mile, but a half dozen times the length of the room was all I could compass. I tried to compose myself to sleep on the stone floor, and I lay in a restless nightmare agony until I could continue in that position no longer, but when I looked at my watch I found that only twelve minutes had passed since I lay down. This fearful solitude and inaction in sharp and sudden contrast with the busy and intense activities among the living and the dying in the outside clashing world, from which I had been jumped while every nerve was keyed up to its highest possible tension, was too much for a man of my intense and nervous nature.

I was like a locomotive steamed up, and its machinery working with the power to drive a loaded train at seventy miles an hour, suddenly coming to a wet track without the possibility of a forward move. Its machinery would whirl and whiz, and tear itself to pieces, with the motive force that could not stop generating, and could not find its use or vent. It was terrible, terrible! No former trial to which I had been subjected was to be compared with it.

Suffering from thirst in the close hot jail, I had asked the turnkey for water as he came to shut me in that solitary room. He gave me a small tin pail of it. Taking only a scanty drink, I set the pail on the floor that I might have it at hand for greater

need. Soon after, I found it was a leaky vessel, and that its precious contents were already gone. I was refused another drink until the next day, when, about noon, water was brought me in an old whisky-bottle. My most substantial meal of that second day was when a slave prisoner, accompanying the turnkey, appeared at my door with a bucket of coarse soup containing beef and rice, and another bucket of Indian corn-meal mush. I was told to take my rations, but I had neither bowl, pitcher, nor plate. On my asking what I should take them in, the turnkey said, with an oath, that he didn't know nor care. The negro slave, seeing my plight, set down the buckets and ran to the courtyard below, where he found a broken, dirt-begrimed pitcher, into which was poured a ladleful of mush, and over it a ladleful of soup and meat. I was left to eat this with my fingers, which I did most gratefully.

It seems to me that I should have sunk under the trials of this solitary imprisonment, if I had not been relieved by an occasional removal for another examination. First I was taken out under guard to General Beauregard's office, for close questioning. Again remanded to jail, I was once more taken out, and led to the provost-marshal's office, thence to the "Yankee Hospital," and thence again to General Beauregard's, where I was renewedly examined by his chief of staff, General Thomas Jordan. No direct intimation was given to me, in

any of these examinations, as to the reason for my treatment, yet I suspected, from remarks which were dropped by others, that I was looked at as one who was likely to be executed.

Long afterwards I ascertained that word had come to General Beauregard from the "Yankee Hospital" that I was recognized as a probable spy by one who had seen me at Kinston on a flag of truce the year before. I later found an account of this in the Charleston Courier. In the excited state of the public mind just then, I was quickly arrested, and might have been quickly disposed of, without due examination, if my release had not just then been demanded by a flag of truce from General Gillmore, at the request of General Terry, on the ground of my unfair detention. This made me a subject of negotiation, and it became necessary to have proof that I was not what I claimed to be, before extreme measures were adopted by my captors. Therefore these repeated examinations were made in search of incriminating evidence.

At the time, these examinations were a relief to me. Even the gallows would have seemed preferable, for a change, to that fearful confinement —alone and in inaction. When taken back to the jail after the last questioning, I was put into another room with only an iron grating for a door, so that I could see and converse with those in the corridor beyond. It seemed good to speak again

to a fellow-man, even the poorest specimen of his kind, as when a prisoner came to the grating and told, as he talked, of a cold-blooded murder he had committed, for which he would probably be hanged. When, indeed, just after this, a young naval surgeon (who had been captured much as I was, while seeking to help the wounded on Morris Island, and who had been with me in the "Yankee Hospital") was brought to my new quarters as a room-mate, the feeling of relief in fellowship was positive and refreshing; and as, the day following, we learned that we were actually to be forwarded to Columbia to rejoin our fellow Union prisoners, including my friend Adjutant Camp, I felt that life was no longer a burden, and that the gallows would not be preferable to confinement in a Southern military prison. Comfort is a relative term, after all. Contentment depends not so much on what we have, as upon what we are, and the light in which we see our possessions.

From Charleston we were taken by a night train to Columbia. We were in a comfortable first-class car, with our accompanying guard. We slept and waked by turns as we rode, with an occasional glimpse of some peculiarly Southern sight of those war-time days. At Branchville, an important junction, where we made quite a stop, lunch-tables in the open air were along the station platform, at which negro "mammies" were selling "snacks" of fried chicken and corn-cakes, with hot rye

coffee, to Confederate soldiers, who were the only white men we saw on the route, while blazing torches of "light wood" (pieces of dense pitch pine), swung by negro men, or piled on standing mortar-boards on the platform, cast their weird glare over the picturesque scene, sending their clouds of smoke outward and upward as a relieving background.

Reaching Columbia in the early morning, we were taken to the office of Colonel Preston, the post commandant, where we waited for his representative to appear. On the arrival of the adjutant, he received us as prisoners from the Charleston guard, and we were taken to Richland Jail for confinement. It is not often that going to jail is a joy to a soldier; but, in view of my Charleston experiences in solitary confinement, it was with a glad heart that I passed the doors of the jail in Columbia, and found myself once more in the companionship of my friend Adjutant Camp, and his fellow Union officers.

Prison life in Columbia was more tolerable than prison life in Charleston, although it was still prison life, and therefore hard for a soldier in war time. The jail itself was more like a large private dwelling than like a fortress. It was near the center of the city, on one of the principal streets, close by the Town Hall, underneath which was the city market. The jail windows were iron-barred, but light and air had free ingress, and it was

pleasant for us to watch the signs of life outside, day by day.

A central passageway from front to rear divided the six rooms on the lower floor. Back of the jail was an open yard, with rude barrack structures,—on the one hand for laundry work and storage, and on the other hand for extra prisoners in an emergency. Beyond this was a large printing and lithographic establishment, in which were prepared the treasury notes of the Confederate government, and through the windows of which were to be seen bright-faced young women at work. Sentries paced their beat on all sides of the jail building, day and night. Two connecting rooms on one side of the lower floor were occupied by our Union army officers at the time I entered. In the third room on that side, at the rear, were Confederate prisoners, conscript deserters, and others under special charges. Across the hall from our rooms there was a small room near the front, in which was a Union officer from Tennessee, under suspended death sentence as a deserter from the Confederate army. He was watched day and night by a soldier chained, or secured, to him, so as to preclude all possibility of escape. The back room on the same side was at that time used as quarters for the prison guard. The middle room was just then vacant, but it was subsequently occupied by naval officers captured in Admiral Dahlgren's unsuccessful assault on Fort Sumter.

On the second floor of the jail were confined for a time a hundred and more of our enlisted men, taken prisoners on Morris Island, and in another room various Confederate prisoners. Enlisted men of the navy, captured in the assault on Fort Sumter, were, when brought in, assigned to the barrack buildings in the back yard.

The only furniture in our two rooms was a rude two-story bedstead, or pair of berths, looking like one plain table set on top of another, capable of holding eight officers; also a long pine table, on which three more officers could stretch themselves at night. The other officers slept on the floor, with such covering as they could obtain from outside. If we had money, as some of us had, we could purchase little conveniences through officers of the guard. Adjutant Camp and I purchased a bed-tick of common brown sheeting, and had it filled with dry pine needles; also a similar pillow-case filled with corn-husks. An officer of the guard loaned us a blanket. This fitted us out very comfortably for the night, and the bed, when rolled up, was a good seat by day.

On the tower of the Town Hall near us was an iron-railed balcony, just below the clock face, where a vigilant lookout paced his nightly rounds. At 8.45 the curfew bell was rung vigorously as a signal for the housing of negro slaves all over the city, and the making ready for the night. Fifteen minutes later, when the clock had ceased its strokes

of nine, the watchman's voice rang out in a peculiar tone that could be heard afar in the stilly night:

"Pa-ast ni-i-ne o'-clock!"

At 9.15 his encouraging cry in the same tone was:

"All-s we-ell!"

At the half-hour his cry was as at the full hour, and at the third quarter as at the first. This continued through the night. It was a pleasant survival of the old English custom, which had its attractions because of its suggestion of watchfulness. If the Southern air had been cooler in July and August, and mosquitoes and vermin had been fewer and less active, we might have slept composedly on our prison-floor bed.

Daily rations were furnished us of beef or ham, and corn-meal and rice. These we must cook or have cooked for ourselves, and, if we desired anything more, we could purchase it at our own cost. Slave women were coming and going, in the early morning, in the vicinity of the market, with supplies of fruit and vegetables, and coffee and its substitutes; and from them we could purchase what we would, with the permission of our guard. We employed a slave woman to cook for our officers' mess. After several experiments in this line, we settled down on "Old Maggie," a typical Southern mammy. She was perhaps seventy years old, a gray-haired, yellow-skinned, wrinkled granny, barefooted, and wearing a red-and-white checked turban,

and a scant-skirted homespun gown. Quite short, very thin, active, and animated, she was efficient and determined, and served us faithfully. She had had sixteen children, and grandchildren and great-grandchildren in corresponding numbers. Her owner lived up in the country, and she hired her time of him at two dollars a week, while she had a stall in the market, and did outside jobs. Two of her great-grandchildren were her immediate attendants. While ordinarily good-natured, she could, on occasion, scold and swear immoderately.

Prices for fruit and vegetables in their season were reasonable; but those for coffee, milk, and sugar, were beyond all reason, in Confederate money. Rio coffee cost seven dollars a pound; therefore it could not be afforded as a daily beverage. We used in place of it ground parched rye, or barley, or Indian corn. The daily question was, "Shall we have Ri-o coffee or ry-e to-day?" Milk was then fifty cents a quart, and butter was three dollars a pound. Poor tallow candles cost us seventy-five cents each. A common crockery plate cost two dollars, and a bowl the same. Two iron spoons were bought by us for a dollar. We paid three dollars for a horn comb, and two dollars for a tooth-brush. Yet we were glad to have these things at even these prices.

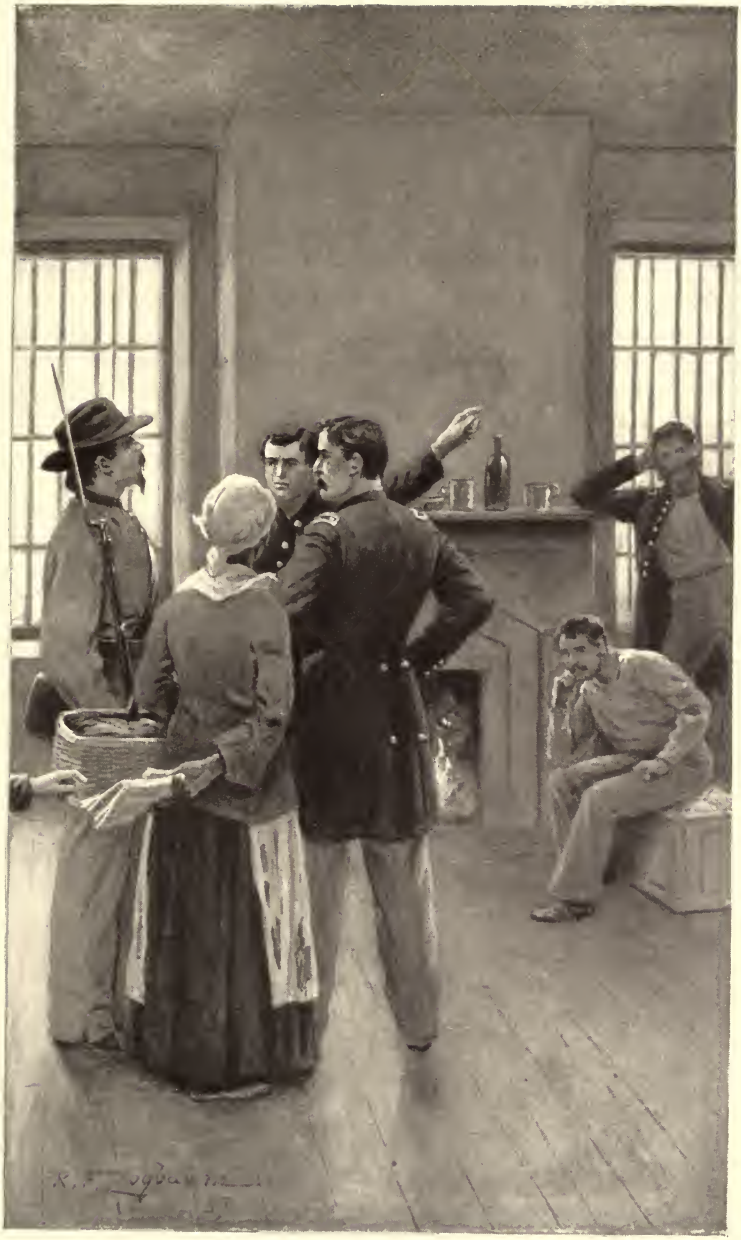
Each day we were permitted to have an hour in the yard for exercise, a few officers at a time. This was a great relief. We were like school-boys at

recess. Wrestling, quoit-pitching, leap-frog, hop-scotch, and boys' games generally, were the order of the hour. We also did our own clothes washing at such times. There was a hydrant in the yard, but water from the pipes was too warm for drinking. The special privilege was given us of going out, two at a time, under guard, to draw water from a cool well at a considerable distance from the jail. This was a coveted service. It was looked upon as a promotion to be "a drawer of water" for our comrades. Little honors were great ones in prison. After a while this privilege was taken from us, because of its offense to citizens, who disliked the appearance of Yankee prisoners on their streets. One day, as Adjutant Camp and I drank from the bucket on the well-curb, two little boys were watching us. As we turned away, one of them said feelingly:

"I was goin' to ha' drinked, but them Yanks ha' spoiled the well."

And it *was* too bad.

The officers of our guard were soldiers temporarily disabled for more active service. As soldiers they gave us soldierly treatment. We were grateful for their immediate course toward us. Yet we were their prisoners, and as such we were necessarily in a hostile attitude toward them. We represented the Federal government; they represented the Confederacy. They held us in confinement, without any promise on our part. It was



our duty to escape if we could. It was their duty to prevent our doing so. We were desirous of getting information from without. They tried to keep it from us. All this called for alertness on both sides.

We could almost always depend on the slaves to aid us to the extent of their ability. They tried various ways of getting to us the daily papers, which we were denied by the authorities. At first they concealed a paper in their garments, and managed to deliver it under the eye of a corporal or sergeant of the guard, who always came in with our cook. Some of us would get between him and her, and engage him in conversation, or arrest his attention by some altercation, while she passed over the paper. When this plan was discovered, the cook was searched before she entered, and we had to try another way. For a time the small newspaper, closely folded, was put inside of a large loaf of corn-cake, hollowed out for the purpose; but when they learned of this, they cut open every loaf before it was given to us. Then we tried a new plan.

Picking up in the back yard a tin blacking-box cover, we fitted its plate into the lid of the coffee-pot in which "Old Maggie" brought our steaming-hot rye coffee. The blacking-box plate served as an inner lid to the coffee-pot cover, being secured in place by the bending down of slots in the rim of the cover with corresponding

notches in the plate. The newspaper, closely folded, was packed in the space between the two covers thus secured to the coffee-pot. When the coffee-pot was opened, as it always was, for examination, before our guard would leave it with us for the morning, the outcoming steam would so far confuse his sight that he never suspected there was anything contraband there.

Of course, the paper was wet with steam when taken out, but it was handled carefully and dried thoroughly before we read it. Thus, in one way or another, we had the news of the day, with very rare exceptions, during all our imprisonment.

Although we were supposed to have no direct communication with prisoners in other parts of the jail, we had little difficulty in keeping up full correspondence with them. By a series of agreed signals with the Confederate prisoners in the room back of ours, we knew when it was safe to pass a word along. Then we would send a letter from our room to theirs, through a break in the plaster of the intervening partition near the floor. That letter would by them be attached to a bent pin, lowered by a thread through the ceiling and floor above, and be drawn up by our enlisted men. In like manner a letter would come back to us, or be lowered to our naval officers on the opposite side of the hall. In this way plans for escape were considered, and important information was communicated.

In sight from our jail windows was the office of one of the daily newspapers. Its bulletin-board was near by, at the corner of two of the principal streets. The conduct of those who stopped to read these bulletins gave us a pretty good idea of the nature of any fresh intelligence. When men read slowly, and moved off with downcast heads, we took courage as to the progress of affairs in the great struggle. When they showed delight at what they saw, and evidently congratulated one another on the good news, we were correspondingly depressed.

We saw reinforcements for General Bragg at Chickamauga, on their way from General Lee's army, passing in sight of our windows, and it was hard to be unable to notify our commanders of this movement of troops. Prisoners from the army of General Rosecrans, in the battle which followed that movement, were taken toward Salisbury, before our eyes but beyond our greeting, when we longed to give them words of sympathy and cheer. News of Federal losses and defeats, and rumors of retaliatory measures which should cause the wholesale execution of prisoners on both sides, were inevitably depressing, and it was so hard to be inactive while intense action seemed the only life worth living.

We had our occupations and diversions in our jail rooms. Two German-American officers gave us lessons in German. Two others were our instructors in phonography. We whittled out a set

of wooden chessmen, and had a series of competitive chess games. Adjutant Camp was a fine player, having been president of the Yale Chess Club while in college. He was sometimes personally matched against all the other good players united, while the rest of us watched the contest with interest. As we were shut up to our dull life in common, with no opportunity to work off surplus feeling in any outside effort, it was easy to get up an excitement without much seeming provocation. Some of our more mischievous fellows would take advantage of this, and stir up an unexpected breeze when there seemed a dead calm.

One of our phonographic teachers was an enthusiastic admirer of Pitman's system, the other inclined to Graham's modification of Pitman. Often they discussed the rival systems earnestly. The rest of us took no part. One evening, when things inside were peculiarly dull, the Pitman man ventured a remark in praise of his favorite. A waggish young officer whispered to me:

"Who is that other fellow that they talk about?"

"Graham," I answered.

Then he spoke aloud:

"I've understood that Graham's system is a good deal better than Pitman's."

This was an unlooked-for friend of the enemy. The Pitman man was aroused. Like a flash he sprang to the defense of his hero, and the follower

of Graham replied vigorously to his opponent. Soon the air of the jail was thick with excited controversy, and it was more like a theological or scientific combat between friends and foes of Higher Criticism, or of Evolution, than like a quiet military prison. Meantime the waggish officer who set the thing agoing was laughing in his sleeve—if he had on a sleeve just then—over the combustibility of tinder under flint and steel.

Occasionally we had a share in a special entertainment in the neighboring Town Hall. Our stage-box in the jail was secured to us for the season for whatever performances went on there, and we had no fear of being crowded out by a rush of other spectators. We could hear the speeches in political meetings there, and no one took more interest than we in what was said. A negro minstrel performance by imitation negroes seemed to us a poor substitute for the genuine article, as we had been familiar with it in New Berne and on St. Helena Island; but it was a great deal better than nothing, and we retained our box through it all.

By and by there came a Madame Ruhl, a refugee from New Orleans, with a corps of good assistants, and gave several concerts. We were all on hand those nights. Every jail window-seat that looked toward the hall was crowded. Earnest faces were pressing between the bars above and below. Strains of stirring and of plaintive music coming through the still air across the starry night, with

their thrilling associations of former times in other places, touched our hearts with unwonted power. We held our breath at her sweetest strains, and we dared not show one another how deeply the music moved us. When at last she sang "Home, Sweet Home," it was more than we could bear. It was harder than ever to sleep that night in the dreary jail, as we tried not to think of home.

With all the occasional lights on its gloom, our life in prison was still gloomy prison life. With all the soldierly treatment of their soldier prisoners by the Southern officers immediately over us, we were subject to the caprices of their enlisted men, volunteers, or conscripts, sometimes coarse, ignorant, and even brutal, in spirit and conduct, who were on guard in charge of us, and even the officers themselves were at times compelled to carry out orders from those above them, which they could not but regret.

The Confederate prisoners on the floor above us were even more severely dealt with than ourselves. They were forbidden to stand near the iron-barred windows looking out into the yard. One afternoon we heard several shots in succession and a subsequent commotion in the rooms above. In a few minutes we learned that one of the guard, concealed in an outbuilding in the yard, had, without warning, fired at Confederate prisoners who were quietly looking out of their windows, and killed two of them within five minutes. The sergeant of

the guard told us boastingly that that man had killed two men in firing only three shots. As there had been no outbreak among the prisoners, but merely a careless looking out of the window into the jail yard, we chafed indignantly under this cruel severity on the part of those who were over us. When the bodies of those dead prisoners were brought from the upper floor past our room doors, it was hard for us to contain ourselves in our helplessness.

A few days later, one of our fellow-officers, who had been severely wounded, and had lain several weeks in the hospital, had taken his seat in one of the windows looking toward the Town Hall, in order to get a little fresh air on a hot afternoon. *We* had not been forbidden to keep back from the windows, but a brutal sentry came up from outside and told the wounded captain to get out of his place or he would shoot him. Our poor weak companion attempted to comply with the sentry's demand. But one of our number sprang up into the window-seat, and, putting his body in front of the captain, said indignantly:

"If you want to shoot anybody, shoot a well man; don't be so cowardly as to shoot down a poor, sick, wounded officer. Take a well one, if you must shoot anybody. We shouldn't be in here as prisoners if we hadn't been willing to face shooting. Shoot away, then, if you want to."

Instead of firing, the sentry lowered his musket

from his shoulder, and moved off on his beat. The noise of the altercation was heard by the lieutenant on duty. He came in to inquire its cause. Learning the facts, he put another man on that sentry's beat, and said that we might occupy the window-seats as we pleased. These incidents were not composing to the intense nature of a soldier prisoner, and it was hard to keep an equable frame of mind.

For a while two of our naval officers were held in irons in a separate room, as hostages for two Confederate officers held by our government on a charge of piracy. Two of our army officers were similarly shut away from their fellows, because of an attempt to escape. Such things increased and intensified our prison-life trials.

Imprisonment did not shut me off from opportunities of service as a chaplain. Every evening I conducted prayers with my companions in misfortune, before we lay down to sleep. On Sundays I led in a service of worship in our officers' quarters. After a while, our naval officers from across the hall had permission to come into our room at this hour; and they were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. I obtained permission to go upstairs and preach to our enlisted men; and again to go out into the yard and preach to our sailors there. We organized a choir of singers in both places, which added greatly to the attractiveness of the services.

Pastoral work seemed even more effective in prison than in camp. Men were glad to speak out their heart thoughts to one who could proffer them sympathy in their need. Many privileges were accorded me in this line, and I have precious memories of personal interviews with soldiers and sailors in that jail, who afterwards went out to Salisbury and Andersonville to suffer and to die, far from home and friends. As I had a little money with me to the last, I would buy a supply of soft bread each day, and, standing at the door of my quarters while the men were passing along on the way from the hour of recreation in the yard to their room above, I would give a portion to the more needy on the sick list. Of course, this was appreciated by men who had no other variation from the coarse corn-bread of their prison fare. As I handed a loaf to a worn and sickly-looking German soldier one day, he smiled a forlorn smile as he thanked me for my kindness, and added his extra petition, as if to say that there was *one* thing better than bread:

"Shaplin, I vish you vud pray de good God dat he take us out of dis dam hole."

It was in the spirit of earnest prayer, even though not in conventional phrase, that he blurted out this heart-cry.

Confinement and constant nervous strain were too much for me. After a few months' imprisonment my health gave way, and I had an attack of

low fever. A Confederate surgeon was called in and prescribed for me. Had it not been for the unremitting tender ministry, in care and sympathy, of my loved friend Adjutant Camp, I should have sunk beyond hope of recovery. He would not let me go down. He breathed his own courage and hope into my failing spirits. He gave me life when mine was going out. When I seemed at the lowest point, he secured for me nourishing food from outside, because I was unable to find needed sustenance in prison fare. We had learned that board at a good hotel was then costing twenty dollars a day in Confederate currency. He sent by one of the guard a request for as good a meal for me as could be obtained at the best hotel in the city. He was ready to part with his gold watch to pay for this, if necessary. The tempting food came in. It rallied me by its appetizing and nutritious qualities. When he asked for the bill, he was told that the proprietor would not take a cent for it, as he learned that it was for a sick chaplain. It was just at that time that the order came for my removal to Richmond, presumably on my way to freedom. And I have always felt that my life was saved in this way.

Six years after this incident, I was in Savannah, Georgia, with a friend who had been an officer in the Confederate army and a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware. We were talking over war times together. We were in the office of the Screven

House. My friend mentioned that the proprietor of the Screven House had had charge of a hotel in Columbia during the war. At this I questioned the proprietor about the dates of his life there. He mentioned incidentally that, in the fall of 1863, he had heard of a sick Union chaplain in Richland Jail, and sent him as good a meal as he could provide.

"I was that sick Union chaplain," I said, "and I have always felt that that meal was one of the things that saved my life when I was sinking under prison life and prison fare."

"My heavens! *you* the man! I'm glad I sent it, then."

And *I* was glad.

It was good to rise up from that jail floor and take a start toward home. But it was hard to part with my loved friend Adjutant Camp, leaving him in the gloomy prison-house. It was like the parting of friends when one is going out into the freedom of a better life beyond, and the other is to stay behind. Each was glad, and each was sad. It must be so.

Dr. Luck, the naval surgeon, was my companion toward Richmond. Before five o'clock in the morning we, with several Confederate conscripts and deserters, who were to be left at Wilmington, North Carolina, were on our way, under guard, to the railroad station, to take the early train northward. The sergeant in charge of us was a gentle-

manly college student, and he made the journey as pleasant as he could for us. It was a slow journey at the best. We had long waits at junctions. Once we were delayed for hours during the night by a broken-down freight train, and then were obliged to go on foot around the wreck, and take a train on the other side. The cars were crowded with Confederate officers and men. We conversed freely with them, and this without any bitterness on either side. There were many expressions of Union sentiment. Indeed, with all the degree of unanimity there was among the people of the South as to the war against the government, I never at any time in my army service met a number of them while I was on flag of truce, or in my prison life, without finding some expression of hearty love for the Union, and of earnest hope for the triumph of the United States government. After a stop over a part of Sunday night at a hotel in Petersburg, we came into Richmond early on Monday morning—too early to report at the provost-marshal-general's office. In a Richmond restaurant, by consent of the sergeant, I bought a cup of hot "ry-e" coffee for a dollar and a half, and found it very refreshing.

Being taken, as soon as he came to his office, before General John H. Winder (familiarly known, from his West Point days, as "Hog Winder"), Provost-Marshal-General of the Confederacy, in charge of all prisoners of war, we were remanded to the Libby Prison, and were started thither. As

we passed through the streets, snow, from a sudden cold flurry, was driven in our faces. I had on only the thin clothing, worn thinner by jail wear, in which I had been captured below Charleston in the heat of July. It was now the second week in November. The cold wind of that wintry day cut to the bones of my emaciated frame. Nothing but the trying side of a soldier's life was just then prominent in my personal situation; but just then I thanked God that my life was likely to be once more in the war for the life of our God-given government.

Libby Prison was a very different place from the jail at Charleston, or at Columbia; life here was very different from life there. The Richmond building, near the James River, on Carey Street, was an extensive three-story brick structure, formerly occupied by Libby & Co. as a ship-chandlery establishment. Its rooms, quite low between joists, were broad, long, and capacious. There were six large rooms for prisoners, besides the kitchens, mess-rooms, and a hospital. The commandant's office was on the ground floor, at the right of the main entrance. Below the street, in the cellar, were dungeons for the confinement of prisoners in disfavor. Only officers held as military prisoners were in the Libby. On the opposite side of Carey Street, a little to the west, was "Castle Thunder," another brick warehouse, for the confinement of prisoners of state held on special charges. On

Belle Isle, in the James River, in sight from the windows of the Libby, were our enlisted men, in far worse plight than the officers.

Taken into the office of the Libby, I was examined by Major Turner, the prison commandant. He was a gentleman in comparison with "Dick Turner," the prison inspector, who was a man of the old-time slave overseer sort. Yet I had been told by one of the veteran Confederate officers over us at Columbia that I might not expect the same treatment at the Libby as at Columbia, for "Major Turner has never been in active service." Yet I had no cause of complaint of his treatment of me personally. It was indeed trying to a soldier to find the United States flag, "union down," fastened behind Major Turner's desk in that prison office, and it was with a feeling of relief that I received the order to pass up to the floor above, and share the lot of my fellow-prisoners. As I ascended the ladder leading to the upper rooms, and my head showed itself above the floor to the crowd of prisoners there, I was greeted by the cry from a hundred voices:

"Fresh fish! fresh fish! fresh fish!"

And that gave me a place as a freshman in the great prison college where the seniors were known as "sardines."

Nearly a thousand Union officers were in the Libby at that time. It was a bewildering throng in which I found myself as I stood among those

who pressed forward at the announcement of a new prison comer. It seemed as though there was no more standing-room for prisoners, and how all could find room to lie down was a matter of wonder. It was not easily arranged, after all. When night came, the officers stood in rows, each in his appointed place, and then they lay down, so closely packed that the floor was literally covered by them. All must go to bed, and all must get up, by agreement. There was no walking around by a restless sleeper, no getting up in advance of one's fellows in the morning. There seemed to be no space for me on the over-packed floor, and at first I thought I must stand up all night; but provision was made for me. General Neal Dow, of Maine, was at that time the ranking officer in the Libby. Naturally he had a little larger space than the others assigned to him, and he generously accorded me room to lie down on his floor patch, which was in the center of the front end of the second story of the Libby.

Most of the windows at both ends of the room had been broken out, and, although the spaces were barred, the cold winds swept through pitilessly. No sunlight found its way in even on a bright day, and the bare floors were damp all day and all night from each morning's washing. In my weak and worn condition, I was cold all the time. When night came I must shiver in my one thin blanket. Falling asleep, I would dream of being

near a fire trying to warm myself, and then I would awake to find it was a dream. Of all forms of mere physical discomfort, I never knew anything more trying than this continuous shivering with cold by day and by night.

"Skirmish for graybacks!" was the morning signal in the Libby for preparing to rise. Each officer then, sitting up in his place, would strip off his upper garments, and cleanse himself from vermin for the day. "Graybacks" was the popular term for a Confederate enemy, and again for our most obnoxious insect foe. It was a strange sight, those long rows of Union officers, including men in the highest spheres of life in the North, industriously striving to exterminate their insect enemy, which was fattening itself on the best blood in the land. It was a struggle for the survival of the fittest. When all was ready, men stood up for the new day, to answer to the prison roll-call from "Dick Turner."

The bare, cobwebbed, and dusty walls of the prison-rooms had been nailed, and pegged, and shelved, and cord-strung, for the hanging and stowing of cups, and pots, and pans, and jars, and bottles, and books, and musical instruments, and fencing-foils, and smaller articles of clothing, while between the naked floor-beams above were hanging, on lines, blankets and shawls and overcoats and towels. On the floor were boxes and razeed barrels, and an occasional crippled chair, for seats.

These made the place look more like a pawnbroker's, or a city junk-shop, than like our Columbia Jail quarters.

At the end of each main room was a single water-faucet, where the one hundred and fifty to two hundred inmates of that room could wash, without basin or tub, when they could get access to it. The eating-rooms on the lower floor had rude tables of unplaned boards running their entire length, with narrow benches of the same material alongside of them. Along the sides of these eating-rooms were ten small cook-stoves, at each of which a hundred men must do their cooking for the day. Thorough system and prompt work were necessary to secure this. Our officers must arrange for it. They had an organization, with the ranking officer in prison as the commandant, and a designated adjutant, and a commissary. Groups of officers formed into messes, each man in turn sharing in the cooking for his mess, and putting into the common stock his portion of fuel. The messes agreed together as to the hour of the day or night when they could have the use of the stove during the next week. Thus the stoves were in use all the twenty-four hours, and this was none too much time.

Meals in the Libby at the best were not of the best. One of my fellow-officers found a whole rat baked into a loaf of corn-cake furnished with his rations. The rat had probably jumped into the

dough-trough while the corn-cake was making, and been knocked in the head and worked into the cake. It was not a good appetizer. Another fellow-officer, a cultivated Boston gentleman, was cooking for his mess at one time. He made a savory dish for himself of "pea soup" by boiling a lot of beans together with a fresh ham-bone. It was midnight when the soup was cooked. If he should eat it before he slept, he would lose the pleasant feeling of having a full stomach while wide awake; therefore he set it aside until daylight. On looking at it in the morning, he found its surface covered with cooked maggots. He could not but be glad that he had not eaten it in the dark. But he welcomed the next prison-meal, because it was the best he could get.

During the day there were classes in German, in French, and in phonography. Men played cards, or chess, or checkers. Others fenced with prison-made foils. Some sketched; some carved beef-bone napkin-rings, or shirt-studs, or seals, or other ornaments; some made thread "tatting" as they had learned to in boyhood. All knew well that the hardest work in the world is to do nothing, and no one attempted that.

Boxes from the Sanitary Commission, and from the Christian Commission, containing supplies for the prisoners, as well as boxes from home friends, were now being received at the Libby, thus supplying them with comforts we had lacked in Columbia.

It would have gladdened the home hearts to see the delight with which a prisoner unpacked the box from his dear ones, and gloated over each longed-for or unexpected treasure in the gloom of his prison-house.

There were prison amusements of their kind. The "Libby Minstrels" and the "Libby Warblers" gave an occasional concert. Now and then there was a lecture by some officer on a topic of interest to all. Moreover, there were well-attended prayer-meetings three evenings of the week. When there were any chaplains in prison there were religious services, with sermons, twice each Sunday; and even when there was no chaplain, some non-clerical officer often performed this duty.

It was only at occasional intervals that a prisoner was released from the Libby, while exchanges were suspended; hence, when a man was released, he had many messages from the prisoners to their friends. As he was searched for contraband articles on going out, as on coming in, it was not easy to carry a note undetected; but a man can generally do what he has to do. An important message was carried, in one instance, on very thin paper rolled up in tin-foil, and pressed into and on top of a decayed back tooth. Many a message was written in lemon-juice (to be brought out by heat) between the lines of an open letter submitted for examination. At last the authorities realized that the tricks of "Yankees" could not be found

out by examination; therefore they dropped the searching, and put a prisoner on his word of honor not to carry "any written communication of any sort from any one inside to any one outside." A soldier, of course, regarded *that* assurance, even to an enemy in war time, binding on him without qualification. Then the *memory* had to be substituted for writing.

As it was understood that I would soon pass through the lines, I was plied with verbal messages to those at home. One man, whose family lived near Borden's condensed-milk factory, wanted me to ask his wife to have a twenty-dollar gold-piece sealed up in a can of milk at that factory, and then to send the can to him in a box of home comforts by flag of truce. He knew that at the Libby they would simply punch a hole in the can to see that it contained milk, and then hand it over. A man who lived near the Willimantic Thread Company wanted his wife to go to the factory and have a twenty-dollar greenback wound round a spool before the thread was machine-wound over it. The factories were always ready then to help a soldier in such ways. I planned to send a letter, in one instance, between the layers of the pasteboard bottom of a little box that had an unsuspicious look, with its harmless contents of sewing and writing materials. Again I sent maps and a pocket-compass, with other helps for a fugitive, in the double bottom of a wooden packing-box. In order

to avert suspicion of the fact that the box had a double bottom, the bottom was *two* double bottoms side by side, with a space between them; so that when the contents were turned out, the authorities would see the light shining through the bottom of the box, and be convinced that there was no double bottom there. Thus, in one way and another, help was to come to those in prison from those outside, although I bore no written message from any one inside the Libby to any person outside.

"Boat up! boat up!" was the glad cry that rang through the Libby rooms one day, when the news came that a flag-of-truce boat had just come from City Point, bringing a mail for prisoners, and possibly bringing orders for the release of some of us. Then followed the thrilling reception and distribution of the home mail. Another night on the cold floor, with the restless, anxious hoping that it might be my last there, although all was still uncertainty. There was a rumor that several of us were to go back in this boat, but no one knew how the rumor started. About noon of the following day, "Dick Turner" made his appearance at the entrance-way of our room. His voice rang out, as his first call:

"Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut!"

I had never in my life been so glad to hear my own name as then. I sprang toward him at his call. He said:

"If you want to go back in this boat, hurry up."

"Is there time for me to run upstairs and get my things?"

"No; go just as you are, or not at all."

I had left upstairs, on the floor above, a little basket of my belongings, which I had brought from Columbia, but it was nothing in comparison with liberty. I left all, and followed him who gave me hope of freedom.

As I passed out from the Libby and down Carey Street, under guard, I looked up and saw the glad, sad faces of my fellow-prisoners crowding the windows of that gloomy building. Their kindly farewells made my heart sick, because I must leave them there.

"Good-by, Chaplain; I'm glad *you're* going home."

"God bless you, Chaplain! I wish *I* was going with you."

"Good-by! Good-by!"

These sounds are in my ears to-day, as fresh as thirty-five years ago.

I went on the little steamer, "A. H. Shultz," down the James River. A white flag was above her bow, the Confederate flag was above her stern. Until the steamer had passed the defenses of Richmond I was kept below. As we neared City Point I was permitted to come on deck. When I came in sight of the United States flag floating over our flag-of-truce steamer New York, I could hardly

contain myself for joy, but I had to be restrained until formally released. I was compelled to pass one more night under the Confederate flag. I was, however, treated courteously by Captain Hatch, the Confederate agent of exchange, and I made myself as contented as possible until the hour for my transfer. On the following morning I was given over by Captain Hatch to Major Mulford, our agent of exchange, and my prison experiences were at an end.

From Major Mulford I learned more about my imprisonment and my return. My government had steadily pressed for my release. Finally Judge Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, asked Major Mulford if he could give his personal assurance that I was what I claimed to be, a simple chaplain, and not a spy. The Major said he had relatives in Hartford, where I lived, and could easily ascertain the truth. The Judge said if he was satisfied on *this* point I should be released. He also promised not to use to my disadvantage the Major's silence on the subject, if he found he could not vouch for me. Major Mulford, afterwards General Mulford, had a cousin living near me, connected with the church of which I was a member. In response to his inquiry, she spoke of me in such terms that he was no longer in doubt. He told Judge Ould, and an order was sent to General Beauregard for my release.

When Richmond was taken, a friend of mine, in

command at the Libby, found among the official files an important paper in my case, and gave it over to me. It contained the order of Judge Ould for my transfer to Richmond, in response to the demand of General Meredith, our agent of exchange, with the protest of General Jordan, General Beauregard's chief-of-staff, endorsed on it:

"Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull has been directed to be sent to Richmond at once. He is a tricky fellow, and has little the air of a chaplain. The great desire manifested to get him back, coupled with the circumstances of his capture, make it doubtful whether he is really a chaplain or a spy."

Some years after the war, a man, who then met me for the first time, said:

"Mr. Trumbull, you don't look a bit like a minister."

"I know that," I replied. "I once came near being hanged for it. Because of my lack of the conventional 'choker,' they proposed to give me one of hemp."

CHAPTER XII

GLIMPSES OF GENERAL GRANT

Because a man is in an army it does not follow that he has any personal knowledge of its commander-in-chief. He may know a great deal about him. He may even have studied his character and history for years. He may be guided in his every-day life by the orders issued by that commander-in-chief. Yet, while serving under him for a prolonged term, he may never have a glimpse of him, any more than if an ocean separated them. All his knowledge of the man who is so much to him may be only at second-hand, as hearsay information.

This is not the popular opinion of army service. It certainly was not the idea which was in my mind, as a boy, when occasionally I met an old soldier of the American Revolution or of the great Napoleon. At one time, when I went with my father to pay some pension money to an old colored man who had served in the Revolutionary War, I asked the pensioner, with interest, what he could tell me about the appearance of General Washington. The old man was too kind-hearted to disappoint his benefactor's boy by telling the truth, and

saying that he had never set eyes on the commander-in-chief, so he replied at once:

"Gen'al Washin'ton was a gran' an' imposin' man. He'd come out afore the line ev'ry mornin' an' speak out in a loud voice: 'Boys, I want you all to be good sojers to-day.' Ev'ry one o' us den ready to die for de Gen'al."

That met a boy's idea of army service. A good many older persons felt as that boy did about soldiers serving always under the eye of the commander-in-chief. They took it for granted that a Revolutionary soldier was accustomed, as a matter of course, to see General Washington at least frequently, even if not every day.

A little later, when I was presented, in my father's sitting-room, to Colonel John Trumbull the artist, who served on the personal staff of General Washington as an aide-de-camp, I was interested in being face to face with a man who had had special opportunities of knowing the "Father of his Country," and of feeling his impress; but somehow, as he said nothing of the personal appearance and ways of General Washington, I found that my early thoughts were most influenced as to these by the words of the old colored pensioner. Personal testimony as to a great commander's looks and ways is very effective when you know, or think, that it is all true.

When once I saw an old soldier of the first Napoleon, I asked him what he thought about his

great commander. I did not ask how Napoleon looked, but how his soldiers felt about him. The old Frenchman's face was all aglow, and his form was in a quiver, as, with excited gestures, he exclaimed:

"We *believed* in Napoleon. You believe in your God, we believed in Napoleon. Napoleon say, 'Go to the moon,' every soldier start; Napoleon find the way."

Whether that soldier had ever seen Napoleon I did not ask; but I could have no doubt that he had felt his influence, and that he could bear sure testimony of it. Thus with the soldiers of General Grant. Not all of them were privileged to see him personally, but all felt the impress of his personality, and the testimony of any one of them who ever saw and heard him, and who was thus the more impressed by him, is worthy of heeding, because it is an added evidence of General Grant's surpassing personality.

General Grant was not a "gran' an' imposin' man," like General Washington, or, again, like General Scott; nor was he a man of magnetic and inspiring presence, arousing enthusiasm wherever he showed himself among his soldiers, like Napoleon, or even like McClellan, or Sherman, or, yet more, like Sheridan. Neither his personal appearance nor his manner was calculated to impress the average man with a sense of his greatness; and his soldiers had to learn gradually to trust implicitly

the commander who held their lives and the interests of the entire country in his control.

I have seen General Grant riding quietly along the front, at a time when an important movement of his was evidently a success, as at Fort Harrison, in September, 1864, and our men were flushed with a sense of victory at the right, while the sounds of battle at the left were still to be heard; yet not a cheer greeted his progress as he moved among the men who were ready to lay down their lives at his order. I could have heard a cheer from other divisions had it been given on that occasion, as he passed on his way with no show of authority or apparent wish to be greeted, but not a cheer was to be heard. Very different was the case with many another general. When General Burnside showed himself among his soldiers in North Carolina, in 1862, the men seemed to go wild with enthusiasm; and it was much the same with General John G. Foster, or, later, with General Gillmore or General Terry. It is true that Colonel Horace Porter testifies that the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were aroused to such enthusiasm over their new commander, at the opening of the campaign in May, 1864, that it was necessary to check their vociferous cheers, lest the noise should disclose the commander's presence to the enemy. Yet any one familiar with General Grant's appearance and manner on the field would testify to his absence of imposing presence.

But gradually, and with increasing force, as the war went on, officers and men came to feel confidence in the wisdom and ability of General Grant, and to have rest in their abiding trust in him as fully competent for whatever he had to do. It was said that, when he was in command in the West, the soldiers would look up and say quietly, as he passed, "There goes 'the old man.' Pretty hard nut for 'Johnny Reb' to crack!" And when it was seen that those commanders who were brilliant and magnetic, and who, like Sherman and Sheridan, could immediately arouse and inspire their men, were themselves aroused and inspired by the supreme ability of General Grant, confidence in him came down through them to those who lacked the ability to measure him for themselves at his true worth, and caused them to perceive in him that greatness which was earlier patent to the larger minds.

My first opportunity of seeing General Grant was after he crossed the James River in June, 1864, and made his headquarters at City Point. My regiment was then in the Army of the James at Bermuda Hundreds, where General Butler's command was "bottled up," we having come thither from the Department of the South. General Grant came over to Bermuda Hundreds with General Butler, soon after the Army of the Potomac was in position before Petersburg, and rode along our lines reconnoitering our defenses. He made less

display than General Butler, or than an ordinary division commander, and we failed to see in him evidences of the power that we knew he possessed.

A month later, July 16, 1864, when our brigade occupied a newly taken position at Deep Bottom, north of the James River, about ten miles from Richmond, near the New Market Road, General Grant, accompanied as before by General Butler, passed through our regimental lines toward a house known as the "Grover House," for the purpose of sending over to Richmond, by flag of truce, two civilians, Mr. James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") and Colonel Jaquess, on a special mission to Jefferson Davis, with the consent of President Lincoln. As we then had a better opportunity of observing General Grant personally, we watched him with curious interest, vainly seeking some visible sign of his greatness.

General Grant was not given to display in dress or in surroundings. He was seldom in full uniform, and, as he himself says, he rarely wore a sword on the field. Often a single member of his personal staff, and sometimes only a single orderly, accompanied him. On one occasion, as he passed by our regimental camp, on the New Market Road, below Richmond, with only an orderly, and wearing a private soldier's blouse, with no sign of rank other than the three stars on his shoulder-strap, one of our men said to the others in quiet surprise:

"Why, there goes General Grant!"

"There's only one man in this army who wears three stars"

"Nonsense!" said another; "that isn't General Grant. It doesn't look a bit like him."

"Well, I say it *is*. Don't you see those stars on his shoulder? There's only one man in this army who wears three stars."

And that was conclusive.

When, in the spring of 1865, just prior to the movement of his armies that culminated in victory at Appomattox Court House, General Grant reviewed our division, and a week later, when he accompanied Secretary Stanton at a review of our corps, in full uniform as he was, and accompanied by his brilliant staff and distinguished generals, his appearance better met the common idea of the commanding general of a great army. By that time, moreover, even his impassible countenance showed its signs of continual strain and anxiety, and gave proof that he was not insensible to the tremendous responsibilities upon him in that prolonged campaign. Slowly, however, at the best, did the majority of those who were under General Grant grow to any just appreciation of his simple greatness.

It was not until after the war that I came into any personal relations with General Grant. My first meeting with him was at his home in Washington, just after his nomination at Chicago as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, in May, 1868. I was returning from a trip to the South. General Joseph R. Hawley, who was chairman of

the nominating convention, and who as such was to notify General Grant of his nomination, invited me to accompany him on that occasion. Not reaching Washington in season for this, I ventured to make a personal call on General Grant, on the strength of it, as I came northward. I sent in my card, simply writing under my name, "A friend of General Joseph R. Hawley." In a few minutes General Grant came in, and, greeting me cordially, he said:

"Excuse me for keeping you waiting, but I was out in the yard playing circus with my children."

This gave me a glimpse of his home life, and newly attracted me to him. I explained the circumstances of my call, and told of my personal relations with General Hawley, adding that I took advantage of this to pay my respects to the commander whom every soldier held so dear. The simplicity and naturalness of General Grant impressed me from the start. I could not but be at my ease, as he talked to me familiarly, asking in what command I had served, and about my army service. As I spoke of the time when he rode through the lines of our regiment on his way to the "Grover House," with "Edmund Kirke," in July, 1864, the General asked artlessly:

"What horse did I ride that day?"

I suggested that I could not answer that question, for I was thinking just then a good deal more about the man who was so much to us all than

about the horse which he rode, but I was sure it was a good horse.

When I proposed to leave, after this first salutation, the General kindly asked me to remain longer, and he spoke of the political outlook. This was at a time when the newspaper correspondents were all speaking of the peculiar reticence of General Grant, "the silent man," and the impossibility of getting any expression of opinion from him. Yet he seemed free to express himself without restraint, apparently convinced that no unfair use would be made of it. He spoke warmly of General Hawley, and of his opening address at the nominating convention at Chicago. Then he asked who I thought would be nominated for President by the Democrats. I answered that there seemed more than a possibility that they would nominate Chief Justice Chase. At once General Grant replied:

"I hope they'll nominate Chase. Then we shall feel easy for our country in either event."

This showed the unselfish and patriotic spirit of General Grant. His chief thought was of the country he loved and served. It was not an opposing candidate who could easily be beaten that he wanted in the field, but one who would be best for the whole country, if elected. This was the tenor of General Grant's talk at that time, as of his life throughout. From the time of that first personal interview of mine with General Grant, he grew in my love and admiration continually.

On various occasions subsequently I was brought into pleasant relations with him, and I always found him remarkably free as a conversationalist, whether he was relating incidents of his campaigns or speaking of public affairs. One evening, as two or three of us sat by him in a private car, he related some of his experiences in the Mexican War, while he was still a lieutenant. Our troops, under General Taylor, had gained a position in the city of Monterey, but the Mexicans were not yet driven out. They were firing from the windows and housetops at our men, who were for the time unable to silence their fire. Moreover, our forces were in need of ammunition, and it was a perilous thing to go for it outside.

"I volunteered to go for it, and to report our condition," said General Grant. "To do this, I must run the gantlet of this fire, while every attempt was making to pick me off by the Mexicans. I had a good horse. I swung myself down alongside of the horse, holding on by one leg in the saddle (you see, I could always ride like a monkey), and then I started my horse on a run. The bullets flew pretty lively, but I got through safely."

It was interesting to consider, as we heard this recital, what a change there might have been in American history if a Mexican marksman had had a surer aim just then, as he fired at that young lieutenant, who was riding monkey-fashion out of

the streets of Monterey in pursuit of more ammunition. But that head was providentially covered, for a purpose, in the day of battle. Thus it is that God cares for a people, in little things, as in great.

At another time, as I sat alone with him, General Grant spoke freely of the circumstances of his finally relieving General Butler from command, and of what preceded it. The details of the affair showed the caution, the discernment, and the precision, of General Grant's mind. Being in doubt about certain matters in General Butler's department, and distrusting reports he received as to a firm of wholesale sutlers, and their relations to the enemy, he said:

"I knew I could depend absolutely on General George Gordon, so I sent him down there to make thorough investigation."

Telling of the obstacles afterwards encountered by General Gordon in his investigations, and of his own determination to have the matter thoroughly sifted, General Grant said:

"I concluded it would be best to have General Butler out of the department forthwith, and that was when I issued my order to him to report for orders at once at his home in Lowell."

Soon after this recital by General Grant, I met General Gordon, and he gave me the same facts from his side of the story. Such incidents illustrate the freeness of General Grant in speaking of important matters, when he was under no restraint

through fear that he should be misreported or involved in controversy.

When, on one occasion, I spoke to General Grant of the sense of personal responsibility which he must have felt for the great number of officers and men under his immediate command, in the widely extended field of our national conflict in the last year of our war, I added:

"I should think that the mere carrying in mind the personality of the officers who were to execute your orders in connection with your best laid plans must have taxed any human memory and thought to the utmost. I don't see how it was possible for you to remember all those whom you must have in mind in order to be sure that they could be depended on for the doing of your special work on an occasion; for everything showed that you had considered them all."

"As to that matter," he said, "I didn't have to consider personally as many men the last year of the war as the first. When I was colonel of a regiment, I knew every man in the regiment, and I had them all in mind. But, as I rose in command, I made it my business to keep up my knowledge of commanders under me sufficiently to be sure that they could be trusted to attend to those whom they commanded, and not to concern myself about others. When I was at the head of all the armies, I didn't specially burden my mind with any man below the rank of division commander. Being

sure of these, I could trust them to look out for those below them."

These simple words testified to General Grant's ability to rise to the responsibilities of the highest command without being burdened with the details of a lower position. In this he succeeded, where so many before him had failed. Great administrative ability always shows itself in the power to shut unnecessary details out of mind. Knowing what not to do, often settles the question of what to do.

Although General Grant was not in the habit of joking, he had a keen sense of humor, and his wit often showed itself in his laconic phrases. I was with him one evening in Governor Burnside's parlor, when I was one of a delegation who had come from Hartford to invite him to that city. As we were talking with him familiarly, Mayor Doyle of Providence came in to say that a large delegation of citizens was outside, having come to serenade the President. Governor Burnside at once stepped to the front window, which opened from the floor, and, throwing it up, stood there with the President while the band serenaded. Mayor Doyle presented the greetings of the assembled citizens to the President, who bowed his acknowledgments. The crowd then clamored for a speech. Governor Burnside said, in response, as the President stood silent by his side:

"You know, fellow-citizens, that the President doesn't make speeches."

"O General Grant, do just say two words to us!" cried an enthusiastic voice.

"*I won't,*" responded General Grant, in a quiet, firm tone, without moving a muscle of his face. The man's request for "just two words" was granted, and the President had not made a speech.

The Hon. E. A. Rollins, who was Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington while General Grant was Acting Secretary of War, gave me another illustration of this power of General Grant. A man in New York had been urged on Mr. Rollins, by a distinguished statesman of the day, for an important position in his department. Wanting to know about the man, he went to General Grant and asked him if he knew him. The General said he did.

"I'm urged to appoint him to a responsible position in the revenue department, General. What do you think of his fitness for such a place?" asked Mr. Rollins.

"Well," said General Grant, "if I had to choose between taking him or making a scoop at a venture into Sing Sing—I'd try the scoop."

Although he was not accustomed to show emotion, and was supposed by many to be regardless of adverse criticism, General Grant was sensitive to the opinion of others, and felt deeply the misjudgment of his spirit and motives by those who ought to have understood him better. Being with him in a private car, on one occasion, during the second

term of his administration, I sat near him while no one else was by, and ventured to speak of the love which I, in common with his old soldiers generally, bore him, in view of what he had been to us and to our country when he was all the world to us all. My words seemed to touch his heart, and to start him on a train of thought about the popular judgments of his course. As he thanked me for my grateful words, he continued, in a kind of personal soliloquizing:

"I don't wonder that people differ with me, and that they think I am not doing the best that could be done. I can understand how they may blame me for a lack of knowledge or judgment. But what hurts me is to have them talk as if I didn't love my country, and wasn't doing the best I knew how."

Then his thoughts seemed to go back to former days, as he continued his soliloquy:

"It was just that way in war time. I didn't do as well as might have been done. A great many times I didn't do as well as I was trying to do. Often I didn't do as well as I expected to do. But I had my plans, and I was trying to carry them out. They called me 'Fool,' and 'Butcher;' they said I didn't know anything, and hadn't any plans. But I kept on, and they kept on, and by and by Richmond was taken, and I was at Appomattox Court House, and then they couldn't find words enough to praise me."

Then he returned to present days, in his quiet soliloquy:

"I suppose it will be so now. In spite of mistakes and failures, I shall keep at it. By and by we'll have specie payments resumed; reconstruction will be complete; good feeling will be restored between the North and the South; we shall be at Appomattox again,—and then I suppose they'll praise me."

That soliloquy of General Grant gave me a glimpse into his great heart. I knew better than before how he felt, how he endured, how he trusted, and how he hoped; and I loved him more than ever.

In a message to the people of the United States, in the early days of our Centennial year, President Grant invited the churches of all denominations to make some special recognition of the occasion in their public services on the Sunday nearest to July 4, 1876, with a view to impressing its lessons on the community. At this I ventured to write to the President, suggesting that the lessons of our Centennial year would have practical value, in proportion as they were impressed on the minds and hearts of the children of the country, who could do most in making them effective in the first third of our second century. In view of this, I asked him if he would not send a message to that effect to the children of our country through the columns of the principal undenominational weekly Sunday-school

paper in this country, which I edited. Promptly he acceded to my request, and sent a message as follows:

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1876.

To the Editor of The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia:

Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.

To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Yours, respectfully,

U. S. GRANT.

The influence of this unique message of a President of the United States was very great, copied as it was into wellnigh every paper, religious and secular, in the United States. The appropriateness of the Bible text quoted by him at the close of his message was recognized by all. Twenty years later the same text was quoted by General James Longstreet, in a public letter, with reference to a great political issue then before the country. On the reading of that letter, General O. O. Howard, being present, remarked:

"I know how that text suggested itself to General Longstreet; it is written on the walls of

our chapel at West Point, over the desk. Every cadet remembers that."

So it seems that General Grant recalled it out of his early memories when he commended it as a lesson to the young people of the United States. It is a text worthy of remembrance by every lover of his country. It evidently has had its influence on successive generations of young cadets preparing in that chapel for active service as army officers.

On the closing day of the Centennial Exhibition, November 10, 1876, I was witness of an incident that illustrated the promptness and self-reliance of General Grant in deciding what was to be done in an important matter of public policy, and the ease and simplicity with which he expressed himself as to the principles which guided his action.

The President and members of his Cabinet were in Philadelphia, attending the closing ceremonies of the Exhibition. By invitation of my friend General Hawley, president of the Exhibition, I was a member of his party. As the President came into General Hawley's office, after formally closing the Exhibition, a telegram was handed to him with reference to the condition of affairs in Louisiana and Florida. There was just then an excited state of feeling throughout the country as to the result of the still undecided presidential contest between General Hayes and Mr. Tilden. It was a critical time. There was danger of violence. Anxiety and unrest prevailed. General Grant read the despatch,

and then seated himself at General Hawley's desk, at the invitation of the latter, who handed him telegraph-blanks.

General Grant had put a cigar in his mouth as he left the hall where the closing ceremonies were held. He said not a word as to the nature of the despatch he had received, but, with a peculiar movement of the cigar in his mouth, he began at once to write. Secretary of State Fish was in the room, but did not take any part in the proceedings. While the President was writing, Secretary of War Cameron came hurriedly into the room, having apparently heard of the reception of the despatch. As he approached the President, the latter, without saying a word, pushed toward him the message he had received, and went on with his writing. In a few minutes he had finished his answer, and, having simply shown it to Secretary Cameron, it was at once, without change or delay, sent on its way.

That was the message sending directions to General Sherman, which stated the President's view of the course to be pursued in the national crisis, and which did so much to reassure public confidence in the President's purpose to maintain law and order at every cost.

It read: "Instruct General Augur in Louisiana, and General Ruger in Florida, to be vigilant with the force at their command to preserve peace and good order, and to see that the proper and legal Board of Canvassers are unmolested in the per-

formance of their duties. Should there be any grounds of suspicion of fraudulent count on either side, it should be reported and denounced at once. No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result, but the country cannot afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns."

As I was within a few feet of General Grant from the time he received the despatch until he had sent off the reply, I can testify with positiveness as to his immediate and unaided preparation of that explicit and comprehensive order. And when afterward I read in prominent newspapers the suggestion that, in the phrasing of that order, the experienced hand of Secretary Fish was to be seen, or that it bore traces of the adroit shrewdness of Secretary Cameron, I realized that the independent judgment and the wisdom and decision of General Grant, in any crisis, were not yet fully comprehended by the public.

It were easy to find evidence of the power of General Grant's personality in whatever sphere he was placed. Taken prisoner on the field of Morris Island, before Charleston, in July, 1863, I met there Captain Thomas Y. Simons, in command of a light battery from Charleston. He was of the class of 1849 in Yale. As I knew several of his classmates, we had a pleasant conversation together.

He said that he had longed for this conflict for years. He was a secessionist before secession was accomplished. He was a member of the state convention that declared South Carolina out of the Union, and voted for that action. And now that the war was in progress, he was sure that it could never end except in the independence of the South.

"You can never subjugate us," he said. "We would fight, if need be, till our last man was in the field."

Later he called on me in Columbia Jail. He spoke again in the same confident strain. The following year he sent a kindly greeting to me across the lines in Virginia, when he found that he was once more over against my regiment.

After the war, I learned that he was editor of the Charleston Courier. Being in that city, I called on him. Welcoming me cordially, he said frankly:

"Well, Chaplain, when I saw you last I didn't think the war would end as it did."

Then he continued:

"But, oh dear! I was ready for the end long before it came. We couldn't stand that Grant of yours. It was his eternal pound, pound, pound, that did the business. We would have been glad to go into one great battle and fight it out to the finish. But he kept at it all the time. Whether we whipped him or not one day, we had to go at it the next day, and try it over again. He wouldn't give us any rest. Finally we found it was just die

to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day, or next week, and gain nothing by it. There was no other alternative, and we longed for the end to come."

General Grant had said, in his final report of his military operations, in command of the army, as to his policy from the beginning, in dealing with the enemies of his government: "I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of our land."

It was evident that my Charleston friend was at last convinced that General Grant had carried out his determination. That was a peculiarity of General Grant's.

On two memorable occasions, after this, I was brought into peculiar relations with General Grant and his place in history,—once when he was welcomed home after his triumphant circuit of the globe; again when he had finished his earthly course, and was laid at rest at Riverside Park. In neither case was it what *he* said or did, but in both

instances it was what others felt and thought about him, that stood out pre-eminently, and that gives interest to the recollections of an observer.

In May, 1877, General Grant sailed from Philadelphia, on his journey round the world. In December, 1879, he reached Philadelphia again, by way of the Pacific coast, at the close of that remarkable journey. At this latter time a grand public demonstration by the citizens of Philadelphia was accorded him, which concluded with a formal reception in the Academy of Music. Veterans of the war, with their friends, packed the vast building to its utmost capacity. Their old colors and battle-flags were displayed on the platform. Governor Henry M. Hoyt, in the name of the citizens of Pennsylvania, gave General Grant welcome again to the birthplace of that American independence which he had re-secured to the nation; and, deputed by George G. Meade Post I, of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which post General Grant was a member, I gave him welcome from his old comrades.

Extending this greeting in their name, I naturally suggested:

"It might seem that one who has received the glad greetings of all the sovereigns of earth, and who has fairly encircled the globe with the echo of his praises, would tire of even the heartiest expressions of honor or esteem that could come to him from any source or by any person whatsoever.

But no true man ever tires of words of love and confidence from those who are dear to him. And as you, sir, have already been reminded, and as a single glance about you would have assured you, this vast assemblage is made up of those who are no strangers to you. They are your old soldiers, your former companions in arms—'blood relatives' all; and it is not too much to say that they are very dear to you. You depended on them, and they proved true to you, in the hour of need to you and to them—an hour of need to our nation and to humanity. Because, then, you were capable, and they were trustworthy, you had success, and they had victory and its rejoicings.

"Here are men from wellnigh every field where you did service and won honor, from your Bunker Hill at Belmont to your Yorktown at Appomattox Court House. . . . Meeting you again face to face, they cannot but recall those days when you were all the world to them; when you held their lives and honor in your keeping; when on your sagacity, your courage, and your fidelity, depended all that they loved or lived for—and for which they were ready to die.

"As once more they look on you, and on those dear old flags beside you, they remember how, at your order and under your lead, they followed those flags in the storm of battle, or stood by them in the dreary siege, upholding and defending them amid the shower of bullets or under the crash of

bursting shell; on the death-crowned parapet, or in the open field, with ringing charge and countercharge; or on the weary march, by night and by day, in summer's heat and in winter's cold,—until the weather-beaten, tattered, and bullet-pierced remnants of those flags bear mute but eloquent witness to the true-hearted devotion of those soldiers and their great commander to the interests of that country which under God he saved, which he has governed so wisely and represented everywhere so grandly, and of which he stands to-day confessedly the foremost, best-loved citizen."

When, in the name of his own Post of the Grand Army of the Republic and of every lover of the grand republic itself, I extended to General Grant the hand of heartfelt welcome, and he rose, and with evident emotion returned the hand-clasp, while every person in the vast assembly sprang to his feet and joined in the cheers that rang through the building, I knew that he was having a foregleam of the place he was to hold for all time as the preeminent preserver and lover of his country, while his old soldiers, who were present, as representative of all the surviving veterans of the war, felt that the trials and sufferings of that prolonged conflict were not worthy to be compared with the glory and honor given by the whole world to this great nation and this great commander in the attained triumph, in which they had borne so important a part.

At last there came the end of that life of heroism and sacrifice,—the end of the long days and nights of suffering, while the great soldier battled so bravely with the last enemy he must encounter, the only enemy who ever could bring him even for a time into subjection. Struggling successfully hour by hour with wasting strength to secure competent provision for his own dear ones, and to prepare a new legacy for his countrymen, in the full story of his great campaigns in their behalf, until all was accomplished,

> "He was ready not to do
> At last, at last."

Peace had come to him, and he was at rest.

When his last heart-throb was announced, it seemed as if for the moment the heart of the world stood still. Waiting was followed by weeping. As the sad news was flashed from shore to shore and under the sea and around the world, ruler and ruled in every land felt that earth was the poorer for his death, as it had been the richer for his life. The nation which he had saved and ruled, and which he had represented and honored, claimed the privilege of guarding his worn body until it could reverently and with tenderness lay it in its final resting-place. In distant lands men met in mourning assemblages to share each other's sorrow, and to honor themselves in giving honor to his memory. At a special memorial service in Westminster Ab-

bey, the great of Great Britain thronged that Pantheon of our race to show to each other and to the world how highly he was esteemed, and how greatly he was loved.

General Grant died at Mount McGregor, New York, July 23, 1885. United States soldiers and veterans of his old command guarded his body there, and on August 6 escorted it on its way through watching thousands at every stage of its progress to New York, where it lay in state in the city's care, while a quarter of a million of mourning citizens passed in line to gaze reverently on that loved face, more impassible now than ever, until, two days later, it was borne to its tomb with such a pageant as never before honored an American citizen, while a million people, as representative of sixty millions, walked or watched in loving sorrow.

At least a half-million people were added on that memorable day to the million and more already in New York City. All business was suspended. Traffic and travel were intermitted. Along the route from the City Hall to Riverside Park, fully seven miles, the way was lined with sympathetic mourners. On the sidewalks, at windows and doors, on the roofs, and on ascending platforms at every opening and square, large or small, the people gazed reverently as the great procession slowly moved on. There was no excitement, no show of disturbance, not even any loud talking. A quiet and solemn hush prevailed. Faces were sad,

and many eyes were moist. Consciousness of a great loss pervaded the vast assemblage, and all felt that it was good to have lived under the immediate influence of such a life, as he whom all mourned had lived for them all.

On an imposing catafalque, drawn by twenty-four black horses, rested the coffin, covered by a purple velvet pall. The greatest and the best in our land followed that body to the tomb, accompanied by a military and a civic procession of at least three miles in length. President and ex-Presidents; justices of our Supreme Court; senators and members of Congress; ambassadors from foreign courts; governors of states; army and navy officers of the highest grade; representative clergymen of every denomination, Christian and Jewish; veterans of the Civil War and of the Mexican War; officers and men who had fought against General Grant, as well as those who had fought with him and under him; citizens of every class or grade, from those of wealth and eminence to the humblest in our land,—all were there, and all were mourners.

Marching all the distance as a chaplain of the occasion, in conjunction with the Department Chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic of Pennsylvania, just before the catafalque, I had occasion to note the deep solemnity and evident sympathy pervading that mighty concourse of mourners as they fixed their eyes on the honored

casket which bore the body of him who had centered the eyes of the world while he lived, and who was now the center of the world's loving thoughts. General Grant's evident greatness never seemed greater.

A salute of guns from the naval vessels in the harbor marked the starting of the great procession. As it moved along its course, military bands, one after another, played a funeral dirge, the subdued notes of which fell gently on the ears of all. When, after seven hours of marching, the procession entered Riverside Park, another salute from the navy noted the approach of the closing scene. Tens of thousands of mourning observers covered the adjacent hillsides. The afternoon sun shone softly across the waters of the Hudson, while minute guns were fired from the naval vessels on the river below the tomb, as the coffin was lifted reverently from its place on the catafalque and was rested near the tomb.

As the designated bearers came from their carriages to perform their last sad ministry, it was seen that General William T. Sherman walked arm in arm with his friend and old antagonist, General Joseph E. Johnston, and that General Philip H. Sheridan was arm in arm with General Simon B. Buckner, whose "unconditional surrender" to General Grant first evidenced General Grant's power to the country; General John B. Gordon, chief lieutenant of General Lee, was serving for the

day on the staff of General Winfield S. Hancock, who was in command of the funeral ceremonies. All felt then that at last dear General Grant's heartfelt prayer was answered, "Let us have peace!"

Within the wonderful inner group gathered at that tomb, while the closing offices of reverent affection were being performed, the scene was impressive and oppressive to the last degree. Children and grandchildren of the dead hero were nearest. President Cleveland was there, ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur, foreign diplomats, chief officers of our army and our navy, government officials, and eminent citizens in every walk of life; such an assemblage of the great and the good as never before was gathered at a grave on this continent. As the last words of prayer were spoken, and as a volley of musketry, and guns from the navy, marked "the last of earth," while all stood with bowed heads and throbbing hearts, an army bugler sounded the familiar call "Taps," closing with "Lights out." As the penetrating notes of that solemn bugle call died away, the pall of silence was on all. None seemed able to break it, or to move. The pause seemed an age. General Sherman, grim old hero as he was, realized the crisis. He broke the silence and the spell. With a quick motion of his extended hands, he said, "Our work is done!" All were released.

Twelve years later the American people joined

once more in giving honor to the memory of the great commander, as his body was removed from its temporary resting-place to the splendid granite tomb erected near by, through a nation's gratitude, for its permanent earthly rest. On April 27, 1897, the seventy-fifth anniversary of General Grant's birth, half a million of citizens from outside of New York, together with the nearly two millions of its own population, were united as in a common love and a common sorrow to pay another tribute of respect to his honored memory.

The President of the United States was there, to make by his presence and words the occasion one of national import; governors of states, North and South, East and West; officials and dignitaries, with representatives of foreign governments; more than fifty thousand soldiers, including regular troops and citizen soldiery; veterans of the Civil War from both the Union and Confederate armies; while on the Hudson River, in sight from the tomb, were war vessels of our American navy, and others of England, France, Spain, and Italy.

It was like the funeral ceremony repeated, with the added impressiveness of the universal conviction that the passage of years only brought out more and more distinctly the greatness of General Grant as a soldier and a man, and the depth and permanency of the nation's gratitude to him. Again it was my privilege to bear a part in the closing tribute of the day's ceremonies, by being

one of a detail of the Grand Army Post of which General Grant was a member, to lay a wreath with these loving words at the door of his tomb, and to utter words of prayer for God's blessing on the lessons of his life to those who have survived him.

"With the placing of this memorial tribute, comrades, our service for General Grant is at an end; but his service for us and for our country still goes on. While this granite structure stands, and so long as our country endures, his life story will be a lesson and an inspiration to the citizens of the great republic which he saved and served. It is enough for us that we were of the mighty host by which he was enabled to do his work, and that we may strive and hope to be of that multitude which no man can number, who shall gather finally in the presence of the Captain of his Salvation, whom he served and trusted, and whom we may trust and serve forevermore."

It is a high privilege to have been in touch, in any way, with the personality and career of such a man as General Grant. It ought to prove a high inspiration.

CHAPTER XIII

LINKINGS WITH THE NAVY

During our Civil War, army and navy were as one force in restoring the supremacy of the Federal authority. The two arms of service co-worked harmoniously and with efficiency toward the one end. While the power of the navy was felt for good by all who were in the Union army anywhere, those soldiers whose field of service was along our Atlantic or Gulf coast, or in the vicinity of our great rivers, had occasion to rely on the navy more consciously than those who served only at a distance from navigable waters.

General Grant relied on Admirals Foote and Farragut and Porter for the carrying out of his best-laid plans of army occupation at important points, from his early operations against forts Henry and Donelson, and against Vicksburg, in the southwest, to his final capture of Fort Fisher on the Atlantic coast. New Orleans, and Mobile Bay, and Port Royal, and Fort Pulaski, were captured, and made available as bases of military operations, through the brilliant strategy and the splendid daring of Admirals Farragut and Dupont in co-

operation with Generals Butler and Mitchell and Benham and Seymour and Gillmore and Terry, and other army commanders. Neither army nor navy could say to the other, at any period in our Civil War, "I have no need of thee."

My regiment went out originally in General Burnside's Coast Division, which was to co-operate with Commodore Goldsborough's command for the capture of Roanoke Island and New Berne; and army and navy were as one force in all the movements in North Carolina. Later the regiment was on the sea islands of the South Carolina coast, under Generals Hunter, Gillmore, and Terry, in operations against Charleston. There, we of the army came to rely more and more on the navy for opening the way for our landing, for protecting our flanks when we moved forward, and for adding force to every movement in attack or defense.

Memories of particular war experiences in which the navy bore an important part are vivid in our soldier minds to-day. For instance, our brigade was ordered to take possession of Seabrook Island, in the waters of South Carolina, in the early spring of 1863. Moving along the coast in a steamer transport, by night, from Port Royal Harbor, we found ourselves in the early morning in North Edisto Inlet, just off the shores of Seabrook Island. The island was covered by a dense Southern forest of typical luxuriance. It was still occupied by the enemy, prepared to oppose its occupancy by our

soldiers. We were ordered to land a small force on the sandy beach at the lower end, and move up the island through the forest to a suitable position for an entrenched line. Five launches containing a hundred men each comprised our landing force.

Knowing that the enemy under cover would naturally attack us while we were landing, before we were in line to defend ourselves, we realized that the movement was one of no small peril. Then it was that our main hope of protection was in the two monitors and a gunboat covering our advance and protecting our flanks with the explosions of their mammoth shells. As they opened fire on the woods near the beach, we felt that a feasible way was opened for our landing. Under cover of their thunderous artillery our launches pulled toward the beach. That naval cannonade was inspiring music to us, and a leader in our foremost boat struck up the "John Brown" chorus, which five hundred soldier voices joined in with a will. The landing was effected safely, and the march to the upper end of the island was made with slight opposition.

For months after that we occupied that island with a feeling of security, in spite of every effort to dislodge us. We had confidence because of the fleet of iron-clads in the inlet, under the immediate direction of Commander George W. Rodgers, of the monitor Catskill. On more than one occasion when the enemy came down, we were enabled to main-

tain our position on the island with the help of the co-operating navy.

Again, in July, 1863, we were ordered to James Island under General Terry, to make an offensive demonstration in co-operation with General Gillmore's advance against Charleston by way of Folly Island and Morris Island. On the night of July 15, we were on picket at the upper end of the island. The left of the line, held by our regiment, rested on the shore, its flank being protected by the Pawnee and a small gunboat. The right of our picket line, which was refused considerably in the alinement, was held by Colonel Robert G. Shaw's Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment of colored soldiers, now for the first time at the extreme front, and as yet untested in battle. A reconnoissance had been made along our line by a small force of the enemy's cavalry the preceding afternoon.

During the night there was a heavy rain, and there was an opportunity, under cover of the storm and darkness, for offensive preparation by the enemy. About dawn of July 16 the storm cleared off, and a sharp attack was made on the right of our line by the enemy in force. The purpose was evident,—to break through the line of colored pickets and thus flank and overpower our regiment at the left. But the colored soldiers stood their ground bravely, and only fell back slowly, skirmishing as they yielded their ground foot by foot under the pressure of a greatly superior force, thus enabling

the left of the line to fall back to a position for a permanent stand.

It was a thrilling sight that morning. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, and a naval force, all engaged at the same time, within the sweep of a watcher's eye, in the reddening dawn of the eastern sky above that field. The attack by the enemy was simultaneous all along our lines. In front of our left, the enemy had brought down and masked a battery during the night, to engage the United States steamer Pawnee and the gunboat Marblehead, lying near the shore for our protection; and the first notice of this the Pawnee received was its rapid shots crashing into her wooden sides before she could be swung around and dropped down stream to a position where she could bring her heavy guns to bear on the attacking battery. When these guns opened fire they soon silenced those of their opponent, but not until the Pawnee had been struck forty-two times.

A government steamer in the river at our right did good service with her guns against the enemy's lines in that direction, and one of our gunboats beyond Secessionville opened a vigorous fire on the enemy's rear. We realized that morning, as at many another time, how important was the co-operation of the navy with the army, as enabling our bravest soldiers to do their best work in an emergency, and to have success at a critical time.

It was much the same while we were in Virginia,

at Gloucester Point, and on the banks of the Appomattox or of the James, at Bermuda Hundreds, or before Petersburg or Richmond. We were never at a distance from the navy, from the opening to the close of our term of service.

Yet while we were thus linked with the navy in all our service in the army, and while we had reason to recognize the exceeding value of this co-operation of the two branches of service in their work to a common end, it cannot be truly said that at that time we rightly estimated the importance and power of the navy in serving and saving our country in its supreme crisis. It is unquestionably true that the magnitude of our armies and the sanguinary nature of land engagements in our Civil War gave for the time a disproportionate prominence to the military arm of service, in contrast with the naval, in the work of re-establishing our national authority. Gradually, however, it has come to be recognized that the world learned more from our naval achievements on river and coast and on the high seas, in that war, than from all that was done by our land forces. Our military successes were not unparalleled, our naval successes were.

So impartial an observer as the Edinburgh Review said on this point, soon after our war closed: "The important part borne by the American navy in the contest; . . . the powerful share taken by it in the river campaigns which cut the seceded states

in twain; the vast weight due to its exertions in the final successes of the Federal generals,—have been but little noticed as compared to the din and shock of the great battles with which the New World rang. Yet nothing is more surprising in this great contest—no military, political, or financial success has more completely defied expectation, prophecy, and precedent—than the work wrought by this arm of the Union forces, and wrought by it in the very process of creation out of actual nonentity."

Dupont, whirling his vessels around the battle-ellipse at Port Royal, and battering into submissive ruins in four hours such earthworks as stood a siege of months from the foremost engineers of the Old World at Sevastopol; Foote, resistlessly sweeping up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries with his motley fleet of unique craft, making havoc with his foes on shore and stream six days in the week, and on the seventh standing in some river-side church, or on his quarter-deck, the earnest and eloquent preacher of the gospel of Christ; Farragut, even by British critics "confessed the first seaman of the age," moving his mighty fleet at New Orleans through the grim gantlet of commanding forts at dead of night by the light of flashing guns and blazing rafts, bursting through river-booms, scattering hostile gunboats, sinking armored rams, eluding burning barges, and silencing shore batteries, to bring the Crescent City

in surrender at his lieutenant's feet; or again, as he stood in the Hartford's rigging at Mobile Bay, handling his squadron of monitors in cavalry tactics against the leviathan Tennessee and its attendant minor sea-monsters; David D. Porter, in all his brilliant service from the relief of beleaguered Fort Pickens in the very opening scenes of the war down to his magnificent fight at Fort Fisher as a closing act of the bloody drama; "Jack" Rodgers, in his lightning-like destruction of the supposed invincible Atlanta, in presence of the gaily bedecked fleet of merry-making civilians from Savannah, with his subsequent hearty offer to his complaining prisoner to take back his huge ironclad and try the fight over again if one thrashing were not enough for him; young Cushing,—Phil Sheridan of the seas,—raiding audaciously through the enemy's lines to destroy single-handed the dreaded ram Albemarle under the guns and watch of a vigilant and strong-armed foe, and performing a half-score of similar feats of daring, either of which might have made a world-wide hero of that beardless boy; Morris, going down with the grand old Cumberland, sinking but not surrendering, firing his farewell broadside of defiance as his vessel settled calmly into her grave of glory, with the dear old flag still flying at her peak; Worden, coming up in the puny "cheese-box" Monitor, like the stripling David to beard and vanquish the defiant Goliath of the deep; Boggs, selling so

dearly the life of "the vessel Varuna" at the Mississippi's mouth,—Samson-like carrying with him to destruction the Philistine host of gunboats; Winslow, fighting the decisive nautical duel with the representative freebooter of the seas, in the presence of its scowling seconds, the liberty-hating aristocracies of England and France; ay, and plain John Davis, the Valley City gunner, throwing his body across the open barrel of powder to protect the magazine from fire in the waters of North Carolina; and Frisbie, gunner's mate on the Pinola, when the berth-deck was on fire, closing the magazine against the flames, himself remaining inside;—these starred names, with the countless host of their gallant fellows, famous or unknown, who dared and endured and suffered in the long months of dreary watching along three thousand miles of embargoed coast; in the perilous scouts of huge launches, or of swift-flying gigs within the enemy's closest harbor defenses; and in the ever-present danger from submerged torpedoes, or suddenly descending rams, or coast and ocean storms; or who went down in a moment to a sailor's living grave, as in the original Monitor, the Housatonic, the Weehawken, and the Tecumseh,—are not they worthy of ever-fresh remembrance among the noblest and bravest defenders of our republic? Shall they not be borne always gratefully in mind, for what they did and for what they were, while heroism and unselfish devotion to country are held

in honor by those who reap the fruits of their patriotic daring?

As a hearty tribute of respect for the ability and worth of the many officers of our navy whom I have known personally, I wish to tell of four of these—of widely different characteristics, yet each one the representative of a class—with whom I was brought into somewhat intimate relations in a Southern prison, or in active service on the Southern coast.

First there was Lieutenant Benjamin H. Porter, —"Ben Porter" as he was commonly called,—an admirable specimen of the wide-awake, enthusiastic American sailor-boy; for boy he was to the last, being barely twenty years old when he yielded his noble young life in the assaulting column at Fort Fisher, after four years of active naval service. When about fifteen, young Porter was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from Lockport, New York. This was in 1859, before the first mutterings were heard of the coming storm of civil war. Little thought had he of what was really before him. "Just think of my being here," he wrote, "going to school, and the government paying me thirty dollars a month for my company! Ain't it bunkum?" The government had the worth of its money from that school-boy before it was through with him.

At the opening of the year 1861, Porter was joyous in the thought of his first vacation. His new

uniform was a delight to him, and he had a boyish pride in the thought of showing it off before his home neighbors. His letters of that period showed him utterly free from any forebodings of national peril, or any anticipations of the weighty responsibilities so soon to rest on him. "Last Saturday," he wrote about this time, "I sent one of the servants out into town to get some oysters. After 'taps,' at night, we got out our chafing-dish, crackers, butter, pepper, and salt. I got down under my bed, and took the chafing-dish with me. After all was ready, P—— and H—— hauled down the bedclothes over the front part of the bed, so the light could not reflect from the opposite wall out of the window. Everything being ready, I struck the light and lay down on the floor to wait for the oysters to cook. After they were cooked, we drew the table up to the window, and then commenced the fun! We ate a quart this time, and, as soon as we had finished, we cooked another quart and ate them."

It was while young Porter was thus fun-loving and careless, at Annapolis, that the storm-cloud of civil war burst suddenly upon our country. Beautifully then did he illustrate the change which seemed to transform the people of the loyal North. As by a single bound he sprang from light-hearted boyishness to a mature young manhood, ready for the severest patriot service. No more talk of home leave and gold lace. No more

time wasted in student frolics. "I suppose you have heard before this that civil war has commenced," he wrote home on the dark 14th of April. "Fort Sumter has been taken. . . . I think that the Secretary [of the Navy] will graduate the first class immediately, and that the third and fourth classes will go on leave. I think I shall apply to be sent down to the Gulf if my class goes on leave. . . . I have sworn to stand by the glorious Stars and Stripes, and just as long as there is a star left I will fight for it." Nobly did the young hero fulfil the spirit of that pledge!

Porter's first service was as midshipman on the Roanoke, on blockade duty off the Atlantic coast. That was dull work for him; and he was glad enough when his petition for a share in the then fitting Burnside expedition was favorably received, and he was put in command of six launches, with a battery of Dahlgren howitzers and one hundred and fifty men. At the battle of Roanoke Island, Midshipman Porter's battery was in position on land, with the army's extreme advance. In that fight—one of the sharpest of the war for the numbers engaged—that boy of seventeen stood at his guns, under a destructive fire, inspiring his men by his magnetic presence and irrepressible enthusiasm, and doing eminent execution by the fire he directed. Admiral Goldsborough, Commodore Marston, and Generals Burnside and Foster, commended his "admirable conduct" as "deserving of the highest

praise," and as having "not only contributed largely to the success of the day, but won the admiration of all who witnessed the display."

After this battle young Porter was assigned, as an acting master, to the command of the gunboat Ellis, on duty in the North Carolina waters. Not yet eighteen, with such a responsible command! He had an active part in the reduction of Fort Macon. In the fall of 1862, on his promotion as ensign, he was ordered to report to Admiral Dupont, at Port Royal. After several months of blockading service he was, in the summer of 1863, selected by Admiral Dahlgren to explore Charleston Harbor, and learn its obstructions and channel ways. This was a difficult and delicate task, requiring judgment and caution, as well as energy and daring. The work must be done by night, in the face of dangers from sunken torpedoes and from an ever-watchful enemy. For twenty-four consecutive nights that eighteen-year-old boy was on this service, while during sixteen of the intervening days his vessel was in action and he on duty there. Night after night he groped his way in the darkness among the harbor obstructions, and day after day he was active on his ship's gun-deck. He found the passage-way of the blockade-runners, passed the enemy's forts again and again, and actually skirted the wharves of the city of Charleston. On one occasion, when a boat from the fleet was run down by the Confederate steamer

Alice, that daring and chivalrous boy flashed his lights and rescued eight of the drowning men, although thereby making himself the target of guns from land and sea. It is not to be wondered at that, such was the strain of this service on his nervous system, the brave young ensign would at times be so exhausted on his return to his ship that his men must lift him from the boat, and his loss of flesh was a pound a day during the more than three weeks of this venturesome scouting.

For a night attack on Fort Sumter, in September, 1863, Ensign Porter volunteered to join a scaling-party, and was taken prisoner with the few other officers who were brave enough to persevere in the assault after most of the boats had been driven from the scene. Carried first to Charleston, he was soon sent up to Columbia, and it was there that I was his fellow-prisoner for several months. Prison-life was more trying to young Porter than scouting in Charleston Harbor had been, but he submitted to it as cheerfully as he did to every other privation or trial in the line of duty. He had fourteen months in prison. A part of the time he was in irons as one of the hostages for two Confederate privateersmen, who were held by our government as pirates. Once he aided in digging a tunnel under the jail building in the hope of escape; but the plan was frustrated, through treachery, just on the eve of its realization.

The boy side of Porter's nature showed itself in

prison as elsewhere. He was the life of the party. He was always taking a cheery view of the situation. If at times he would seem to give way under the heavy pressure, and would stand in the jail window with his fair young face pressed against the bars, evidently longing for liberty, the first call of a comrade would bring him back to his wonted joyousness, and he would spring to the floor with a hopeful word, and perhaps follow a joking sentence with his contagious laugh. In a room of the jail adjoining that of the naval officers there was confined in irons a Captain Harris, of Tennessee, held as a hostage for some Confederate prisoner under special charges. It was a delight of Ben Porter to put his mouth to the key-hole of the door and whistle a lively tune, while the Captain danced to it with the accompanying clanking of his chains. After Porter had been himself in irons he taught Captain Harris how to remove and replace his handcuffs and fetters without the knowledge of the prison officials. It was through this instruction that Captain Harris's life was saved when the Columbia jail was burned, early in 1865.

At last Porter was out of prison. Passing his examination for promotion before a special board at Washington, he was commissioned as lieutenant, to rank from the month when he was nineteen years old. He was then—early in 1865—ordered to report to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads. By the Admiral he was put in command of the

Malvern, flagship of the squadron,—a high honor for a boy of his years, but an honor well deserved. At the second attack on Fort Fisher, Lieutenant Porter led an assaulting party on the beach against the sea-face of the fort, and fell at the head of his men. He died as he had lived, bravely and unselfishly doing his duty. He had lived the life of only a boy in years. He had shown the spirit and done the work of the manliest and maturest of men. His life was one of high achievement and of yet higher promise. Ben Porter's character and record are typical of some of the choicest specimens of American naval officers; of those who began to do great things in boyhood, and continued to do better and greater things throughout their lives; of the Perrys and Rodgerses and McDonoughs and Farraguts and Porters, and others like them. Of this young officer Admiral Porter said he was "the most splendid fellow I ever knew; . . . my beau ideal of an officer." And his classmate, Cushing, added: "I have never known an officer more truly loved and admired, and justly too; for the earth contained few like him." Dear Ben Porter; his memory will never pass from the minds of those who knew his attractiveness and worth.

The second naval officer to whose characteristics I would call attention was Lieutenant S. W. Preston, who, although somewhat older than Ben Porter, was with him for a time in the Naval Academy, was his companion in imprisonment,

and fell by his side at Fort Fisher. Preston was pre-eminently the courtly officer, the gentleman sailor. Not that his comrades were lacking in gentlemanly qualities, but that he was distinguished even among them for his courtliness, his gracefulness, and his remarkable native refinement of person and manner. Entering the Naval Academy from Illinois, Preston went thence into active service at the outbreak of the Civil War. He was on duty as midshipman and ensign until August, 1862, when he was promoted lieutenant. His ability was everywhere recognized, and his character and bearing invariably commanded respect and admiration. Under Admiral Dahlgren, in the first attack on Charleston, young Preston was flag-lieutenant of the Wabash. Afterwards, he was on duty for a time on the New Ironsides.

In the bold attempt by Admiral Dahlgren to carry Fort Sumter by storm, in September, 1863, Lieutenant Preston volunteered to lead a division of the scaling-party. He was one of the first to land, and he bore himself most gallantly through the brief but sharp contest that resulted in his capture with the remnant of the vanquished party. With Ben Porter he was sent from Charleston to Columbia. It was there that I met the two together. My first impression of Lieutenant Preston was in the line of his typical character. The naval officers were brought into the jail during the night. When we of the army were permitted to go into

the yard for our morning exercise, we found the new comers there. Preston I remember seeing at the hydrant, washing. His clear complexion, fine features, intelligent face, and bared chest—his skin fair as a woman's—stamped him as a gentleman of unusual delicacy and refinement. I was drawn to him from the start. Then we were shut up together for months, and I learned to admire him more and more. He was a man of cultivated tastes and faculties, well read, and well informed. He had a poetic mind, with a transcendental turn, and a love of the mystical. Nor did he neglect special studies in science and languages during his long imprisonment. He was a fine conversationalist. He had a high sense of honor, and a sensitive conscience. And he was remarkably pure in thought and speech. There was withal a love of adventure and a touch of romance in his nature, that, with his other qualities, would have fitted him for a prominent place in the age of chivalry.

During his imprisonment his handsome face attracted attention at the jail windows looking out on the public square of the Palmetto State capital, and a love affair was the result,—one which by itself would form the substantial basis of a glowing poem or a thrilling novel. There were all the desired accessories; the imprisoned brave and handsome hero, the wealthy and beautiful young lady, the clandestine correspondence, the bribed guards, the temporary release of the young officer, the

midnight meeting and the plighted troth, the hero's return to captivity, his final release from imprisonment, and his death in the battle's front before the nuptials could be celebrated. That picture of life and love stood out in bright colors against the dark background of prison gloom before those who were fellow-captives in Columbia; and it is told and re-told among the survivors to-day.

After fourteen months of imprisonment Preston was again at liberty. Refusing a proffered leave of absence, he was assigned to duty with the North Atlantic Squadron, and became Admiral Porter's flag-lieutenant on the Malvern. In the second attack on Fort Fisher he went on shore with the storming party, and had charge of an intrenching force in advance of the main column moving against the sea-face of the fort. He went into action in full uniform, in accordance with the traditional etiquette of the navy, and was consequently a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. The special service assigned to him in this action was completed, and just as he had reported his work finished, and asked of his commanding officer what further duty he could perform, he fell mortally wounded. He was the courtly gentleman to the last. As I was told by a comrade who lay near him, when Preston found that he was dying he turned himself on his back on the beach, straightened out his handsome form to the full, reached up his arms, and, with both hands

carefully gathered under his head the soft sand and a tuft or two of the shore-grass, as a supporting pillow, then folded his arms with his gloved hands across his chest, and composed himself to die.

Although Porter and Preston are named by me as illustrating different types of the naval officer, they had much in common in their characters, as they had in their experiences. Their common qualities are well brought out in the tribute to their memory by Fleet-Captain Breese, in his official report of their death to Admiral Porter. He says of them: "Preston, after accomplishing most splendidly the work assigned him by you,—which was both dangerous and laborious, under constant fire,—came to me, as my aide, for orders, showing no flagging of spirit or body, and, returning from the rear, whither he had been sent, fell—among the foremost at the front—as he had lived, the thorough embodiment of a United States officer. Porter, conspicuous by his figure and uniform, as well as by his great gallantry, claimed the right to lead the headmost column, with the Malvern's men he had taken with him, carrying your flag, and fell at its very head. Two more noble spirits the world never saw, nor had the navy ever two more intrepid men. Young, talented, and handsome, the bravest of the brave, pure in their lives, surely their names deserve something more than a passing mention, and are worthy to be handed down to posterity with the greatest and best of naval

heroes. . . . I must speak of their singleness of purpose to do their whole duty; always cheerful and willing, desirous of undertaking anything which might redound to the credit of the service, . . . combining with their intelligence a ready perception as to the best mode of accomplishing their orders."

Quite a different person from either Porter or Preston, yet well known to and respected by both, was Commander E. P. Williams, familiarly called "Barney" Williams. He was a good specimen of the genuine sailor, of the duty-loving follower of the sea,—one of that sort of men who, under the lead of its officers of genius and brilliancy, have given a substantial character to the United States navy in all its honored history. Williams was from Castine, Maine,—a region of hardy sailors. From his entrance into the navy to the opening of our Civil War he was most of the time on sea duty. In the Indian Ocean, on the coast of Africa, along the shores of Brazil, and in the Paraguay Expedition, he served with credit, growing in the confidence of his superiors. For a short time he was on duty at the Naval Academy. Early in the war he was doing efficient service in the South Atlantic Squadron, in command of the steam gunboat Paul Jones. He had a lively engagement with the enemy at St. John's Bluff, in Florida, and made a venturesome run up the St. John's River to Enterprise. Off Morris Island he had a sharp contest

with the Confederate ram Chicora, while seeking to draw off the enemy from the wreck of our double-turreted monitor Keokuk.

In September, 1863, Williams was in command of a division of the assaulting column in the night attack from the navy on Fort Sumter. He there bore himself most gallantly, and his subsequent feeling was that had he been well supported by his entire force the move would have been successful. He was taken prisoner at the same time with Porter and Preston, who were his juniors, and with them he came to Columbia. In prison he was the ranking naval officer, and as such was looked up to with respect by his comrades. His characteristics stood out there as elsewhere. He chafed less in confinement than some others, he adapted himself more easily to the situation. The prevailing desire in his mind was not a love of adventure, nor a wish for promotion and renown; it was to do a sailor's duty wherever his lot was cast; hence he could be more contented in prison, when he must be there. There was, moreover, a genial heartiness about the man which attached his friends to him warmly. He did much to make the prison life endurable to others, and he is remembered most pleasantly by his Richland Jail companions. He naturally longed for liberty, and he was engaged in more than one unsuccessful plan of escape. He had a most trying experience while held in irons for several months as one of the hostages for Beale and McGuire, who

were on trial for piracy; yet even this he could stand better than young Porter, who was his companion in it all. When, after fourteen months of imprisonment, Williams, with his brother-officers, was again at liberty, he had no such brilliant service, nor such a tragic end in battle, as gives point to the story of Preston and Porter. He survived the war, and after it was all over I more than once recalled with him its varied and thrilling experiences as I visited him in his Roxbury home, or at his office at the naval rendezvous in Boston.

Yet Commander Williams died a sailor's death—died as bravely and as grandly as either of his prison comrades,—died a death which entitles his memory to love and honor from all. It was on the afternoon of January 24, 1870, that Williams, in command of the sloop-of-war Oneida, left the port of Yokohama, Japan, to return to the United States after a three years' cruise. When fifteen miles from port, in the Bay of Yeddo, after the darkness of night had shut in, the Oneida was run into by the British mail-steamer Bombay, bound for Yokohama, and cut down to the water's edge. Commander Williams was in his cabin at the time. He was in a reclining-chair, having fallen asleep, perhaps to dream of home, when the shock of the collision came, and he was thrown violently to the cabin-floor, while the water rushed in upon him, and the sounds of confusion were heard on the deck above. In an instant he was on deck, as calm

and collected as if nothing unusual demanded attention. Seeing the lights of the moving steamer which had done the foul deed, he at once comprehended the situation.

"I told him," says one of his surviving officers, "that the ship had ported her helm and cut us down."

"I know it, sir," he quietly replied; and, with a sailor's instinct, added, "Let us save the ship."

But the ship was not to be saved. His executive officer came up and reported:

"Captain, we shall sink by the stern in three minutes," urging him at the same time to take at once to one of the two remaining boats. His own safety was not, however, the thought of Commander Williams at such a time as that. There were twenty-four officers and one hundred and fifty-two men on that vessel, and he was responsible for them all. He would not desert his ship while they were on it in peril.

"I saw him," said one of his sailors, "on the port side of the bridge, one hand resting on the iron rail of the bridge, and the other on the gunwale of the first cutter. I said to him, 'Captain, you had better get into this boat!' and he answered me, 'Never mind me; I will go down with the ship; you stay in the boat.'"

And there, unmoved, he stood,—stood at the post of duty, even when standing there took him under forty fathoms of water. Twenty-one officers

and ninety-five men went with him to the bottom. There was no scramble for places of safety; no neglect of discipline. Those who left the ship did so under orders; those who went down with it were where for the time they belonged.

It was no false pride, no undue sensitiveness to his reputation, which made Commander Williams ready to sink with his ship. His life was a life of duty,—a sailor's duty,—duty to his vessel, duty to his flag, duty to his country; his death was consistent with his life. It is examples like his that make discipline and coolness and heroic unselfishness possible in such a scene of disaster on the seas, and that secure the safety of many who would otherwise be lost, and the honor of those who perish. How much better it is to thus conform to the scriptural duty of being "faithful unto death" than to heed the godless suggestion that "*self*-preservation is the first law of nature"!

Fourth on the list of naval officers whose memories I am now recalling, and chief of all, comes Captain George W. Rodgers. He stands out in my mind as distinctively the Christian officer,—a naval Havelock or Hedley Vicars. Yet he combined the choicest qualities of the other three officers of whom I have told. Like Ben Porter, as a youth George Rodgers had gallantry, attractiveness, and promise. He was, like Preston, a refined and polished gentleman. No less than Williams was he the skilled and duty-loving seaman. And

over and above all he was the pronounced and consistent Christian, whose sincerity and earnestness in the service of the Captain of our Salvation were recognized by all who knew him.

George Rodgers was, as it were, born into the navy. He was a son of Commodore George W. Rodgers, who for his services in the War of 1812 received a sword from his native state, and from Congress a gold medal and a vote of thanks; a nephew of Commodore John Rodgers, who fired the first gun of that war, and was for some years senior officer of our navy; a cousin of Admiral John Rodgers, and a brother of Admiral C. Raymond Rodgers. This on his father's side. His mother was a daughter of the first Commodore Perry; a sister of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lake Erie fame; of Commodore M. C. Perry, who opened Japan to our commerce; of the two young Perrys who commanded under McDonough at Lake Champlain; and of Ensign Alexander Perry, who at ten years old served so bravely at Lake Erie as to win the thanks of Congress and a sword of honor. In army service his grandfather was Colonel Rodgers, who commanded the Maryland line in the Revolutionary War; an uncle was Colonel Robert Rodgers, of the Third Massachusetts Infantry in our Civil War; one of his brothers was Lieutenant Alexander Rodgers, who fell at Chapultepec; another brother was for a time in the quartermaster's department; and a brother-in-law,

Lieutenant Smith, went down in mid-ocean in command of troops on the San Francisco.

Thus George Rodgers seemed predestined to the United States service, and by his own free will he was in the navy from boyhood, entering it before he was fourteen years old. It is unnecessary here to speak of the varied service to which he was called before our Civil War, the opening of which found him an instructor at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, giving the impress of his character and spirit to the young men like Preston and Porter and Cushing, who were there preparing for a greater work than they yet suspected. My purpose is to speak of him in his distinctive characteristics, as I saw them during my intercourse with him in the latter months of his life.

I had known George Rodgers in his mother's home, in the days of my boyhood. In war time I first met him again in the waters of South Carolina, in the spring of 1863, where he was in command of the fleet of ironclads in North Edisto Inlet. My regiment, as I have already said, was then on duty on Seabrook Island. He called on me there, and invited me to visit him on his vessel, the monitor Catskill. On the occasion of my first dining with him, I was impressed with the symmetry of his Christian character. Our only companion at table was my tent-mate and loved friend, Adjutant Camp, the "Knightly Soldier." As we three sat together, the steward brought wine to us.

The adjutant and I declined it. "Would you like a lighter wine than this?" asked Commander Rodgers. "Thank you, no," was the reply from each of us. "Do neither of you drink wine?" "Neither of us." "Then, steward, you can remove the wine," he said. "I have not used wine for twenty years." Strictly abstemious himself, he did not force his views upon others. It was only when he found that we three were in accord on this point that he told of his practice of total abstinence.

Then, in the freedom of after-dinner chat, he spoke of his interest in the religious welfare of his men. He had already invited me to come, when I could, and preach on his vessel on a Sunday, or on a week-day evening. I now learned that, while an Episcopalian, and accustomed to the more formal services of that communion, he would leave his cabin of a Sunday evening, and, despite the barrier which necessarily separates officers and men in the discipline of a man-of-war, would lead a social prayer-meeting among the men of his command. Reading a portion of Scripture, he would make familiar comments on it, would lead in prayer and singing, and then would call on one and another of his godly sailors to take part in the meeting at their pleasure. As we talked together of such work as this, he raised a cushion from one of his cabin seats, and opened below it a locker stowed with religious books and papers, of which he kept a supply for distribution among his men.

The impressions of that first visit to his vessel were deepened in my mind by all our subsequent intercourse. I was frequently with him on ship and shore. He made an arrangement with my honored commander, General "Tom" Stevenson, to signal to him from headquarters when the church call notified a religious service in our camp; and he rarely failed of coming at once on shore for a part in the service. I had many delightful conversations with him; and latterly his increasing spirituality and interest in religious themes forced upon me a conviction that he was ripening for heaven. I had never seen anything of this nature so marked in one in full health. It was not a presentiment of death, for he apparently had no anticipation of his speedy decease. Neither was there gloom in his manner. He was always cheerful, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy life. But there was manifest in him a growing power of spirit over matter; and his face came to glow as with a preternatural light from the already opening gates of glory towards which his steps were trending. Again and again I spoke of this to my friend the adjutant.

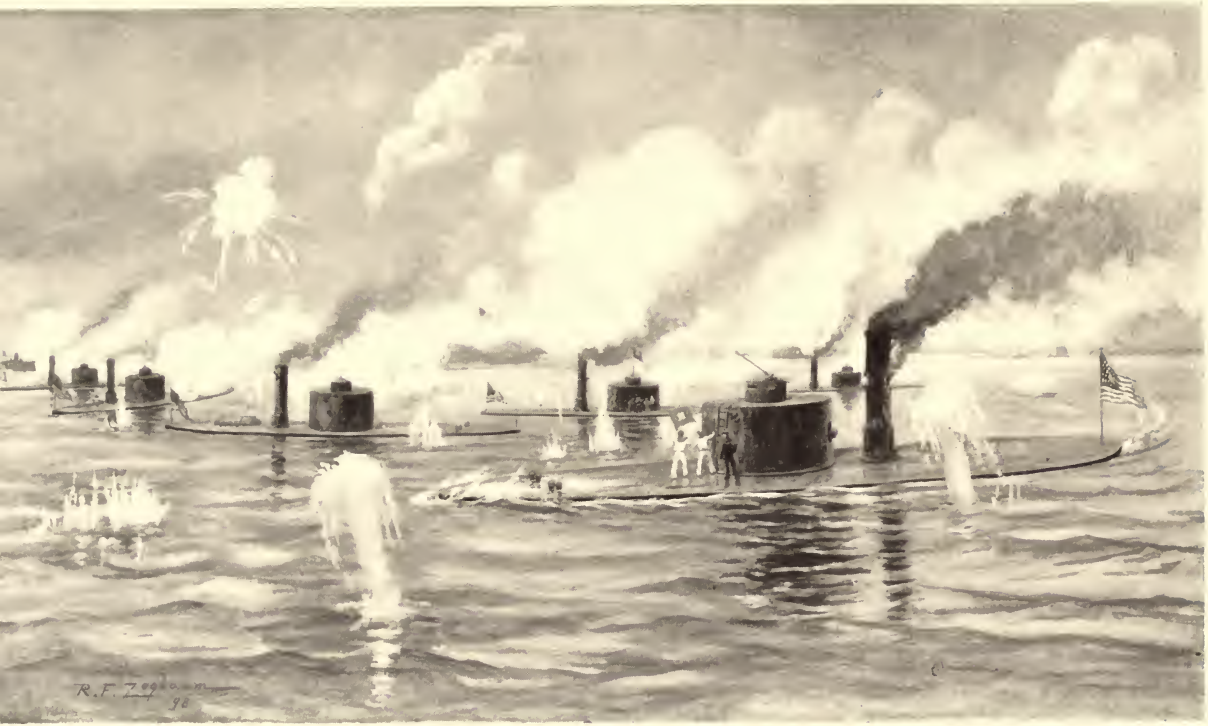
On the first Sunday in July, 1863, when Commander Rodgers had been signaled of an approaching church service in our camp, he came hurriedly on shore to say that he had just received orders to coal up at once for a new move against Charleston, and he could not remain at the meeting as he

wished to. As we stood together then for a few minutes, and he spoke with deep-toned earnestness of the duty of the hour, of the impending engagement, and of his regret at losing the privileges of worship that day, I was more than ever convinced that his days in this life were few. As he bade us good-by, and I turned with my tent-mate towards our little rustic chapel, I said,

"We shall never see George Rodgers again on earth."

In a few weeks the army and navy were co-operating actively against the defenses of Charleston. Adjutant Camp and I were prisoners of war, and George Rodgers was thundering with his huge Dahlgrens against Wagner and Sumter and Moultrie. When, in August, he had been called to duty as chief-of-staff to Admiral Dahlgren, he obtained permission to continue in command of the monitor Catskill during one more attack on the defenses of Charleston harbor, before leaving his monitor for his new place with the admiral. It was while he was on this service, in advance of the rest of the fleet, that a huge shot from the fort struck the iron pilot-house in which he stood, and shivered a scale and bolt from its inner surface, killing him instantly. When I learned through the papers at my prison home in Columbia that a prominent officer—unnamed—had been killed on one of the Federal ironclads, I said to my friend the adjutant,

"That is George Rodgers!"



"A huge shot from the fort struck the iron pilot-house in which he stood."

"You seem determined to kill him off," he replied.

"Ah, but he was almost ready for translation when we left him!"

The correctness of my impression of his identity was verified when the captured naval officers from Fort Sumter brought the story of his death to Columbia.

Six years later I found unlooked-for evidence that the remarkable change in the spirit and appearance of George Rodgers was not a mere fancy of mine, but that it was noted by others as well. In a sketch of this gallant officer, Mr. William Swinton, a well-known war correspondent, who was with him for several weeks before his death, said, "Latterly there was seen in him a strange unworldliness that seemed to withdraw him from life, lifting him above the evils and confusions of this 'weary and unintelligible world;' and there was that in his mood and manner which struck his friends with the sad premonition that he was not long to move among us." And Mr. Swinton told of looking out from his berth through the open stateroom door, and seeing Commander Rodgers with his open Bible before him on the cabin table of the Catskill, or again upon his knees in prayer, and this for hour after hour through the night before his fatal move against Fort Sumter. It was not that George Rodgers had any fear of death. It was rather that his fighting was now at an end,

and he was drawing closer to Him whom he served and trusted in peace and in war. Like the soldier apostle of old, he could say, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." And, while thus calmly expectant, "he was not; for God took him."

These four officers were types, each of a class. They represent the sort of men who have been in the United States navy from its beginning, and who are still to be found there. The service which can develop such characters is worthy of honor from all. The country for which such men live and battle and pray and die may well have grateful pride in the heroism and devotedness of its faithful servants.

CHAPTER XIV

SEEING SLAVERY AND EMANCIPATION

One who reads history as the record of events and conditions and changes of long-gone times, has knowledge of history in one way. One who lives through the events of a great national conflict, and personally shares the excitements and fears and struggles and hopes that eventuate in a changed and improved national life that was never anticipated by the most sanguine of those actually in the conflict, or of those watching it from outside, knows history in quite another way. This difference is felt peculiarly by those who review the story of slavery as it was, and emancipation as it came to be, in this country within the last half-century.

It is one thing to read that in 1861 there were four millions of human beings held in slavery in the United States of America; and that, as a consequence of excited discussion and embittered feeling over this subject, a fierce war between brethren was waged for more than four years from that time, at a cost of millions of lives and thousands of millions of dollars, resulting in the emancipation of all

these slaves and a closer union of all these long-estranged brethren. It is quite another thing to have lived through those prolonged preliminary discussions and excitements, while slavery was the present and seemingly the permanent cause of intensest bitterness; and to have shared the perils and hopes and despondencies while that fierce civil war was dragging its slow progress toward its hardly hoped for but blessed outcome. Only those who thus gained their knowledge of these pregnant events can rightly understand what they were, and what they came to; but to *them* it is an ever-present and vivid reality.

Slavery was formally abolished in my native state of Connecticut only nine years before I was born. I remember old slaves in the vicinity of my early home, who had been soldiers in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812, and who were now living comfortably and were well cared for. By the law of the state their former owners were bound to provide for them as long as they lived, although they were absolutely free. Hence, while in early life I knew of slavery, I had no sense of its evils and no hostility to slaveholders as such. I knew that slavery still existed in the Southern States, but I was taught that we at the North were no more responsible for it than for polygamy in Turkey. Quite a number of my acquaintances, and friends of my parents, had close business relations with the South, and some of them resided

there a portion of every year. I admired the Christian character and the personal worth of some of these friends, and I had no occasion to be prejudiced against the South or its institutions from my early knowledge and associations.

My father belonged to the old Whig party, and to that conservative portion of it later known as "Silver Gray Whigs," from its silver-haired leader, the Hon. Francis Granger of New York State. I had been given the name of "Henry Clay" of Kentucky from my father's sincere affection for the man and admiration for his political policy. I was brought up to love and revere the "Great Commoner," who had saved our country from disunion in several critical emergencies by his successful advocacy of conciliatory compromises on the subject of slavery and its extension. I firmly believed that the existence and stability of our government rested on the sacredness of those compromises. Antislavery and abolition agitation had no sympathy from me; and in this feeling, up to 1854, I was like many another New England Whig,—opposed to agitation at the North on the subject of slavery at the South, and zealous for all the constitutional rights of the South.

But when, at that time, the attempt was made in Congress to violate the terms of what was deemed the sacred "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, and to overthrow our whole national basis of compromises, and carry slavery into territory inviolably

pledged to freedom by South and North alike, the whole state of things was changed, and sympathies and feelings were swayed accordingly. Not from any feeling of hostility to the South, or even to the institution of slavery as such, but for the resistance of unfair slavery extension into the realm of freedom, I joined the newly formed Republican party, and was on the stump, in 1856, for its candidates, Fremont and Dayton. I had been willing to let slavery in the South alone, but I was not willing to have slavery forced on me in the North. Then came the conflict on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska—preliminary skirmish of the great Civil War; not for the purpose of interfering with slavery where it existed, but to retain, at any cost, free territory for freedom.

I was personally acquainted with many of the Eastern men who went to Kansas as settlers with this conservative intention. I knew "John Brown of Osawatomie," stern old Puritan that he was. I sat by him and heard him tell, on one of his visits to the East, of the fearful experiences, in Kansas, of himself and his companions, in conflict with slave-state champions. He said nothing, then, of any purpose of his to attempt the overthrow of slavery, although it was but a few weeks before his final attempt at Harper's Ferry; but the glare in his eyes showed that he saw more than he was telling, and, although I had no sympathy with him in his special purpose as disclosed later, I could

not wonder that his brain had been fired, and his whole soul aroused to the determination of rising up, alone as it were, to attempt the overthrow of the accursed system which had wrought all this wrong, and which was entrenched within the traditions of centuries and defended by all the power of a mighty national government, and he but one man, with God, in the conflict.

Conservative men of New England, generally, while having no personal bitterness toward Southerners, and while unwilling to act with those who advocated the direct abolition of slavery in the South, were from that time less inclined to apologize for slavery, and they grew more impatient of such apologies. Being in Boston one Sunday, I met at church an old Whig whom I was surprised to see just there, as he had been an active member in another denomination.

"How's this?" I asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Our pastor preached a sermon, a few months ago, in which he showed that slavery was a divine institution. He *proved* it, too. When I came out of church that noon, I said to my wife, 'Mary, our pastor has proved something to-day that we *know is a lie.* The next thing we know he'll be proving something that we *don't* know is a lie. It is time we got out of this.' So we got out, and came over here."

That process of thinking was going on all over New England among the most conservative. Those who saw anew that slavery would not be willing to let freedom alone, began to ask themselves if slavery was really worthy of a place in comparison with freedom. A valued friend of mine with strong Southern sympathies, who had lived at the South for a number of years, was telling me that I would think better of slavery if I saw its bright side, as he had seen it. Questioning him about some of its details, I asked if it were true that in most of the slave states there were laws forbidding the slaves to be taught to read. He admitted that it was true. I asked if it were true that in such states of the Union the laws authorized the separation of families by slave-owners; and that, in view of this fact, white clergymen there were accustomed to marry slave couples with a formal proviso looking to the possibility of such a separation, and a consequent sundering of the marriage tie as though it were a providential ordering. He said that these things were so, but that they were inevitable in such a system, and that God-fearing masters were not responsible for them.

"Well, if that be the case, my dear friend," I answered, "and the *system of slavery* requires that it be made a crime to teach one of God's children to read God's Word, and also requires God's ministers to perform the marriage service with a dis-

tinct proviso that man may put asunder those whom God has joined together, don't you think that the system itself is, to speak mildly and reverently, a *damnable* system? *I* think it is."

And that was my opinion before the war, yet I would not call myself an Abolitionist.

The election of Abraham Lincoln brought matters to a crisis. The time for discussion had passed. By special invitation I had promised to pass a portion of the winter of 1860–61 in the city of New Orleans, in connection with Sunday-school and Young Men's Christian Association interests. My host was a prominent citizen of New Orleans, a warm personal friend of Henry Clay. When the result of the presidential election was known, he wrote me a long letter, saying that of course it would not do for me to visit New Orleans as I had proposed, as social intercourse between the North and the South was now practically out of the question. Then he spoke bitterly of the "Black Republican" party, and of his idea of its destructive purposes, closing with a challenge to me to point to any single verse in the entire Bible which distinctly forbade human slavery.

I replied briefly, that I realized that a visit to New Orleans just then would be impracticable, but that I did not care to discuss politics. As, however, he had challenged me to name a verse forbidding human slavery, I would answer frankly that I could not point to any verse in the Bible,

which taken by itself, and in view of its context, squarely forbade slavery, polygamy, or wine-drinking; yet, on the other hand, I found no single verse expressly commanding any one of those practices; therefore, as at present advised, as a matter of choice and in the exercise of a sound Christian discretion, I should have but one wife, no "nigger," and drink cold water.

Just after this came the arousing of the North by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and the long war was open. Most of those who volunteered in defense of the government had no thought of the destruction of slavery. They were ready to do or to die for the re-establishing of national authority. But however they felt at the opening of the war, the relation of slavery and slaveholders to the federal government was totally changed by the new state of affairs. Slaves escaping through the lines northward were declared "contraband of war," and therefore not to be restored to their hostile masters. Slavery came to be seen by the army as it actually was, instead of as it had been pictured by its defenders and apologists. The whole North was steadily educated to a higher standard on the slavery question.

> John Brown's body lay a-mouldering in the grave,
> His soul was marching on.

One of my neighbors, an officer in the regiment of which I was later the chaplain, and in which I

was his tent-mate and devoted friend, gave this incident from his early experiences in North Carolina, which greatly impressed me:

"I was in a negro house yesterday, and had some conversation with the inmates. I asked one gray-haired old negress if she had ever had children sold away from her. 'Sold! dey *all* sold! chil'en an' gran'chil'en an' great-gran'chil'en,—dey sell eb'ry one!' She clasped her bony hands over her head, and looked up at me as she spoke. 'Dere was one—de las' one—de on'y gran'chile I did hab lef'. He neber knowed his mammy. I took him when he *dat* little. I bringed him up to massa, an' I say, "Massa, dis my little gran'chile: may I keep him 'bout heah?" An' he say, "I don' care what you do wid him." So I take him; he *dat* little. Den one mornin', when he all rolled up in blanket 'tween my knees, Massa Green com'd in, an' say, "Dis boy sold;" an' *dey take him 'way!* O Lord Jesus, help me pray!'"

Another conservative friend, an officer in that same regiment, wrote me, about the same time, of his experiences with the North Carolina slaves, in this way:

"What shall I say of the darkies?—these poor people, with whom we must now deal, for we cannot get rid of them. Every day they swarm in upon us, bringing strange stories of fright and flight on the part of their masters, and full of strange hopes and expectations for themselves.

What words will describe that compound of cunning and simplicity, of mistrust and faith, of virtue and vice, of wisdom and folly, of which the Southern 'nigger' is made! Here they are, all obsequiousness, all curiosity, and all expectation, full of wild dreams of deliverance; full of old traditions about the coming salvation; full of faith that their prayers are answered.

"They talk the eleventh chapter of Daniel in a manner that shows that the prophet's words have been in their thoughts for many a long year. How many hours of sadness it has shortened, how many agonies it has allayed, how many yearnings for deliverance it has lightened with a gleam of hope, is known only to God.

"In the dark woods, where the long gray moss drapes the festoons of the wild vine, and hangs like the beard of age from the mammoth trees, black men have recited this chapter by the blazing fires, and have hoped. In plantation cabins, where the wrinkled beldame and the sooty infant bounded the extremes of a slave family, black eyes have wept tears of faith, and have prayed for a speedy fulfilment. And now they hail us as their deliverers.

"And in their presence, hearing their sad stories of suffering and wrong, knowing the degradation to which they were born, all the fine-spun theories, all the misty tissues of argument which have been about my eyes and have cobwebbed my brain, are

swept away, and I see in its horrible reality this monster evil of our land and time."

It was soon after this that the way was open for me to go to the war, as I had longed to, but as I had feared would never be possible, and I joined the Tenth Connecticut Regiment at New Berne. Then, for three years, I had occasion to see for myself slavery as it was, and emancipation as it came to be; the one a cause, and the other a result, of that terrible conflict.

Whether slaves were well treated or ill, whether their masters were kind and considerate or harsh and severe, a desire for liberty seemed to possess the slave heart, and all were ready to escape from bondage when and as they could, with the only exception of those who were unable to take their families with them, and were unwilling to leave them behind. This was true of the slaves as I saw them in North Carolina, in South Carolina, in Florida, in Virginia, and on the sea islands of the Southern coast. When some one said to Mr. Lincoln that the slaves had no desire for emancipation, that as a class they were contented as they were, he replied that, if that were really so, it would furnish the best reason he had ever heard for thinking that they were unfit to be free. But the slaves whom I met, or of whom I heard, did not fail at this testing-point. They were not satisfied with slavery. They all longed for liberty, and all were ready to grasp it when they could.

On the first raid, or dash, of my regiment into the interior of North Carolina, in which I shared, after I joined my command, I met, at Little Washington, an intelligent and kind-hearted merchant, who told regretfully of his experience with his slaves. At the opening of the war he had about thirty slaves, whom he prized and treated kindly. He went to New York to make purchases, leaving them on his place. Before he left he had a free talk with them to promote their contentment. He assured them that if, in the progress of the war, other slaves were freed, they should be, and that at their emancipation he would give them a tract of a hundred acres of land to settle on, where they could be as independent as they pleased.

It was, he said to us, expensive keeping them, with times as they were, since they could not be used by himself or hired out to others to advantage. They were now only a burden to him financially, but he wanted to keep them "for the pride of the thing." He bought, he said, several hundred dollars' worth of clothing for them in New York, but when he came back all but one of the slaves, and he an old one, had fled. A slave who was too old, or too infirm, to take care of himself, was, it seemed, sometimes willing to be supported in slavery rather than to starve in freedom.

In spite of the kindness of this man's heart, in spite of his generous provision for his slaves, in spite of his liberal promises to them for the future,

in spite of his pride in their affection and his confidence in their contentment, almost without exception they had preferred present liberty, with its uncertainties and risks, to continued slavery with all its high privileges and expectations. The man quite took this matter to heart, and it did look ungrateful—from his standpoint. But this was much the way with slaves generally.

They streamed in at our picket lines,—men, women, and children. They followed, on its return, every detachment of troops sent out on a hostile movement or for purposes of observation. New Berne swarmed with them, and, the more there were there, the more others wanted to come in. Of course, many were doomed to disappointment in what they *there* found in freedom; but none were deterred from seeking it by what it brought, or what it failed to bring.

On one occasion a column of troops, under General Foster, moved out from New Berne, and up and across the country, for the purpose of burning some gunboats building for the Confederates, at Hamilton, on the Roanoke River. Slaves flocked to follow the column. Day by day their numbers grew, swelling to hundreds, women with infants in their arms, and little children, barefooted and scantily clad, tramping after them. They looked on the Union soldiers as their saviors, and freedom seemed to dawn just before them. It was hard to drive these poor creatures back into slavery again,

and forbid their following the army, of which they asked nothing more than guidance to the Union lines; but it had to be done.

The enemy were already in our rear. They supposed we were going back by the way we came, and they had effectually cut off our retreat by that route. General Foster had, however, ordered a sufficient number of transports to sail round from New Berne and meet him above Plymouth to carry his army back by water, and at the close of the day we hurried across the country to board these transports and put out into Albemarle Sound under cover of the night. There was barely transport room for the soldiers. The slaves could not be taken on board the transports. Their faces were sad and their hearts were heavier than before as we reluctantly turned from them, leaving them not only in slavery when freedom seemed just within their grasp, but to probable punishment and suffering because of their attempt at escape.

That raid was in the autumn of 1862. President Lincoln had issued his proclamation, under date of September 22, declaring that all slaves should be emancipated on the 1st of January, 1863, in every state where armed rebellion still existed. We were interested to learn how this news affected the slaves and their masters.

While we rested at Hamilton, as the gunboats on the stocks were burning, we chatted with the slaves who stood about watching proceedings. An

intelligent slave, who was assistant foreman of the shipyard, was a good specimen of the shrewd, reticent, observing negro. Evidently his family lived in the neighborhood, and all his worldly interests centered there. He was not going to say or do anything, while we were present, which could be reported to his injury when we had gone, hence he was cautious and non-committal in answering our questions.

"Uncle, have you heard about President Lincoln's proclamation?"

"I'se heard suthin'."

"What have you heard?"

"Some says one thin', some says another."

"Well, what do they say?"

"Some say, Massa Linkum says fus' o' Janeway all de slaves go free. T'others say 'tain't so, der's not'in' in it."

"But what do *you* think, Uncle?"

"Chile," said the old man, looking his questioner straight in the eye, "*I* don' t'ink not'in'. I jus' stan's a-waitin', an' keeps a-hopin'."

And that told the whole story for him, and for many another in those days.

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts gave me an illustration of this shrewdness of the negro in avoiding the compromising of himself when he was seeking information on a point of intensest personal interest. A friend of the Governor from Boston was at a hotel in Charlestown, West Vir-

ginia, during the hurried trial of John Brown, in 1859. In the early morning, before he had arisen, a slave came into his room, according to Southern custom, to kindle a fire for him to dress by. The excitement concerning John Brown was then at its height. Knowing that the guest was from the North, the negro wanted to get his opinion of the case; yet he was not sure that it would be safe to disclose his own views.

"Massa!" he said, "yer hear 'bout dis man John Brown, dey's tryin' hyar?"

"Oh, yes! I've heard about him."

"What dey goin' to do wid 'im?"

"Oh! they'll convict him."

"Cervict 'im! What den?"

"They'll hang him—sure as fate."

There was yet no sign of the Northerner's sympathies. The negro waited a minute, and then asked cautiously:

"Wouldn't dat be a little abrup', massa?"

Those who were within our lines in nominal freedom seemed impressed with the idea that, because learning to read had been forbidden them while in slavery, reading was somehow a means of power, which they must strive to acquire in order to fit themselves for their new sphere of being and acting, in competition with the white race. It was surprising how anxious they were to know how to read, and how zealous and earnest they were in endeavors to learn.

"These boys were poring over their treasured books."

While we were in camp on St. Helena Island, opposite Port Royal, South Carolina, there were twenty or thirty of these freed slaves who were personal servants of our regimental officers, field, staff, and line. In some way they had obtained two spelling-books, or small readers, and these were in constant use among them. Not only in the intervals of active work during the day, but all through the night, some of these boys were poring over those books. Having got a start in their reading from some of the officers or privates, the more favored ones were always ready to help the others by their knowledge. They seemed to arrange among themselves so that all should have a share in the valued helps to learning at some time in each twenty-four hours.

As I lay in my tent at night, and waked from time to time, I would hear low negro voices, back of the tent, repeating words as from an elementary school reader,—"The hen is in the yard. The dog barks at the hen." "Puss sits by the fire. She is warm." "This boy is James. He drives a hoop." "Now is the best time to do well;" and so on. Hearing these sounds night after night, I was led to go out and look up their meaning. I found that back of the field and staff tents there was built a blazing fire of pine branches, under the moss-hung live oaks, before which some of these boys were poring over their treasured books, learning their lesson for the night. The flickering light in the

deep shadows gave a weird look to the strange scene, but it was a vivid reality. And this, I found, was continued all through the night, week after week. It evidenced and illustrated the earnestness among the freed slave boys in their determination to learn how to read, in order to fill their sphere in freedom.

Those who were too old, when they were freed, to learn to read, or to gain the advantages of an education, were all the more desirous that their children should attain the prize of knowledge which they had missed. This secured a full attendance at all the many schools for freed slaves, started along the coast within our lines by the various missionary associations and freedmen's aid societies at the North that undertook this work. The first school of this sort that I saw in operation was on St. Helena Island, in March, 1863, although I later saw many others.

With my friend and tent-mate, Adjutant Camp, I rode the length of the long island to opposite Beaufort, on a pleasant spring day. The scenery of the island was typically Southern. There was a tropical luxuriance of forest and foliage and all vegetation. Live oaks of massive growth, from which the long gray moss swung toward the ground, and among the branches of which the parasitic mistletoe showed itself with deep-green leaves and berries like glistening pearls, were as the ribbed arches of an immense cathedral. Mammoth magnolias,

just bursting into bloom, were to be seen on every side. The bay-tree in its freshness and symmetry, the feathery cypress in its graceful delicacy, the flowering dogwood, the wild hawthorn, and the towering Spanish bayonet with its sword-shaped leaves and its snow-white blossoms crowning the long stem that looked like Aaron's rod that budded, stood here and there along our wooded way. Covering over, in places, the rich-green masses of abounding shrubbery, were the golden flowers of the fragrant yellow jessamine vines, while among the foliage the wild honeysuckle in its crimson beauty, the scarlet yapon-berries, and the purple clusters of the wild plum, peered out, and birds of bright plumage and sweet song flitted from branch to branch, giving life and variety to the gorgeous scene.

In the open space beyond the first stretch of woods there was an immense sea-island cotton-field, where black men and women by the score were at work, under government superintendents, in the hope of a summer's crop. Yet nearer the shore, stately palmetto and palm trees stood out against the horizon, and the prickly-pear jealously guarded its tempting fruit by its nettle covering and its thorny encircling leaves. Plantation fences with gates divided the different fields. The old-time planter's mansion was there, and the negro cabins were back of it. There was a pretty Episcopal church with a painted clock-face in its gable

end, and about it was a graveyard with stones marking the resting-place of successive generations in an order of things now passing away.

At last we reached a little Baptist church, where we found a negro-school of between one and two hundred "contrabands," as they were called in that day, under the care of cultivated and devoted New England women teachers. We were surprised and delighted at the brightness and proficiency of these children, as shown in their various recitations. Thé children themselves were the blackest of Africans, with no intermixture of white blood. At the close of the session they sang together, and their singing was a treat.

First they sang a hymn written expressly for them, for the Christmas before, by John G. Whittier, including the verses:

"Oh, none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we!
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home, and free.

"We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,
This holy day that saw Thee born
Was never half so dear.

"Come once again, O blessed Lord!
Come walking on the sea!
And let the main-lands hear the word
That sets the islands free."

Then they sang some of their native words in their

own way, and that singing seemed to suit better their tastes and feelings:

"Death is a little man,
Good Lord, remember me!

"And he goes from door to door,
Good Lord, remember me!

"I prays de Lord, when de year rolls round,
Good Lord, remember me!

"Oh! I wants to die like Jesus died,
Good Lord, remember me!

"To die, and be laid in the grave,
Good Lord, remember me!"

And so the lines went on, describing the resurrection and the ascension, and being repeated indefinitely. Accompanying the singing the little singers beat time with their feet and clapped their hands, weaving their bodies back and forward, until they were aroused to a high state of excitement. This they would keep up, at times, by the hour, we were told. Indeed, there seemed to be no end to the singing, except in physical exhaustion.

While the young negroes could learn to read more easily than the older ones, they could not sing with the touching pathos of those who had suffered long in slavery with no clear hope of freedom. It was while crossing the salt-water ferry from Ladies' Island, just above St. Helena, to Beaufort, on this occasion, that I first heard this genuine slave-singing. It was a ferry-boat, propelled by

half a dozen stalwart negroes. As they rowed, they sang. The bow oarsman sang the words, and all joined in the chorus. The strain was plaintive, subdued, pathetic, such as could have come only from an oppressed, down-trodden, suffering people, disconsolate as to this life, and with hope only above and beyond. The words were few and simple, but they breathed a loving, longing, trustful spirit:

"My Jesus made the blind to see,
No man can hinder me.

"My Jesus made the dumb to speak,
No man can hinder me.

"My Jesus made the lame to walk,
No man can hinder me."

Thus they sang on of the work of Jesus, and as they sang they would, at regular intervals, strike one another's oars as if to mark time and secure harmony. The touching, tender allusion to "*my* Jesus," as if the plaint of an innermost crushed soul, was inexpressibly pathetic. It beggars description. It brought tears to my eyes, and made me thank God for the preciousness of that Name which is above every name, and which brings hope and comfort to those in every condition.

The religious nature of the negro showed itself in his songs of work and of worship, in his prayers, and in his exhortations and responses in sacred assemblings. Because of his Oriental origin he was necessarily emotional and mercurial; and be-

cause of his peculiar training in slavery he had his own ideas of morals as apart from his religious spirit and thoughts. Taught, by those who ought to know the right, that he was a mere chattel and not a responsible personality, and trained to the necessity of concealing his real hopes and desires from those who had more power over him than sympathy with him, it was not strange that he had confused ideas as to the limits of truth and honesty. Brought up to look at marriage as a convenience for the increase of his master's property possessions, he could hardly comprehend the highest teachings as to chastity and a pure and permanent family life.

Yet it was not true, as was often asserted, that the negro slave wholly divorced morals from religion, conduct from character, works from faith. I saw this in the first negro sermon which I heard at New Berne. The preacher was a well-known itinerant negro evangelist, who had come on his round to visit that city. He said he would, by urgent request, "preach a funeral" that morning. Then I learned that where the slaves could not have the services of a preacher regularly, they were glad to have now and then a sermon preached as if in memory of those who had died since the last occasion of the sort. This they called "preaching a funeral," and it was such a discourse to which I listened at that time.

It was evident that the preacher could not read

the Bible, and that he had misunderstood some of its words by the sound; but he had manifestly imbibed the spirit of its teachings in spite of all his disadvantages. He announced his text for the morning, as in the "fifth varse of Mark:" "Low I come."

"Hear dat, bred'ren! '*Low* I come;' not 'high I come.' De Lord Jesus comes to de poor and de lowly. Dat's a comfort."

This was bad exegesis, but it was good gospel; and so in other parts of his discourse.

It treated of life, death, and the hereafter, and of Jesus as sufficient for help, hope, and salvation, in all. Practical and timely truths were put in homely and forceful phrases, so that all could comprehend them. Although intended as a sermon of comfort to mourners, and of cheer to the oppressed, it made no suggestion that mere suffering in this life secured happiness and glory in the next. Jesus had taken to himself every follower of his, "brudder or sister, as de case might be," who had showed loving trust in him by doing as he commanded. And so it would be with all who were still here. Their future would surely conform to the service of their well-used present.

"De Lord will put yer in jus' de place yer be done fit for," he said. "He wants to give yer a good place, an' he will if yer done fit for it. Yer know how 't is yerself. Some ob yer make shoes. When yer gits a piece o' leather, yer wants to use

it all if yer can. Yer looks it ober. Yer say, '*Dat*'ll do for de quarters. *Dat*'ll do for de vamps. *Dat*'ll do for de fillin'. When yer 'zamine it ober, and pick out what yer can use, den yer say ob de rest, 'Dar ain't no more good dere; *dat* goes to de trash pile.'

"Bred'ren, de Lord'll look yer all ober, and he'll put yer whar' yer b'long. If yer b'long in a good place, he'll put yer dar. But if yer ain't done fit for no good place, yer got to go to de trash pile. Yer hab, shur!"

That was as explicit as to the need of works as evidencing faith as the teaching of St. James or St. Paul. And such preaching I heard many times repeated, by negro preachers, in various places along the coast.

With his imaginative and religious nature as it was, and with his peculiar training and experiences in bondage as they had been, necessitated to conceal his feelings and his knowledge, for his own safety, the negro freedman was inevitably "a bundle of contradictions," sure to be misunderstood by many. In one aspect he seemed the veriest coward, afraid of his shadow; in another he seemed almost indifferent to danger, and at times truly courageous, braving punishment or death fearlessly. To some he seemed simple and unsuspecting as a child; to others he showed himself cautious, suspicious, shrewd; to yet others he appeared merely stupid, devoid of intelligent purpose,

thought, or feeling. There was reason, however, for all this, and the seeming inconsistencies were not so great as they seemed.

To the negro mind the unseen world was more real than the seen. The negro feared God reverently, and he was afraid of the Devil and his minions almost abjectly. In his ignorance he knew no more about the precise limits of the spiritual realm than his more intelligent white fellows knew; but he had a far more abiding sense than many, who ought to be better informed, of the sure nearness to this life of the spiritual sphere beyond it; and he was, in consequence, more open, even though superstitiously so, to every influence or suggestion, actual or fancied, from the unseen realm about him.

In accordance with the universal primitive belief that to utter the name of a being in the spiritual world is to summon that being to manifest himself, the negroes deemed it wicked to speak the name of the devil, as such an utterance indicated either a league with the devil or a desire for him. My first negro army servant spoke at one time of one of the excellent captains of our regiment, saying:

"That cap'n's dredful wick'd man, Misser Chaplin."

"Wicked man?" I replied. "What makes you think that, Dick?"

"I heer'd him, sah, say right out, dat anuder man acted like de debbil,—I did, sah, shuah."

He seemed to feel that this was proof that the

fair-appearing, and seemingly well disposed, young officer was given over to the arch-enemy of mankind, and I tried in vain to convince him that the good captain was not totally depraved.

A belief in "hants," or "ghostses," or "spooks," or "sprites," seemed universal and positive among "contrabands." It was not that they thought that there *might be* such things; they had never a doubt on the subject. A lawyer friend of mine attempted to bring a negro army servant whom I well knew to the limits of positive proof, when this subject came under discussion.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Henry?"

"B'lieve in 'em, sah? What d'ye mean, sah?" as if he could not understand such an absurd and unmeaning question.

"Do you believe that there *are* such things?"

"*B'lieve* it, sah? I *know* thar be, sah," he replied, with a pitying smile at the questioner's skepticism.

"Did you ever *see* a ghost yourself, Henry?"

"See 'em, sah? Yes, sah, many a time."

"When did you see one last?"

"Las' night, sah."

"How did you see it?"

"I jes' look out in the night, and see 'em, sah."

"What did they look like?"

"Can't tell you, sah. Dey was ghostses."

"Did they look like dead men?"

"No, sah; dey was ghostses."

This negro was a simple-hearted trusting believer in Jesus as his personal friend and Saviour. *He* had no special fear of ghosts, nor of any evil powers in the world of spirits, for he rested on God's protection at all times. Yet he had no more doubt as to the reality of ghosts than he had as to the reality of dead men or living men, or of God, or of the devil. The fact that he could not describe or explain their appearance was no more perplexing to him than the inability of a "lineman" on an electric road to describe or explain electricity as a force in the universe. And he was so far a representative negro, in slavery or out of it, as I saw that race in war time.

With this imaginative and superstitious nature the negro showed surprising credulity as to many a simple matter beyond his sphere of actual sight or experience; yet, again, he showed courage and character. In our last year of army service in Virginia, my tent-mate and I had two "contraband" servants in common,—the one a stalwart young negro named Creed, very black, very quiet, saying little, showing little emotion, but very efficient and faithful as a body-servant; the other, an older man, named Columbus, who had been trained as a "jockey" on the racecourse, who took care of our horses.

Creed proved so valuable a body-servant and was evidently so warmly attached to us, that one day I suggested to him that if we lived through

the war he might go North with us and be our servant there. At this he showed signs of shrinking terror which I could not account for, but I saw plainly that he did not relish the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Union soldiers, came from. Therefore I questioned him on the subject.

"Why don't you want to go North, Creed?" I asked.

"'Fraid o' Yanks, sah."

"Why are you afraid of Yanks?"

"Yanks up Norf kill colored men, sah; hang 'em, burn 'em, cut 'em up, sah."

Such stories had been told him as a slave, in order to make him fear the North and Northerners, and he, with others, supposed that there must be some truth as their basis. He implicitly trusted the Union soldiers as God-sent deliverers, but he was afraid of the negro-hating Yankee ghouls, whom he had come to believe abounded in the North. He did not for a moment seem to associate Union soldiers with "Yanks."

Old Columbus, a gray-haired, limping negro, was well known as a jockey in the vicinity of Richmond, and he fully understood horses. When he escaped through the lines to our camp, the Richmond Examiner reported that he had been ill-treated and hanged by us. As we read to him this story, from a paper we had secured at the picket lines, a sly smile came over his face as if he knew

more about the Yankees now than his old masters; and he said that "'fore long" he would have his wife and son on our side of the lines, "by a little designin'."

In facing actual danger Creed showed that he was no coward. He never shirked or wavered under fire. One day, in the Petersburg trenches, our regiment occupied the extreme picket front. The enemy's lines were not more than a stone's throw from ours at that point. Sharp firing was going on at noonday. We who were in the trenches kept close under cover just then. To show a head above the works was sure to bring a shot from the enemy. Creed came in sight from the camp at the rear, bringing our dinner. As we saw him in a traverse beyond, we called out to him not to mount the bank above it, as he would surely be fired at, and we would wait for our dinner until its bringing was safer.

Undaunted, Creed showed himself on the crest of the hill, a conspicuous mark for the sharp-shooters. Bullets flew about him, and a spherical case shot bowled past him. With measured strides he kept on, swinging his dinner-pail, as if he had no consciousness of impending danger, until the shower of bullets was passed, and he had reached the trench where we sat under cover.

"We called to you to stop back out of the fire, Creed," we said.

"Might as well come on, sah, unless a bullet stop

me. I'se bringin' yer dinnah, sah. If I go down, sah, now's good time's ever."

He had the soldier sense of duty, and he would not shrink. He was afraid to face unreal Yankee ghouls, of whom he had been told; he was not afraid to face real sharp-shooters, whom he could see, in his path of duty. Was that man a craven coward? or was he a brave soldier?

He was, indeed, so well known throughout the regiment for his courage and willing helpfulness, that my tent-mate said facetiously that the chaplain was "known by his 'creed'" in that regiment.

Old Columbus I noticed one evening in the group gathered at our regimental prayer-meeting. After the meeting I spoke to him, and was pleased at the hearty way in which he expressed his trust in Jesus as his Saviour. I asked him if he had understood what I said in the meeting.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I know yer chat. I carn' read nor write, but I know yer chat."

I had been speaking of Joseph, in the house of Potiphar, in the Egyptian prison, and in the palace of Pharaoh, protected and cared for everywhere because he trusted the Lord, and the Lord was with him. It was evident that Columbus had understood my "chat."

"It's jes' so what you tell 'bout Joseph. Yer carn' go nowhar' whar Jesus carn' fin' yer. Yer go down to the bottom ob de sea, an he fin' yer

dar. He fin' Jonah dar. He fin' Dan'l in de lions' den. Whareber yer is, dar's jus' de place for Jesus to fin' yer."

Thus he went on in his child-like faith. Although he could not read nor write, he evidently got more comfort out of the Bible truths learned from others' "chat" than many have gained from their study of books.

When, finally, my tent-mate, Major Camp, was killed, and I went North with his body, Creed accompanied me in spite of imaginary dangers. The North, as he found it, was so different from what he had imagined, that it was like a revelation to him. My wife and daughters showed an interest in him as a *man*, not as a chattel, because of what they had known of his fidelity to their loved one. It was a new and unexpected experience for him. After we were again in camp together, that home in the North was another place to him. His mind was full anew.

Creed came in, one cold autumn day, to pile wood on our cabin fire.

"Misser Trum'le [no longer 'Misser *Chaplin*,' but 'Misser Trum'le']," he said, without looking up, "when you gwine write home 'gen?"

"I'm writing to-day," I said.

"Jus' gi' my 'spec's to Missa Trum'le, and to Miss Sofa' and to Miss May. Tell 'em I wish I could see 'em 'gen. I dream 'bout 'em ebry night."

"You dream about them nights?" I said.

"Yes, sah, ebry night. I s'pose dar is'n an hour o' de day dat I is'n study'n 'bout 'em. I wish I could see 'em 'gen."

That was the longest speech I had ever heard from Creed, and it showed more of his inner feelings. My answer was:

"Well, Creed, I hope we shall go back there together by and by."

"Yes, sah," he said, as he passed out of the cabin, and I saw that *he* realized that the dwellers at the North were not all Yankee ghouls. This world was another world to him. Heaven was not all beyond. "The bundle of contradictions" was being unraveled in his case.

That many of the slaves were treated kindly by their "owners," and that they were warmly attached to those who controlled them, was a fact beyond question. Many Southern masters were even more considerate of the slaves than the Northerners, in the army and out of it. I had occasion to know of some outrageous ill-treatment of negroes, in their property and their persons, by riotous Union soldiers on St. Helena Island while I was there; and, on the other hand, I knew negroes in most of the states of the Atlantic coast who were considered tenderly by their "owners," and who in return sincerely loved those who gave them this treatment.

Yet the slaves as a class were in sympathy with the Union army in the progress of the war,

and were opposed to the efforts of the Confederate army,—not because they loved Southerners less, or Northerners more, but because they really believed that God was working by means of the Northern army for the carrying out of his plans for the freeing of an oppressed people in his own good time and way. In this great issue, as they saw it, the negroes were on God's side, even though they had to work against masters to whom they were attached, and to befriend Union soldiers who were not personally kind or fair toward them. It was with them not a question of mere feeling, but one of positive *duty*.

There was in this a certain likeness to the position of the white leaders on the two sides in the great war. It was not a plain question of loyalty and disloyalty, of allegiance and treason, that marked the line of separation; it was a question as to the proper object of loyalty and allegiance,—as to where true loyalty rested. General Grant and General Lee were alike in their spirit and purpose of loyalty, as they understood the issue; but General Grant felt that loyalty was due to the Federal government, and General Lee that it was due to his native state. Each loved his state and his nation; but the one deemed the nation paramount, the other the state. On this issue the war was fought out. So with the negro. He may have loved his earthly master, but he loved his heavenly Master more. If his earthly master fought against God

in this conflict, the negro gave his sympathy and help to those whom he deemed on God's side, even though it brought him against those to whom he was personally attached. That was the way the negro looked at it. With all the exceptions to it, this was the rule.

This putting of religion as above mere personal interests was more prominent with the negro than was commonly understood. It often showed itself in other things besides the question of emancipation. For instance, in St. Augustine there was a little negro girl about eight or ten years old, who had been brought out of slavery, and was in the care of Northerners where she was affectionately treated and ministered to. But she had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and was now being trained as a Protestant. One day when the "freedmen" about her were rejoicing over the thought of emancipation, some one asked this child, without a doubt as to what the answer would be:

"Rebecca, would you like to go back into slavery again?"

"If I could have my own *religion* again, I would," was the unexpected reply.

Slavery with all its privations was to that little negro but a small matter in comparison with the being deprived, as now, of the privilege of worshiping God as she thought he would have her worship. This may seem to some strange and unreasonable, but it must be recognized as in

accordance with the nature of many a Southern negro; nor is it really to be wondered at, with the strength of the religious sentiment in human nature as it is.

It is said by many Southerners that a great majority of the slaves were faithful to their masters, working for them in the army, or while they were absent from home in the war; and it is known that in many instances they helped to provide for their impoverished masters after the war was over and they were free. Yet it is unmistakably true that the slaves were as a class always ready to befriend a Union soldier in prison at great personal risk, or to conceal one who had escaped, and to assist him to regain the Union lines. These things may seem to be inconsistent, but they were a not unnatural part of the negro "bundle of contradictions," and they can be understood by one who studies them in the light of these leading facts and principles.

After President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation was made known among the slaves, they seemed to have no doubt of its sure realization, even though it was yet but a declaration on paper, and its value was dependent on the issue of the war. On the 1st of January, 1864, I was in St. Augustine. The "freedmen" in that quaint old town had a joyous celebration of this first anniversary of the Proclamation of Emancipation. The idea was wholly their own, and they had charge

of all the details of the plan, including the preparation of the entertainment, although the military authorities gave them help as they requested it.

The blacks, old and young, were out in full force, and bedecked in all the finery they could command. They gathered on the old Spanish plaza in the center of the town, and had exercises appropriate to the occasion. Then they invited their white guests, military and civic, to a collation spread in the upper room of the old Government Building, just west of the plaza. It was astonishing what a generous display of fine cakes and confections those pastry-cooks and other blacks had provided for the occasion, and what delight they had in serving it in their best style, out of their overflowing joy and gratitude.

One old "Uncle Tom," white-haired, smiling-faced, and tearful-eyed, after passing from group to group of the merry throng, with a fuller appreciation of the import of the whole affair in contrast with his past, and in earnest of the future of his long-enslaved and now emancipated people, said to me, out of the depths of his brimming heart:

"I jus' tank de Lord I eber libed to 'member dis day. Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!"

Like Simeon of old, welcoming the coming of the Holy Babe, *he* was sure that God's promised Deliverer had come "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of

the Lord." From that day to this his trembling voice has sounded in my ears, as if he were saying, in rejoicing over fulfilled prophecy:

> "Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,
> According to thy word, in peace;
> For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The Emancipation Proclamation bore date of January 1, 1863; it was "sealed and delivered" at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. What had before been a glad promise, then became an accomplished fact. Only those who witnessed the scenes following that event can have any apprehension of the mighty outburst of rejoicing that went up from a race of four millions of slaves enfranchised in a moment.

My regiment was in the victorious column of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, that turned back from the scene of Lee's surrender to find rest and quarters in evacuated Richmond. At every point along the route the negroes swarmed out to welcome and honor the army which had won them freedom. They shouted their thanks to them; they called down blessings on their heads; they threw themselves on the ground before them, as the column passed along, hailing them as their deliverers. Yet, under and back of all this outburst of rejoicing and of welcome and thanks to the Union soldiers, there was manifest the feeling, on the part of the enfranchised race, that it was God's work, and that to him was the praise due.

They had long prayed, as they waited, for this day, and at last it had come in response to their prayers. Of this they had no doubt.

As a comrade told me, at one point an old negro mammy, waving her bony arms, shouted to the passing soldiers, above the welcoming cry of the younger blacks :

"Dun' yer t'ink *yer* did it. De Lord dun't all. He jus' use *yer*, dat's all. Bress de Lord, ebery one o' yer!"

And that it *was* God's work, who can doubt?

In Richmond for a time the negro seemed supreme, and he evidently felt that he was. It could hardly be supposed that a race just out of bondage would be at once in a state of equilibrium and of entire self-restraint, saying and doing just and only the right thing. But I am describing what I saw and heard, without attempting a defense of it. The blacks on all sides were telling of their joy in their new-found liberty,—which they did not always distinguish from unrestrained license.

"I wer' jus' so happy w'en I know'd it, dat I could'n' do nuffin but jus' lay down 'n laf, 'n laf, 'n laf," said one. "I could jus' roll up and laf. I declar I jus' felt's happy's a man's got r'ligion 'n 's soul."

Another chimed in with, "Folks say man carn' tote a bar'l flour; but I c'd tote a bar'l flour *dat* day, or a bar'l sugar."

Said another, with evident appreciation of the

privileges of a freedman, "I seed a rebel gwine down de street dat mornin' wid a big ham, and I jus' tuk dat ham, and run'd right down de street. He holler me t' stop; but I jus' keep dat ham."

Many of the negroes wanted to tell of the contrast between the old days and these.

"We hab more liberty in 'n hour, when you Yankees come, dan 'n all our lives 'fore."

Some of them would burst out with recitals of their sufferings as slaves.

"Dey part us all. Dey send off our families. Dey send us whar' dey please. Dey han'cuff us. Dey put us in jail. Dey gib us lashes. Dey starb us. Dey do eb'ryt'ing to us."

The colored Union soldiers, of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, who were with us in Richmond, were moving about among their released brethren, telling of their military exploits, and they were, of course, lions among the freedmen. Describing their advance over the Confederate works across the New Market Road, as they were the first to enter Richmond, on Monday morning, April 3, one said:

"We wait for de daylight, 'cause ob tarpeeders, and den we hab rebel so'jers show us de way. Whew! De tarpeeders jus' as thick as de wool on top o' my head."

Of the reception of the colored troops by their Richmond brethren, he added:

"De people jus' t'ink all de worl' ob we Nordern

so'jers. Dey jus' hang 'bout us, and comperlent us. I seed some o' our boys 'goin' down der streets wid der Richmon' ladies on der arm. Oh, my! Yer'd ha' think'd 'twas a extra!"

And it *was*.

Of course the freed slaves were unable to comprehend at once all that emancipation brought of new obligations to service, and of added responsibility of toil for their own support. That had to come gradually. They did, indeed, at the start, enjoy making money by trade in the line of the wants of the Union soldiers, or of the needs of the community and their own personal skill. The camps about Richmond were soon beset with black women and children offering sweets and "snacks" of their own cookery. Small tables were set along the streets and roads with milk, and ice-cream, and lemonade, and cakes, for sale, to tempt the passing soldiers. And rude signs were scrawled over cabins and small shops, as if in the hope of bringing in extra pennies for service for old customers or new. The announcement, in one case, of "Ice-Cream and Children's Hair Cut," showed a commendable readiness to cut or cater for whoever would pay for it. They were ready to provide for themselves, if they did not have to work too hard.

A friend of mine coming from the North just then with enthusiastic ideas of the negro's ability to grapple with every duty of life, told me of his

observation among freedmen on the seacoast. He saw a group of able-bodied black men who had apparently come down from the country to enjoy their liberty. As he asked them what they were doing for their own support, they said they were doing nothing. When he asked why not, they said there was no one to employ them. Just then a man came up from a lumber schooner lying at the dock near by, and wanted a number of men to work at unloading the cargo. Not one of those freedmen could be hired.

"I thought you wanted work," said my friend. "Now's your chance to take hold."

"O massa! we wants work, but we don' want no lab'rin work."

Their idea of a desirable job was, as yet, that which keeps many a white man from doing what he ought to do for his own support. But sooner or later the freedmen learned that emancipation brought the privilege and duty of doing "lab'rin' work" in order to live.

During the early days of the confused "reconstruction" period, side-lights on slavery and emancipation as related to the whites were to be seen in Richmond that are well worth remembering. My old commander, General Alfred H. Terry, was in charge of the Department of Virginia, and his chief of staff in that position was my long-time friend, General Joseph R. Hawley. As Richmond was still a center of interest to Confederate leaders

generally, and was the prominent point of the quondam Confederacy nearest to the national capital, it was the scene of many an interesting interview and discussion between those who had faced each other as enemies, but now met as friends. I was frequently in the office at department headquarters.

The United States government had promised transportation from Richmond to all officers and men of the Confederate army desiring to return to their homes. One day, a gentleman in civilian dress came in and applied for such transportation. When asked his name, he answered modestly,

"J. E. Johnston."

General Hawley, hearing the name, started up, and asked:

"Is this General Joseph E. Johnston?"

"That's what they called me," was the reply.

At this General Hawley said that he was sure that General Terry would be glad to meet General Johnston personally; and the three officers were soon together, talking over war memories earnestly and in excellent spirit.

On one occasion, General Henry A. Wise, governor of Virginia at the time of the John Brown raid, came into the office to apply for the intervention of General Terry to repossess him of a building on his lands in the eastern part of the state. In the course of the conversation, it came out that that building was now occupied as a school for little negroes, taught by a daughter of old John Brown,

whom he had had hanged. The disclosure of this fact caused a friend of General Wise, who was present, to comment on the strange turn of affairs by which, within six years from the execution of John Brown, the governor who hanged him was imploring the help of the United States government to drive one of John Brown's daughters out of the governor's house, where she was teaching little negroes. To the surprise of all, General Wise responded earnestly:

"John Brown! John Brown was a great man, sir. John Brown was a great man!"

Henry A. Wise was man enough to realize that God's ways of working seem different when looked back upon in accomplished history, and when seen distortedly coming toward us through the mists of personal prejudices and fears.

General Hawley told me of having a long personal talk with Governor Wise, at one time, about that same John Brown. "The Governor spoke of Brown with great respect. He saw him at the time of Brown's capture, and was much impressed. Among other remarks of the Governor about Brown were these: 'He was a very remarkable man. There he lay on the floor of the engine-house, leaning upon one elbow, smutty, dusty, and bloody, reasoning with me with great earnestness upon the exceeding sinfulness of slavery, trying to make an abolitionist of me! He forgot that he was certainly about to be hanged, and that

I was the chief executive, in whose hands was his life.'"

Harriet Beecher Stowe's graphic delineation of slavery as it was, in the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was at the time of its writing much discussed and bitterly denounced both North and South. But when slavery had become the occasion of a war which united all the North, that story was dramatized and became popular in the theaters of New York. The "stage," which never attempts to lead public sentiment in an unpopular direction, can always be depended on to follow at a paying distance behind the average public sentiment in a question of morals; and so that story became familiar to many who now wanted to believe the worst that it told of a representative institution of the South.

After the war many Southerners who came North went to see that play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," although they had never read the book. Two of my acquaintances, the one from Missouri and the other from South Carolina, went together, in this way, to see it performed in a popular New York theater. As they left the theater at the close of the evening, as my Missouri friend informed me, the South-Carolinian walked along for some time without saying a word, and then laconically expressed himself:

"Will, *that's* what licked us."

And it was not strange that he thought so.

The North, it must be remembered, had a full share of responsibility for slavery with its evils at the South. The South has a full share of the blessings of emancipation brought about by the outpouring of the best blood of both North and South. President Rutherford B. Hayes, when addressing his military companions, on one occasion, with reference to the conflicts of our Civil War, said that never before in the history of the world did the victors in a great conflict gain as much as was won in this instance—by the vanquished; and this in addition to what was gained by the victors. It is, therefore, well for us to consider now these plain truths about slavery as it was, and about emancipation as it came to pass:

"Lest we forget—lest we forget."

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